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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VII.

THE FAERIE QUEENE:

BOOK III. CANT. xi.—xii., BOOK IIII. CANT. i.—xii.,
AND BOOK V. CANT. i.—vii.

1590-96.



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EDMUND SPENSER.

EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES, AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A.

St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

PROFESSOR ANGUS, LL.D., LONDON.
THE REV. THOMAS ASHE, M.A., CREWE.
PROFESSOR CHILD, LL.D., HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.
THE RIGHT HONBLE. THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
EDMUND W. GOSSE, ESQ., LONDON.
THE REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD, MANCHESTER.
PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, LL.D., LONDON.
DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, LONDON.
GEORGE SAINTSBURY, ESQ., LONDON.
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, ESQ., LL.D., LONDON.
AUBREY DE VERE, ESQ., CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE.
PROFESSOR WARD, M.A., OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.
THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., LONDESBOROUGH RECTORY.
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., LL.D., TRINITY COLL., CAMB.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

THE FAERIE QUEENE (*continued*):—

BOOK III.

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY (*continued*).

PAGE

Canto XI. 1
,, XII. 20

BOOK IIII.

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

Canto I. 42
,, II. 60
,, III. 78
,, IIII. 95
,, V. 111
,, VI. 126
,, VII. 142
,, VIII. 158
,, IX. 179
,, X. 193
,, XI. 212
,, XII. 229

BOOK V.

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF IVSTICE.

Canto I. 245
,, II. 255
,, III. 273
,, IIII. 286
,, V. 303
,, VI. 321
,, VII. 335

In large paper copies (post 4to) a steel portrait of Spenser by Alais, from a contemporary miniature in the possession of Lord Fitzhardinge, inherited through the marriage of a Berkeley with Lady E. Carey, heiress of the Hunsdons, to whom it was left by Queen Elizabeth, —never before engraved. See further account of this and of all our engraved portraits and all others, in the Memoir in Vol. I.

To face title-page.



Book III.—Cant. XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
findes Scudamour diſtreſt:
Aſſayes the houſe of Buſyrane,
where Loues ſpoyles are expreſt.

O Hateſull helliſh Snake, what furie furſt
Brought thee from baleſull houſe of *Proſerpine,*
Where in her boſome ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealoſie, that turneſt loue diuine
To ioyleſſe dread, and mak'ſt the louing hart
With hateſull thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelfe with ſelfe-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

O let him far be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Loue for euer dwell,
Sweet Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
In bleſſed Nectar, and pure Pleaſures well,

l. 5, '*loues*': l. 10, '*Gealoſy*': l. 17, '*ſweete*': *ib.*, '*golding*' is charged to '*golden*' in 1609.

Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wiſely well,
And of faire *Britomart* enſample take,
That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir *Satyrane*, as earſt ye red,
Forth ryding from *Malbeccoes* hoſtleſſe hous,
Far off aſpyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And / hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
This all as bad as ſhe, and worſe, if worſe ought were.

For as the ſiſter did in feminine
And filthy luſt exceede all woman kind,
So he ſurpaſſed his ſex maſculine,
In beaſtly vſe that I did euer find;
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearefull boy ſo greedily purſew,
She was emmoued in her noble mind,
T'employ her puiſſaunce to his reſkew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where ſhe him did vew.

Nc was Sir *Satyrane* her far behinde,
But with like fierceneſſe did enſew the chace:
Whom when the Gyaunt ſaw, he ſoone reſinde
His former ſuit, and from them fled apace;

l. 31, '*Squyre*': l. 34, '*womankinde*,' and so '*e*' in rhyme-words of the stanza: l. 36, '*vſe, all that I euer*': l. 38, '*pourſew*.'

They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did ſtriue the other to out-goe,
But he them both outran a wondrous ſpace,
For he was long, and ſwift as any Roe,
And now made better ſpeed, t'eſcape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
But *Britomart* the flowre of chaſtity ;
For he the powre of chaſt hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly :
And now ſo faſt his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forreſt neare,
Where he is ſhrowded in ſecurity.
The wood they enter, and ſearch euery where,
They ſearched diuerſely, ſo both diuided were. /

Faire *Britomart* ſo long him followed,
That ſhe at laſt came to a fountaine ſheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Vpon the graſſy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his ſpeare ;
A little off, his ſhield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeinćted was, full eaſie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where euer it in field was ſhowne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling ly,
As if he had bene ſlombring in the ſhade,
That the braue Mayd would not for courteſy,
Out of his quiet ſlomber him abrade,

l. 47, '*outgoe*' : l. 56, '*has*' is '*was*' in 1611 : l. 58, '*euerie*' : l. 60, '*Fayre*' : l. 65, '*of*' : l. 69, '*ground*' : l. 70, '*beene.*'

Nor ſeeme too ſuddeinly him to inuade:
Still as ſhe ſtood, ſhe heard with grieuous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with moſt painefull pangs to ſigh and ſob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At laſt forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He ſaid; ô ſoueraigne Lord that ſit'ſt on hye,
And raignſt in blis emongſt thy bleſſed Saintes,
How ſuffreſt thou ſuch ſhamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enimy?
Or haſt, thou Lord, of good mens cauſe no heed?
Or doth thy iuſtice ſleepe, and ſilent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodneſſe find no grace, nor righteouſneſſe no meed?

If good find grace, and righteouſneſſe reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
Or / if that heauenly iuſtice may withſtand
The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men,
Why then is *Buſirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, theſe ſeuen monethes day in ſecret den
My Lady and my loue ſo cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkeneſſe from the vew of day,
Whileſt deadly torments do her chaſt breſt rend,
And the ſharpe ſteele doth riue her hart in tway,

l. 79, '*ſayd, O ſouerayne*': l. 86, '*righteouſnes*,' and ſo l. 87: l. 91, '*heauenly*,' and ſo l. 125: l. 97, '*darkenes*': l. 98, '*doe*.'

All for ſhe *Scudamore* will not denay.
Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore* art ſound,
Ne canſt her ayde, ne canſt her foe diſmay:
Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom ſo faire a Lady feeles ſo ſore a wound.

There an huge heape of ſingulfes did oppreſſe
His ſtrugling ſoule, and ſwelling throbs empeach
His ſoltring toung with pangs of drerineſſe,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife ſpeach,
As if his dayes were come to their laſt reach.
Which when ſhe heard, and ſaw the ghaſtly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour ſhe was ſmit,
Fearing leaſt from her cage the wearie ſoule would flit.

Tho ſtooping downe ſhe him amoued light;
Who therewith ſomewhat ſtarting, vp gan looke,
And ſeeing him behind a ſtraunger knight,
Whereas no liuing creature he miſtooke,
With great indignaunce he that ſight forſooke,
And downe againe himſelfe diſdainefully
Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forhead ſtrooke:
Which the bold Virgin ſeeing, gan apply
Fit medcine to his griefe, and ſpake thus courteſly. /

Ah gentle knight, whoſe deepe conceiued griefe
Well ſeemes t'exceede the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace ſome good reliefe
You ſend, ſubmit you to high prouidence,

l. 105, '*ſingulfes*' is '*ſingults*' in 1609—see Glossary *s.v.*: l. 116, '*ſtranger*': l. 120, ', after '*Abiecting*' accepted from '90: l. 123, '*cenceiued*' (misprint '96).

And euer in your noble hart prepenſe,
That all the ſorrow in the world is leſſe,
Then vertues might, and values confidence,
For who nill bide the burden of diſtreſſe,
Muſt not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchedneſſe.

Therefore, faire Sir, do comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon ſo
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to eaſe your woe,
And wreake your ſorrow on your cruell foe,
At leaſt it faire endeuour will apply.
Thoſe feeling wordes ſo neare the quicke did goe,
That vp his head he reared eaſily,
And leaning on his elbow, theſe few wordes let fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreſt,
And ſow vaine ſorrow in a fruitleſſe eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor ſkill of learned breſt,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For he the tyraunt, which her hath in ward
By ſtrong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her cloſe embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her moſt terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Becauſe to yield him loue ſhe doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:

l. 137, '*At*' is misprinted '*And*' in '96: l. 138, '*words*': l. 140, '*elbowe . . . lett*': l. 142, '*fruitleſſe*' is misprinted in '96 '*fruileſſe*': l. 146, '*tyrant*': l. 153, '*yolde*' (2nd).

But / yet by torture he would her conſtraine
Loue to conceiue in her diſdainfull breſt ;
Till ſo ſhe do, ſhe muſt in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releſt :
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redreſt ?

With this ſad herſall of his heauy ſtreſſe,
The warlike Damzell was empaſſiond ſore,
And ſaid ; Sir knight, your cauſe is nothing leſſe,
Then is your ſorrow, certes if not more ;
For nothing ſo much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleſſe miſery.
But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
I will with proofe of laſt extremity,
Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentleſt knight aliue, (ſaid *Scudamore*)
What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwels in thy bounteous breſt? what couldſt thou
If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I ?
O ſpare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me dye, that ought ;
More is more loſſe : one is enough to dy.
Life is not loſt, (ſaid ſhe) for which is bought
Endleſſe renowm, that more then death is to be ſought.

Thus ſhe at length perſwaded him to riſe,
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe
Mote him befall vpon new enterpriſe ;
His armes, which he had vowed to diſprofeſſe,

l. 155, ; for ,—accepted : l. 156, '*doe*' : l. 161, '*ſayd*,' and so l. 168 : *ib.*, , for ; : l. 164, '*Ladyes*' : l. 170, '*dwels*' : l. 172, '*daies*' : l. 173, '*die*' : l. 176, '*death*'—Jortin suggests 'life' : l. 177, '*ſhee . . . perſuaded.*'

She gathered vp and did about him dreſſe,
And his forwandred ſteed vnto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progreſſe,
And march not paſt the mountenaunce of a ſhot.
Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpoſe they did plot. /

There they diſmounting, drew their weapons bold
And ſtoutly came vnto the Caſtle gate;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
But in the Porch, that did them ſore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with ſmouldry ſmoke,
And ſtinking Sulphure, that with grieſly hate
And dreadfull horrour did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* diſmayd,
Ne in that ſtownd wiſt, how her ſelfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were, to haue aſſayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can ſuffer to approchen neare:
And turning backe to *Scudamour*, thus ſayd;
What monſtrous enmity prouoke we heare,
Foolhardy as th'Earthes children, the which made
Battell againſt the Gods? ſo we a God inuade.

Daunger without diſcretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beaſtlike is: therefore Sir knight,
Aread what courſe of you is ſafeſt dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.

l. 182, '*forwarded*' is in '96 misprinted as two words: *ib.*, '*gott*,' and so double *t* in rhyme-words of the stanza: l. 193, '*horror*': l. 202, , after '*Foolhardy*,' and no '*the*': l. 203, '*Batteill*': l. 205, '*and*' is removed in 1611: but Spenser was no Purist in either rhyme or rhythm.

This (quoth he) the dolorous deſpight,
Which earſt to you I playnd : for neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the ſame do ſtay.

What is there elſe, but ceaſe theſe fruitleſſe paines,
And leaue to me my former languiſhing ;
Faire *Amoret* muſt dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here dye with ſorrowing.
Perdy / not ſo ; (ſaid ſhe) for ſhamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble cheuiſaunce,
For ſhew of perill, without venturing :
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterpriſed prayſe for dread to diſauaunce.

Therewith reſolu'd to proue her vtmoſt might,
Her ample ſhield ſhe threw before her face,
And her ſwords point directing forward right,
Aſſayld the flame, the which eſtſoones gaue place,
And did it ſelfe diuide with equall ſpace,
That through ſhe paſſed ; as a thunder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth diſplace
The ſoring clouds into ſad ſhowres ymolt ;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt,

Whom whenas *Scudamour* ſaw paſt the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewiſe gan aſſay,
With greedy will, and enuious deſire,
And bad the ſtubborne flames to yield him way :

l. 210, '*witt*' : l. 213, '*ells*,' is misprinted in '96 '*elſe*' : l. 216, '*die*' : l. 217, '*ſaide ſhee . . . ſhameful*' : l. 219, '*ſhewe*' : l. 221, '*praiſe*' : l. 227, , for ; : *ib.*, '*thonder.*'

But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and imperious ſway
Him forſt (maulgre) his fierceneſſe to relent,
And backe retire, all ſcorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly ſwelt,
More for great ſorrow, that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
That with fell woodneſſe he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounſe his head and breſt full ſore;
The whiles the Championeſſe now entred has
The vtmoſt rowme, and paſt the formeſt dore,
The vtmoſt rowme, abounding with all precious ſtore./

For round about, the wals yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maieſty,
Wouen with gold and ſilke ſo cloſe and nere,
That the rich metall lurked priuily,
As faining to be hid from enuious eye;
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
It ſhewd it ſelfe, and ſhone vnwillingly;
Like a diſcolourd Snake, whoſe hidden ſnares
Through the greene gras his long bright burniſht backe declares.

And in thoſe Tapets weren faſhioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
And all of loue, and all of luſty-hed,
As ſeemed by their ſemblaunt did entreat;

l. 238, '*fercenes*': l. 243, '*woodnes*': l. 245, '*ful*': l. 246, '*decked*' [*sic*]: l. 249, '*walls*': l. 253, '*hidd*': l. 256, '*Like to a.*'

And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainſt all the Gods, to make his empire great;
Beſides the huge maſſacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and keſars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
In ſtraunge diſguize, to ſlake his ſcalding ſmart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did liuely ſeeme to tremble, when ſhe ſaw
The huge ſeas vnder her t'obay her ſeruaunts law.

Soone after that into a golden ſhowre
Him ſelfe he chaung'd faire *Danaë* to vew,
And through the roofe of her ſtrong braſen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The / whiles her fooliſh garde, that little knew
Of ſuch deceipt, kept th'yron dore faſt bard,
And watcht, that none ſhould enter nor iſſew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootleſſe all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him ſelfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a ſnowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous ſkill, and ſweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies ſleeping made,

l. 263, '*battailes*': l. 267, '*writt . . . thondring*': l. 268, no - : l. 278, '*But*': l. 280, '*litle*.

From ſcorching heat her daintie limbes to ſhade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
And bruſhing his faire breſt, did her inuade;
She ſlept, yet twixt her eyelids cloſely ſpyde,
How towards her he ruſht, and ſmiled at his pryde.

Then ſhewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*
Deceiu'd of gealous *Iuno*, did require
To ſee him in his ſoueraigne maieſtee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely ſhe with death bought her deſire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likeneſſe more entire;
Three nights in one, they ſay, that for her ſake
He then did put, her pleaſures lenger to partake.

Twiſe was he ſeene in ſoaring Eagles ſhape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre,
Once, when he with *Aſterie* did ſcape,
Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy ſo faire
He ſnatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
How the rude Shepheards after him did ſtare,
Trembling through feare, leaſt down he fallen ſhould,
And often to him calling, to take ſurer hould./

In *Satyres* ſhape *Antiopa* he ſnatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Aegin*' aſſayd:
A ſhepheard, when *Mnemoſyne* he catcht;
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd.

l. 292, '*Shee . . . eielids*': l. 295, '*Deceiud*': l. 296, '*ſoueravne*': l. 298, '*Whens*': l. 300, '*likenes*,' and , for ; : l. 302, '*her*' is '*his*' in 1609 ineptly: l. 304, '*winges* : l. 306, '*fayre*': l. 314, '*ſhepeheard.*'

Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* theſe pageaunts
The winged boy did thruſt into his throne, (playd,
And ſcoffing, thus vnto his mother ſayd,
Lo now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

And thou, faire *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Waſt there enwouen, and the ſad diſtreſſe,
In which that boy thee plonged, for deſpight,
That thou bewray'dſt his mothers wantonneſſe,
When ſhe with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulneſſe:
For thy, he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire *Daphne*, which thee loued leſſe:
Leſſe ſhe thee lou'd, then was thy iuſt deſart,
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy ſmart.

So louedſt thou the luſty *Hyacinct*,
So louedſt thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy hapleſſe hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a ſweet breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely ſeene
The God himſelfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gyrlond euer greene,
With other ſignes of ſorrow and impatient teene.

Both for thoſe two, and for his owne deare ſonne,
The ſonne of *Climene* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himſelfe in thouſand peeces fondly rent,

l. 319, '*heuens*': l. 326, , added after '*thy*': l. 327, '*the*': l. 333, '*doe.*'

And / all the world with flaſhing fier brent,
So like, that all the walles did ſeeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forſt him eſtſoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his deareſt Dame.

He loued *Iſſe*for his dear eſt Dame,
And for her ſake her cattell fed a while,
And for her ſake a cowheard vile became,
The ſeruant of *Admetus* cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he ſuffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after ſpoile,
Now like a Stag, now like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was moſt liuely writ.

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine reſemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackiſh deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He ſtearnly ſhooke, and therewith fierce did ſtryke
The raging billowes, that on euery ſyde
They trembling ſtood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his ſwift charet might haue paſſage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in temewiſe tyde.

His ſea-horſes did ſeeme to ſport amayne,
And from their noſethrilles blow the brynie ſtreame,

l. 343, '*fire*': l. 347, '*Shephards*': l. 353, '*fitt*': l. 355, '*Hag*' in '90 and '96—Jortin suggests '*Stag*'—accepted, seeing that '*Hag*' is impossible, albeit '*Stag*' is hardly classical: ll. 360, 366, no hyphens.

That made the ſparckling waues to ſmoke agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white ſomy creame,
Did ſhine with ſiluer, and ſhoot forth his beame.
The God himſelfe did penſiue ſeeme and ſad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For priuy loue his breſt empierced had,
Ne ought but deare *Biſaltis* ay could make him glad. /

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight.
For whom he turnd him ſelfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her ſight.
Alſo to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
He turnd him ſelfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horſe he tooke his flight,
To ſnaky-locke *Meduſa* to repayre,
On whom he got faire *Pegaſus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That ſullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is ſullein, and *Saturnlike* ſeene,
As he did for *Erigone* it proue.)
That to a *Centaure* did him ſelfe tranſmoue.
So proou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
When for to compaſſe *Philliras* hard loue,
He turnd himſelfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire boſome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous aſſayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke

l. 378, '*ſadd*': l. 382, '*ſnaky*' is misprinted '*ſnaly*' in '96: l. 387, no): l. 389, '*gratious.*'

The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes he fore did ſhreek,
With womaniſh teares, and with vnwarlike ſmarts,
Priuily moyſtening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner parts.

Ne did he ſpare (ſo cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why ſhould he ſo?)
Ne did he ſpare ſometime to pricke himſelfe,
That he might taſt the ſweet conſuming woe,
Which / he had wrought to many others moe,
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And ſpoiles, wherewith he all the ground did ſtrow,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds ſad louers nightly theeueryes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent
Were heap'd together with the vulgar ſort,
And mingled with the raſkall rablement,
Without reſpect of perſon or of port,
To ſhew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld,
Of broken bowes and arrowes ſhiuered ſhort,
And a long bloudy riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and ſo like, that liuing ſence it fayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious ſtone,

l. 395, '*nightie*': l. 399, '*cheeke*': l. 400, '*dartes*': l. 401, '*partes*': l. 403, second) inadvertently dropped in '96: l. 405, '*taſte*': l. 410, '*heuen beholdes*': l. 411, '*knights*': l. 418, '*bloody*.'

Of paſſing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there ſtood an Image all alone,
Of maſſy gold, which with his owne light ſhone;
And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,
More ſundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*
Beares in his boaſted fan, or *Iris* bright,
When her diſcolourd bow ſhe ſpreds through heauens
hight.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fiſt
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he ſhot at randon, when him liſt,
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou thoſe darts behold)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,
Whoſe hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye. /

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed ſowle Idolatree.
That wondrous ſight faire *Britomart* amazed,
Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatisfie,
But euermore and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles the paſſing brightnes her fraile ſences dazed.

l. 425, '*winges . . . fondry*,' and so l. 426: l. 428, '*heuen bright*,' and in '96 '*heauen bright*'—Church suggested '*heuens hight*'—accepted: l. 429, '*Blyndfold*': l. 433, '*dartes*': l. 435, '*enfold*'—misprinted '*enfold*' in '96: l. 441, '*bowe*': l. 443, '*amazd*,' and so '*d*' for '*ed*' in rhyme-words of the stanza.

Tho as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,
To ſearch each ſecret of that goodly ſted,
Ouer the dore thus written ſhe did ſpye
Be bold: ſhe oft and oft it ouer-red,
Yet could not find what ſence it figured:
But what ſo were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby diſcouraged
From proſecuting of her firſt intent,
But forward with bold ſteps into the next roome went.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd:
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes which their follies
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thouſand monſtrous formes therein were made,
Such as falſe loue doth oft vpon him weare:
For loue in thouſand mõſtrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the gliſtring walles were hong
With warlike ſpoiles, and with victorious prayes,
Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines ſtrong,
Which where whilome captiued in their dayes
To / cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their ſwerds & ſpeares were broke, & hauberques rent;
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes,
Troden in duſt with fury inſolent,
To ſhew the victors might and mercileſſe intent.

l. 448, '*ſecrete*': l. 450, '*Bee*,' and no , after '*ouer red*': l. 452, , after '*therein*': l. 456, '*fayrer*': l. 463, : substituted for , of '90 and ? of '96: l. 467, '*mightie*': l. 470, no punctuation after '*rent*': l. 471, , after '*bayes*'—accepted.

The warlike Mayde beholding earneſtly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could ſatisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long ſpace:
But more ſhe meruaild that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but waſtefull emptineſſe,
And ſolemne ſilence ouer all that place:
Straunge thing it ſeem'd, that none was to poſſeſſe
So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulneſſe.

And as ſhe lookt about, ſhe did behold,
How ouer that ſame dore was likewiſe writ,
Be bold, be bold, and euery where *Be bold*,
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any ridling ſkill, or commune wit.
At laſt ſhe ſpyde at that roomes vpper end,
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt mind, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

Thus ſhe there waited vntill euentyde,
Yet liuing creature none ſhe ſaw appeare:
And now ſad ſhadowes gan the world to hyde,
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkeneſſe dreare;
Yet nould ſhe d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of ſecret daunger, ne let ſleepe oppreſſe
Her heauy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her ſelfe aſide in ſickerneſſe,
And her welpointed weapons did about her dreſſe. / 500

l. 474, '*Mayd*': l. 475, '*ordinaunce . . . Place*': l. 476, , after '*wonder*'—accepted: *ib.*, '*ſatiſſy*': l. 482, '*purueyaunce*': l. 485, '*bolde*' (*bis*): l. 491, '*minde*': l. 492, '*wayted*': l. 495, '*darkenes.*'

Cant. XII.

The maſke of Cupid, and th'enchaunted
Chamber are diſplayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

THo when as cheareleſſe Night ycouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuerſall cloud,
That euery wight diſmayd with darkneſſe ſad,
In ſilence and in ſleepe themſelues did ſhroud,
She heard a ſhrilling Trompet ſound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather ſtird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

With that, an hideous ſtorme of winde aroſe,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it ſtreight would loſe
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull ſtench of ſmoke and ſulphure mixt
Enſewd, whoſe noyance fild the fearefull ſted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the ſixt;

l. 2, '*enchanted*': l. 7, '*Fayre . . . clowd*,' and so '*w*' for '*u*' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 8, '*darkenes*': l. 11, '*battaill*': l. 17, '*earthquake*': l. 20, '*noyaunce*': l. 21, '*howre*.'

Yet the bold *Britoneſſe* was nought ydred,
Though much emmou'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſeuered.

All ſuddenly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped euery dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mightie leuers had bene tore:
And / forth iſſewd, as on the ready flore
Of ſome Theatre, a graue perſonage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midſt, he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in mind he ſomewhat had to ſay,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In ſigne of ſilence, as to heare a play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter paſſioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred ſoft away,
And paſſing by, his name diſcouered,
Eaſe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, ſtill ſtanding, all this vewd,
And merueild at his ſtrange intendiment;
With that a ioyous fellowſhip iſſewd
Of Minſtrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together ſung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with ſweet conſent:

l. 24, '*ſuddeinly*': l. 27, '*mighty*': l. 28, '*yſſewd . . . readie*': l. 30, '*braunch*': l. 33, '*ſtil*': l. 34, '*minde*': l. 35, '*vulgare*': l. 42, , added after '*ſtanding*': l. 43, '*ſtraunge*': l. 45, '*Minſtrales*': l. 47, '*ſong*': l. 48, '*concent.*'

After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maſke, enranged orderly.

The whiles a moſt delitious harmony,
In full ſtraunge notes was ſweetly heard to ſound,
That the rare ſweetneſſe of the melody
The feeble ſenſes wholly did confound,
And the fraile ſoule in deepe delight nigh dround:
And when it ceaſt, ſhrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceaſt, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maſkers marched forth in trim aray./

The firſt was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,
Of rare aſpect, and beautie without peare;
Matchable either to that ympe of *Troy*,
Whom *Ioue* did loue, and choſe his cup to beare,
Or that ſame daintie lad, which was ſo deare
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And euery wood, and euery valley wyde
He fild with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cryde.

His garment neither was of ſilke nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſunburnt *Indians* do aray
Their tawney bodies, in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appeare;
For ſtill he far'd as dauncing in delight,

l. 54, '*ſences wholy*': l. 55, '*frayle . . . drownd*': l. 56, '*lowd*': l. 57, '*far*': l. 60, '*Boy*': l. 61, , for ;: l. 67, '*word*,' and *not* noted in 'Faults eſcaped': l. 69, '*nether*': l. 70, '*paynted*.'

And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mou'd ſtill here and there.

And him beſide marcht amorous *Deſyre*,
Who ſeemd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine,
Yet was that other ſwayne this elders ſyre,
And gaue him being, commune to them twaine:
His garment was diſguiſed very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet ſat awry;
Twixt both his hands few ſparkes he cloſe did ſtraine,
Which ſtill he blew, and kindled buſily,
That ſoone they life conceiu'd, & forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd cote, of ſtraunge diſguyſe,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And ſleeues dependant *Albaneſe*-wyſe:
He / lookt aſkew with his miſtruſtfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrinke he did auyſe,
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunke, when hard theron he lay.

With him went *Daunger*, cloth' in ragged weed,
Made of Beares ſkin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour, to deforme his grieſly ſhade;

l. 77, '*ydle ayre*': l. 79, '*ryper*': *ib.*, '*Swayne*,' and so '*y*' for '*i*' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 80, 'other' in 1609—accepted for '*others*' of '90 and '96: l. 82, '*diſguyſed*': l. 84, '*ſparks*': l. 86, '*and*': l. 90, '*dependaunt*': l. 92, '*nycely*': l. 94, , after '*ſtay*': l. 95, '*ſhrunck*': l. 99, , for ; .

A net in th'one hand, and a ruſtie blade
In th'other was, this Miſchiefe, that Miſhap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelfe not ſafe enough thereby,
But feard each ſhadow mouing to and fro,
And his owne armes when glittering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As aſhes pale of hew, and wingyheeld;
And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
Gainſt whom he alwaies bent a braſen ſhield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handſome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arayd,
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway ſmyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which ſhe ſprinckled fauours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſheowe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to feowe. /

And after them *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall paire:
For ſhe was gentle, and of milde aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonaire,

l. 100, '*ruſty*': l. 101, '*miſhap*': l. 107, '*too or froe*': l. 110, '*winged heeld*': l. 112, '*alwayes*': l. 117, '*fayre*': l. 123, '*Diſſemblaunce*,' and so l. 134.

Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire :
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire:
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deedes were forged, and her words falſe coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of ſilke ſhe twynd.

But he was foule, ill fauoured, and grim,
Vnder his eyebrowes looking ſtill aſkaunce ;
And euer as *Diſſemblance* laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce ;
Shewing his nature in his countenance ;
His rolling eyes did neuer reſt in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid miſchaunce,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peepe, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere ;
Griefe all in ſable ſorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then ſeeming ſad :
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languor and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtly lookes and dreadfull drerihed ;
For from her backe her garments ſhe did teare,

l. 128, '*paynted . . . pourloynd*' : l. 130, '*deeds*' : l. 132, '*fowle*' : l. 133, '*eiebrowes*' : l. 136, '*countenaunce*' : l. 137, '*eies*' : l. 138, '*walkte*' : l. 139, '*lattis*' : l. 140, '*ſtil . . . peep*' : l. 147, '*ladd*' : l. 152, '*looks.*'

And / from her head oft rent her ſnarled heare :
In her right hand a firebrand ſhe did toſſe
About her head, ſtill roming here and there ;
As a diſmayed Deare in chace emboſt,
Forgetfull of his ſafety, hath his right way loſt.

After them went *Diſpleaſure* and *Pleaſance*,
He looking lompiſh and full ſullein ſad,
And hanging downe his heauy countenance ;
She chearefull freſh and full of ioyance glad,
As if no ſorrow ſhe ne felt ne drad ;
That euill matched paire they ſeemd to bee :
An angry Waſpe th'one in a viall had
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee ;
Thus marched theſe ſixe couples forth in faire degree.

After all theſe there marcht a moſt faire Dame,
Led of two gryſie villeins, th'one *Deſpight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name :
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by ſtrong charmes out of eternall night,
Had deathes owne image figurd in her face,
Full of fad ſignes, fearefull to liuing ſight ;

l. 155, '*did toſſe*'—*sic* in '90 and '96—another example of Spenser's neglects, which surely no editor has a right to alter. Church suggested omission of '*did*' and '*toſt*' for '*toſſe*' : '*In her right hand a fierbrand ſhe toſt.*' See our Life in Vol. I. on this and many others as bearing on the Poet's workmanship and literary art : l. 159, '*Pleaſaunce*' : l. 161, '*countenaunce*' : l. 162, '*chearfull . . . ioyaunce*' : l. 163, '*dread*' : l. 166, '*hony-lady*'—*sic* '90 and '96. Dr. Morris reads even in his text '*hony-laden*' ; but '*hony-lady*' must be = Queen Bee. At any rate no such tampering with an Author's text is permissible when that text yields a distinct or possible sense. See Glossary, *s.v.* : l. 167, '*ſix*' : *ib.*, no punctuation after '*degree*' : l. 173, '*Deathes*' : l. 174, '*fearfull.*'

Yet in that horror ſhewd a ſeemely grace,
And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

Her breſt all naked, as net iuory,
Without adorne of gold or ſiluer bright,
Wherewith the Craſteſman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was deſpoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull ſight)
Entrenched deepe with knife accurſed keene,
Yet freſhly bleeding forth her fainting ſpright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be ſeene,
That dyde in ſanguine red her ſkin all ſnowy cleene. /

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in ſiluer baſin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet ſteeming freſh embayd :
And thoſe two villeins, which her ſteps vpſtayd,
When her weake feete could ſcarcely her ſuſtaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward ſtill with torture did conſtraine,
And euermore encreaſed her conſuming paine.

Next after her, the winged God himſelfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beaſt with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous :

l. 177, '*nett yuory*': l. 182, '*deep . . . knyfe*': l. 189, '*blood*' : l. 192, '*fading*'—Church imagined that Spenser meant to write 'failing'—perhaps, and perhaps not' : *ib.*, '*powres*' : l. 193, '*ſkill,*' and not noticed in 'Faults eſcaped': l. 195, , after '*her*'—accepted : *ib.*, '*him ſelfe*': l. 199, misprinted '*knigdome*' '96 :

His blindfold eyes he bad a while vnbind,
That his proud ſpoyle of that ſame dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which ſeene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

Of which full proud, himſelfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with ſterne diſdaine;
And did ſuruay his goodly company:
And marſhalling the euill ordered traine,
With that thè darts which his right hand did ſtraine,
Full dreadfully he ſhooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his couloured winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproch the firſt, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowfull, and lame:
Reproch deſpightfull, careleſſe, and vnkind;
Shame / moſt ill fauourd, beſtiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* ſigh'd, *Reproch* did ſcould;
Reproch ſharpe ſtings, *Repentance* whips entwind,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confuſed rout
Of perſons flockt, whoſe names is hard to read:

l. 200, '*eies . . . vnbinde*,' and so '*e*' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 201, '*ſpoile*': l. 204, '*ful prowd, him ſelfe*': l. 205, '*diſdayne*,' and so '*y*' for '*i*' in l. 207: l. 208, '*hand*' dropped in '90 and '96, but placed among 'Faults eſcaped' of the former: l. 210, '*hye*': l. 213, '*Repentaunce*,' and so ll. 215, 218, 219: l. 214, '*behinde*,' and so '*e*' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 216, '*deſpightful*.'

Emongſt them was ſterne *Strife*, and *Anger* ſtout,
Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*,
Lewd *Loſſe of Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant *Chaunge*, and falſe *Diſloyaltie*,
Conſuming *Rioti ſe*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmitie*,
Vile *Pouertie*, and laſtly *Death* with infamie.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whoſe names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantaſies
In wauering wemens wit, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or puniſhments in hell;
And which diſguized marcht in maſking wiſe,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned, hauing marched thriſe,
Into the inner roome, from whence they firſt did riſe.

So ſoone as they were in, the dore ſtreight way
Faſt locked, driuen with that ſtormy blaſt,
Which firſt it opened; and bore all away.
Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plaſt,
In ſecret ſhade, and ſaw both firſt and laſt,
Iſſewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked faſt:
It vaine ſhe thought with rigorous vprore
For to efforce, when charmes had cloſed it afore. /

l. 225, '*Vnthriftyhead*': l. 227, '*Diſloyalty*': l. 229, '*vengeaunce . . . Infirmity*': l. 230, '*Pouerty . . . infamy*': l. 234, '*witt*': l. 237, '*by the*': l. 239, '*rowme*': l. 241, '*ſtormy-blaſt*': l. 242, '*opened; nothing did remayne*'—*sic*, and no notice in 'Faults eſcaped': *ib.*, . added after '*away*': l. 243, '*al*': l. 246, '*fownd*': l. 247, '*It*' is '*In*' in 1611.

Where force might not auaile, their ſleights and art
She caſt to vſe, both fit for hard emprize;
For thy, from that ſame roome not to depart
Till morrow next, ſhe did her ſelfe auize,
When that ſame Maſke againe ſhould forth arize.
The morrow next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize,
Then ſhe, as morrow freſh, her ſelfe did reare
Out of her ſecret ſtand, that day for to out weare.

All that day ſhe outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the ſecond euening
Her couered with her ſable veſtiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie ſhe hath blent:
Then when the ſecond watch was almoſt paſt,
That braſen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as ſhe had late forecaſt,
Neither of idle ſhewes, nor of falſe charmes aghaſt.

So ſoone as ſhe was entred, round about
She caſt her eies, to ſee what was become
Of all thoſe perſons, which ſhe ſaw without:
But lo, they ſtreight were vaniſht all and ſome,
Ne liuing wight ſhe ſaw in all that roome,
Saue that ſame woefull Ladie, both whoſe hands
Were bounden faſt, that did her ill become,
And her ſmall waſt girt round with yron bands,
Vnto a braſen pillour, by the which ſhe ſtands.

l. 249,1 '*their*' is '*there*' in 1609: l. 250, '*fitt*': l. 251, '*rowme*': *ib.*, , added after '*thy*': l. 252, '*ſhee*': l. 254, '*morrowe*': l. 258, '*wandering*' is 'wondering' in 1611: l. 266, '*Nether . . . ydle ſhowes*': l. 267, '*rownd*': l. 268, '*Shee*': l. 272, '*Lady*': l. 274, '*waſte . . . rownd.*'

And her before the vile Enchaunter ſate,
Figuring ſtraunge characters of his art,
With liuing bloud he thoſe characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming / transfixed with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ah who can loue the worker of her ſmart?
A thouſand charmes he formerly did proue;
Yet thouſand charmes could not her ſtedfaſt heart remoue.

Soone as that virgin knight he ſaw in place,
His wicked bookes in haſt he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely ronning to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous deſpight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the ſtout Damzell to him leaping light,
His curſed hand withheld, and maiſtered his might.

From her, to whom his fury firſt he ment,
The wicked weapon raſhly he did wreſt,
And turning to her ſelfe his fell intent,
Vnwares it ſtrooke into her ſnowie cheſt,
That little drops empurpled her faire breſt.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe impreſt,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade ſhe drew,
To giue him the reward for ſuch vile outrage dew.

l. 278, '*blood*': l. 288, '*running*': l. 296, '*to the next*': l. 298, '*litle.*'

So mightily ſhe ſmote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next ſtroke him ſhould haue ſlaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him ſtood bound,
Dernely vnto her called to abſtaine,
From doing him to dy. For elſe her paine
Should be remedileſſe, ſith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the ſame recure againe.
Therewith ſhe ſtayd her hand, loth ſtayd to bee;
For life ſhe him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to ſee. /

And to him ſaid, Thou wicked man, whoſe meed
For ſo huge miſchiefe, and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be ſure, that nought may ſaue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe preſently
Reſtore vnto her health, and former ſtate;
This doe and liue, elſe die vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himſelfe right willing to prolong his date.

And riſing vp, gan ſtreight to ouerlooke,
Thoſe curſed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerſe;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and meaſur'd many a ſad verſe,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perſe,
And her faire lockes vp ſtared ſtiffe on end,
Hearing him thoſe ſame bloudy lines reherſe;
And all the while he red, ſhe did extend
Her ſword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

l. 306, '*Dernly*': *ib.*, '*him*' in both '90 and '96, but '*her*' accepted from 1609: *ib.*, '*called*'—misprinted 'called' in '96: l. 314, '*doe*': l. 318, '*els dye*': l. 323, '*things*': l. 325, '*horrour*': l. 326, '*locks*': l. 327, '*bloody.*'

Anon ſhe gan perceiue the houſe to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her diſmaied make,
Nor ſlacke her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But ſtill with ſtedfaſt eye and courage ſtout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At laſt that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waſte was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great braſen pillour broke in peeces ſmall.

The cruell ſteele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell ſoftly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did diſpart
Her bleeding breſt, and riuen bowels gor'd,
Was / cloſed vp, as it had not bene bor'd,
And euery part to ſafety full ſound,
As ſhe were neuer hurt, was ſoone reſtor'd:
Tho when ſhe felt her ſelfe to be vnbound,
And perfect hole, proſtrate ſhe fell vnto the ground.

Before faire *Britomart*, ſhe fell proſtrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull ſtate,
Yield you in liew of this your gratious deed?
Your vertue ſelfe her owne reward ſhall breed,
Euen immortall praiſe, and glory wyde,
Which I your vaſſall, by your proweſſe freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tryde.

l. 333, '*ſlack*': l. 334, , after '*ſtout*': l. 335, , after '*weet*,' not '*Abode*': l. 343, '*beene ford*': l. 344, '*ſownd*,' and so '*w*' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 349, '*meede*': l. 350, '*quitt*': l. 351, '*liew . . , gracious*': l. 353, '*prayſe*.'

But *Britomart* vprearing her from ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in ſafety now I haue you ſeene,
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Inſtead thereof know, that your louing Make,
Hath no leſſe griefe endured for your gentle ſake.

She was much cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wights ſhe loued beſt.
Then laid the noble Championeſſe ſtrong hond
Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her diſtreſt
So ſore, and with foule outrages oppreſt:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady priſoner, now releſt,
Himſelfe ſhe bound, more worthy to be ſo,
And captiue with her led to wretchedneſſe and wo.

Returning backe, thoſe goodly roomes, which erſt
She ſaw ſo rich and royally arrayd,
Now vaniſht vtterly, and cleane ſubuerſt
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That ſight of ſuch a chaunge her much diſmayd.
Thence forth deſcending to that perlous Porch,
Thoſe dreadfull flames ſhe alſo found delayd,

l. 357, '*grownd*': l. 360, '*ſafetie*': l. 362, '*Lad*'—*sic*: l. 363, '*remembraunce*': l. 364, '*In ſted*': l. 367, '*wightes*': l. 371, '*ygoe*': l. 375, '*back . . . rowmes*': l. 376, '*He*,' but corrected in 'Faults eſcaped,' and so l. 378: *ib.*, '*arayd*': l. 379, '*him*,' but also corrected in 'Faults eſcaped.'

And quenched quite, like a conſumed torch,
That erſt all entrers wont ſo cruelly to ſcorch.

More eaſie iſſew now, then entrance late
She found: for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate,
And paſſage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vaniſht quite, as it were not the ſame,
And gaue her leaue at pleaſure forth to paſſe.
Th' Enchaunter ſelfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To have efforſt the loue of that faire laſſe,
Seeing his worke now waſted deepe engrieued was.

But when the victoreſſe arriued there,
Where late ſhe left the penſife *Scudamore*,
With her owne truſty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them ſhe found where ſhe them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was ſtoniſht ſore;
But moſt faire *Amoret*, whoſe gentle ſpright
Now gan to feede on hope, which ſhe before
Conceiued had, to ſee her owne deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld was fild with new affright.

But he ſad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,

ll. 384—410 in 1596 took the place of the stanzas which we add as an appendix to this last canto of Book III. It will be observed that originally Sir Scudamore and Amoret had a happy meeting; but in '96, when the Poet reprinted Books I.—III. to go along with the new volume of that year, he left out (*ut supra*) the last five stanzas of '90, and replaced them with the three new ones, ll. 384—410. This was meant to connect the third book better with the fourth, and otherwise to improve the story. On this and the other alterations in 1596 edition from 1590, see our Life in Vol. I.

Yet ſaw her not nor ſigne of her good ſpeed,
His expectation to deſpaire did turne,
Miſdeeming ſure that her thoſe flames did burne;
And / therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourſlings loſſe no leſſe did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aid t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whileſt here I doe reſpire.

STANZAS IN 1590 REPLACED IN 1596 WITH OTHERS.

(*See Foot-note on l.* 384, *p.* 35.)

AT laſt ſhe came vnto the place, where late
She left Sir *Scudamour* in great diſtreſſe,
Twixt dolour and deſpight halfe deſperate,
Of his loues ſuccour, of his owne redreſſe,
And of the hardie *Britomarts* ſucceſſe:
There on the cold earth him now thrown ſhe found,
In wilful anguiſh, and dead heauineſſe,
And to him cald; whoſe voices knowen ſound
Soone as he heard, himſelf he reared light from ground.

There did he ſee, that moſt on earth him ioyd,
His deareſt loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whoſe too long abſence him had ſore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes:
Straight he vpſtarted from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with haſty egerneſſe,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
In the coole ſoile, after long thirſtineſſe,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathleſſe.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſtreightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the priſon of ſad paine,
Now the ſweet lodge of loue and deare delight: /

l. 4, '*ſuccour*,' but corrected in 'Faults eſcaped.'

But ſhe faire Lady ouercommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleaſure melt,
And in ſweete rauiſhment pourd out her ſpright:
No word they ſpake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two ſenceles ſtocks in long embracemẽt dwelt.

Had ye them ſeene, ye would have ſurely thought,
That they had beene that faire *Hermaphrodite*,
Which that rich *Roman* of white marble wrought,
And in his coſtly Bath cauſd to bee ſite:
So ſeemd thoſe two, as growne together quite,
That *Britomart* halfe enuying their b[l]eſſe,
Was much empaſſiond in her gentle ſprite,
And to her ſelfe oft wiſht like happineſſe:
In vaine ſhe wiſht, that fate n'ould let her yet poſſeſſe.

Thus doe thoſe louers with ſweet counteruayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit deſpoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their iournall toyle:
Therefore I will their ſweatie yokes aſſoyle,
At this ſame furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye faire ſwayns, after your long turmoyle,
Now ceaſe your worke, and at your pleaſure play:
Now ceaſe your worke; to morrow is an holy day.

l. 35, : substituted for , of the original.

FINIS.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing

The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,

OR

OF FRIENDSHIP.

THe rugged forhead that with graue foreſight
Welds kingdomes cauſes, & affaires of ſtate,

l. 1—see general title-page for the two volumes of 1596 in Note, Vol. V., p. 2. Vol. I. contained B. I.—III., Vol. II., B. IV.—VI. As shown by the Various Readings, B. I.—III. of 1590 were carefully revised by the Author for the new edition in 1596. Of B. IV.—VI. there was no second edition during the Author's lifetime, and thus it remains the only authorised text. Consequently, while the Various Readings of B. I.—III. inevitably claimed record as having been the Poet's own, there is no such claim for after-editions, as of 1609, 1611, etc. But I have thought it expedient to place underneath such variations in spelling, etc., of 1609, when the "Faerie Qveene" belonged to Mathew Lownes ("At London / Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes") as are helpful or interesting. But our text is a faithful reproduction of that of 1596, save a very few corrections, as noted in the places: l. 5, '*Telamond*'—so in '96 and 1609. In 1611 altered to 'Triamond,' and since accepted. On this and kindred points see the Life in Vol. I. See C. II. l. 283, *et freq.*: l. 9, '*State*' 1609. Be it understood that unless otherwise stated my Variations are fetched from the folio of 1609.

My looſer rimes (I wote) doth ſharply wite,
For praiſing loue, as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through falſe allurement of that pleaſing baite,
That better were in vertues diſcipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to haue their fancies fed.

Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their froſen hearts feele kindly flame:
For thy, they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultleſſe blame,
For fault of few that haue abuſd the ſame.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amiſſe.

Which who ſo liſt looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of thoſe wiſe ſages,
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witneſſe the father of Philoſophie,
Which to his *Critias*, ſhaded oft from ſunne,
Of loue full manie leſſons did apply,
The which theſe Stoicke cenſours cannot well deny.

To ſuch therefore I do not ſing at all,
But to that ſacred Saint my ſoueraigne Queene,

l. 13, , after '*which*': l. 19, '*For-thy*,' and so usually—, added.

In whoſe chaſt breaſt all bountie naturall,
And treaſures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her ſexe that euer yet was ſeene;
To her I ſing of loue, that loueth beſt
And beſt is lou'd of all aliue I weene:
To her this ſong moſt fitly is addreſt,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace frõ heauen bleſt.

Which that ſhe may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dred infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high ſpirit chaſe imperious feare,
And vſe of awfull Maieſtie remoue:
In ſted thereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambroſiall kiſſes, by thee gotten
From thy ſweete ſmyling mother from aboue,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage ſoften,
That ſhe may hearke to loue, and reade this leſſon often.

l. 52, misprinted '*ſoftcn*'.

Cant. I.

Fayre Britomart ſaues Amoret,
Dueſſa diſcord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

OF louers ſad calamities of old,
Full many piteous ſtories doe remaine,
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Florimels* vnworthie paine:
The deare compaſſion of whoſe bitter fit
My ſoftened heart ſo ſorely doth conſtraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wiſh it neuer had bene writ.

For from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, ſhe neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights, that did him all aſſay:
Yet fairely well he did them all diſmay:
And with great glorie both the ſhield of loue,
And eke the Ladie ſelfe he brought away,

l. 1,—pp. 3-4 are numbered '5-6,' and so onward in '96.

Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowen miſchiefe did from him remoue.

For that ſame vile Enchauntour *Buſyran*,
The very ſelfe ſame day that ſhe was wedded,
Amidſt the bridale feaſt, whileſt euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedleſſe and ill hedded./
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that maſk of loue which late was ſhowen:
And there the Ladie ill of friends beſtedded,
By way of ſport, as oft in maſkes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowen.

Seuen moneths he ſo her kept in bitter ſmart,
Becauſe his ſinfull luſt ſhe would not ſerue,
Vntill ſuch time as noble *Britomart*
Releaſed her, that elſe was like to ſterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
And now ſhe is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wiſe, that could deſerue
No ſpot of blame, though ſpite did oft aſſay
To blot her with diſhonor of ſo faire a pray.

Yet ſhould it be a pleaſant tale, to tell
The diuerſe vſage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Leſt ſhe with blame her honor ſhould attaint,
That euerie word did tremble as ſhe ſpake,
And euerie looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And euerie limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could ſhe not but curteous coũtenance to her make.

For well ſhe wiſt, as true it was indeed, 51
That her liues Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deſerued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her ſeruice, and her vtmoſt wealth.
All is his iuſtly, that all freely dealth:
Nathleſſe her honor dearer then her life,
She fought to ſaue, as thing reſeru'd from ſtealth;
Die had ſhe leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be falſe in loue, profeſt a virgine wife.

Thereto / her feare was made ſo much the greater
Through fine abuſion of that Briton mayd:
Who for to hide her fained ſex the better,
And maſke her wounded mind, both did and ſayd
Full many things ſo doubtfull to be wayd,
That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to geſſe,
For other whiles to her ſhe purpos made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſſe,
That much ſhe feard his mind would grow to ſome exceſſe.

His will ſhe feard; for him ſhe ſurely thought
To be a man, ſuch as indeed he ſeemed, 70
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no ſeruice ſhe too much eſteemed,
Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of fowle diſhonor
Made her not yeeld ſo much, as due ſhe deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It ſo befell one euening, that they came
Vnto a Caſtell, lodged there to bee,

Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then aſſembled, deeds of armes to ſee:
Amongſt all which was none more faire then ſhee,
That many of them mou'd to eye her ſore.
The cuſtome of that place was ſuch, that hee
Which had no loue nor lemman there in ſtore,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongſt the reſt there was a iolly knight,
Who being aſked for his loue, auow'd
That faireſt *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to iuſtifie alowd. /
The warlike virgine ſeeing his ſo prowd
And boaſtfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the preſent did her anger ſhrowd;
And ſayd, her loue to loſe ſhe was full loth,
But either he ſhould neither of them haue, or both.

So foorth they went, and both together giuſted;
But that ſame younker ſoone was ouer throwne,
And made repent, that he had raſhly luſted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet ſince he ſeemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no leſſe was courteous then ſtout,
Caſt how to ſalue, that both the cuſtome ſhowne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That ſeem'd full hard t'accord two things ſo far in dout.

The Seneſchall was cal'd to deeme the right,
Whom ſhe requir'd, that firſt fayre *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win and free from chalenge ſet:

l. 101, 1609 badly misprints '*courteous and ſtout*': l. 103, ; for , accepted.

Which ſtraight to her was yeelded without let. (quitted,
Then ſince that ſtrange Knights loue from him was
She claim'd that to her ſelfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might iuſtly be admitted ;
So none ſhould be out ſhut, ſith all of loues were fitted.

With that her gliſtring helmet ſhe vnlaced ;
Which doſt, her golden lockes, that were vp bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a ſilken veile in compaſſe round
About her backe and all her bodie wound ;
Like as the ſhining ſkie in ſummers night,
What time the dayes with ſcorching heat abound,
Is creaſted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious ſeemes in common peoples ſight.

Such / when thoſe Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement ſmit,
And euery one gan grow in ſecret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit :
Some thought that ſome enchantment faygned it ;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wiſe
To them appear'd, with ſhield and armour fit ;
Some, that it was a maſke of ſtrange diſguiſe ;
So diuerſely each one did ſundrie doubts deuiſe.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowſhip reſtor'd,
Ten thouſand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly ouercommen, her ador'd :
So did they all their former ſtrife accord ;
And eke fayre *Amoret* now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,

And to her bed, which ſhe was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right ſafe aſſurance theare.

Where all that night they of their loues did treat,
And hard aduentures twixt themſelues alone,
That each the other gan with paſſion great,
And griefull pittie priuately bemone.
The morow next ſo ſoone as *Titan* ſhone,
They both vproſe, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with none,
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the laſt they ſpide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his ſide
A Ladie, ſeeming in ſo farre a ſpace,
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward ſhew faire ſemblance they did beare;
For vnder maſke of beautie and good grace,
Vile treaſon and ſowle falſhood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wiſe appeare.

The one of them the falſe *Dueſſa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For ſhe could d'on ſo manie ſhapes in ſight,
As euer could Cameleon colours new;
So could ſhe forge all colours, ſaue the trew.
The other no whit better was then ſhee,
But that ſuch as ſhe was, ſhe plaine did ſhew;
Yet otherwiſe much worſe, if worſe might bee,
And dayly more offenſiue vnto each degree.

l. 144, '*griefe-full*': l. 147, '*one.*'

Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate,
And all diſſention, which doth dayly grow
Amongſt fraile men, that many a publike ſtate
And many a priuate oft doth ouerthrow.
Her falſe *Dueſſa* who full well did know,
To be moſt fit to trouble noble knights,
Which hunt for honor, raiſed from below,
Out of the dwellings of the damned ſprights,
Where ſhe in darknes waſtes her curſed daies & nights.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which puniſh wicked men, that walke amiſſe:
It is a darkſome delue farre vnder ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
That none the ſame may eaſily out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to iſſue forth when one is in:
For diſcord harder is to end then to begin.

And / all within the riuen walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepaſt,
All which the ſad effects of diſcord ſung:
There were rent robes, and broken ſcepters plaſt,
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defaſt,
Diſſhiuered ſpeares, and ſhields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ranſackt, and ſtrong caſtles raſt,
Nations captiued, and huge armies ſlaine:
Of all which ruines there ſome relicks did remaine.

There was the ſigne of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,

l. 179, : for ,—accepted.

Of ſacred Salem and ſad Ilion
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cauſe of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddeſſes did ſtriue :
There alſo was the name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
Which ſhar'd to them the ſpoiles that he had got aliue.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloodie feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaures* drunken ſoules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell :
And of the dreadfull diſcord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to outrage fell :
That each of life ſought others to depriue,
All mindleſſe of the Golden fleece, which made them ſtriue.

And eke of priuate perſons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all ;
Some of ſworne friends, that did their faith forgoe ;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall ;
Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall :
Witneſſe their broken bandes there to be ſeene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres deſpoyled all ;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the firſt, when they were freſh and greene.

Such was her houſe within ; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which ſhe her ſelfe had ſowen all about,
Now growen great, at firſt of little ſeedes,

l. 199, '*cauſe . . . wrong*' in ( ).

The ſeedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes ;
Which when to ripeneſſe due they growen arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increaſe, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which moſt often end in bloudſhed and in warre.

And thoſe ſame curſed ſeedes doe alſo ſerue
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food :
For life it is to her, when others ſterue
Through miſchieuous debate, and deadly feood,
That ſhe may ſucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which ſhe from her childhood had bene fed.
For ſhe at firſt was borne of helliſh brood,
And by infernall furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous ſhape might eaſily be red.

Her face moſt fowle and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended :
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did ſpeake, and both contended ;
And as her tongue, ſo was her hart diſcided,
That neuer thoght one thing, but doubly ſtil was guided.

Als / as ſhe double ſpake, ſo heard ſhe double,
With matchleſſe eares deformed and diſtort,
Fild with falſe rumors and ſeditious trouble,
Bred in aſſemblies of the vulgar ſort,
That ſtill are led with euery light report.
And as her eares ſo eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike, th'one long, the other ſhort,

And both miſplaſt; that when th'one forward yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

Likewiſe vnequall were her handes twaine,
That one did reach, the other puſht away,
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And ſought to bring all things vnto decay;
Whereby great riches gathered manie a day,
She in ſhort ſpace did often bring to nought,
And their poſſeſſours often did diſmay.
For all her ſtudie was and all her thought,
How ſhe might ouerthrow the things that Concord wrought.

So much her malice did her might ſurpas,
That euen th'Almightie ſelfe ſhe did maligne,
Becauſe to man ſo mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures ſo benigne,
Sith ſhe her ſelfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this worlds faire workmanſhip ſhe tride,
Vnto his laſt confuſion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it bleſſed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with *Dueſſa* roade,
And ſeruing her in her malitious vſe,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To ſell her borrowed beautie to abuſe. /
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As freſh and fragrant as the floure deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her eſtate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

Her mate he was a iollie youthfull knight,
That bore great ſway in armes and chiualrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did deſcrie
His fickle mind full of inconſtancie.
And now himſelfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithleſſe *Dueſſa*, and falſe *Paridell*,
That whether were more falſe, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew,
From farre eſpide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight aduenturous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conqueſts part,
Approching nigh, eftſoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and ieſting ſayd;
Lo there Sir *Paridel*, for your deſart.
Good lucke preſents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridel* more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did thoſe armes and that ſame ſcutchion weld,
He had ſmall luſt to buy his loue ſo deare,
But anſwerd, Sir him wiſe I neuer held,
That hauing once eſcaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afreſh the ſleeping euill reare.

This / knight too late his manhood and his might,
I did aſſay, that me right dearely coſt,

l. 297, '*his conqueſts part*' in ( ).

Ne liſt I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that ſoone is loſt.
The hot-ſpurre youth ſo ſcorning to be croſt,
Take then to you this Dame of mine (quoth hee)
And I without your perill or your coſt,
Will chalenge yond ſame other for my ſee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him ſcarce could ſee.

The warlike Britoneſſe her ſoone addreſt,
And with ſuch vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced gueſt,
That being forſt his ſaddle ſoone to leaue,
Him ſelfe he did of his new loue deceaue:
And made him ſelfe th'enſample of his follie.
Which done, ſhe paſſed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as ſad, as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his ſuccour ran with readie ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horſebacke, and vpſtayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd,
And ſhame, he ſhewd him ſelfe to be diſmayd,
More for the loue which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridel* reſynd.

Nathleſſe he forth did march well as he might,
And made good ſemblance to his companie,

l. 338, '*reſign'd.*'

Diſſembling his diſeaſe and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to eſpie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply /
With ſpeedie courſe, as bent to charge them new.
Whom when as *Blandamour* approching nie,
Perceiu'd to be ſuch as they ſeemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th'one of them he perfectly deſcride,
To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
The God of loue, with wings diſplayed wide,
Whom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke becauſe his loue he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieued him full ſore,
That through the bruſes of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old deſpight.

For thy, he thus to *Paridel* beſpake,
Faire Sir, of friendſhip let me now you pray,
That as I late aduentured for your ſake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell ſtay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iuſtifie my cauſe on yonder knight.
Ah Sir (ſaid *Paridel*) do not diſmay
Your ſelfe for this, my ſelfe will for you fight,
As ye haue done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

With that he put his ſpurres vnto his ſteed,
With ſpeare in reſt, and toward him did fare,

l. 343, '96 mispunctuates a period after '*ply*': l. 352, '*that . . . adore*' in ( ): l. 357, , added after '*thy*': l. 363, '*I*' after '*Sir*.)

Like ſhaft out of a bow preuenting ſpeed.
But *Scudamour* was ſhortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him ſelfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meete.
So furiouſly they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horſes feete,
That what of them became, themſelues did ſcarſly weete.

As / when two billowes in the Iriſh ſowndes,
Forcibly driuen with contrarie tydes
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and daſhing on all ſides,
That filleth all the ſea with ſome, diuydes
The doubtfull current into diuers wayes:
So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prydes,
But *Scudamour* himſelfe did ſoone vprayſe,
And mounting light his foe for lying long vpbrayes.

Who rolled on an heape lay ſtill in ſwound,
All careleſſe of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the reſt him ſeeing lie on ground,
Ran haſtily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With buſie care they ſtroue him to awake,
And doſt his helmet, and vndid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the laſt they brake
His ſlomber, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he ſayd,
Falſe faitour *Scudamour*, that haſt by ſlight
And foule aduantage this good Knight diſmayd,
A Knight much better then thy ſelfe behight,

Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doeſt him ouerronne:
So haſt thou to thy ſelfe falſe honour often wonne.

He little anſwer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare,
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare: /
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous ſtorme, is by the Northerne blaſt
Quite ouerblowne, yet doth not paſſe ſo cleare,
But that it all the ſkie doth ouercaſt
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to waſt.

Ah gentle knight then falſe *Dueſſa* ſayd,
Why do ye ſtriue for Ladies loue ſo ſore,
Whoſe chiefe deſire is loue and friendly aid
Mongſt gentle Knights to nouriſh euermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamour* therefore,
That ſhe your loue liſt loue another knight,
Ne do your ſelfe diſlike a whit the more;
For Loue is free, and led with ſelfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might.

So falſe *Dueſſa*, but vile *Ate* thus;
Both fooliſh knights, I can but laugh at both,
That ſtriue and ſtorme with ſtirre outrageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,

l. 416, '*Loue.*'

And loues another, with whom now ſhe go'th
In louely wife, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes ;
Whileſt both you here with many a curſed oth,
Sweare ſhe is yours, and ſtirre vp bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whileſt other weares the bayes.

Vile hag (ſayd *Scudamour*) why doſt thou lye ?
And falſly ſeekſt a vertuous wight to ſhame ?
Fond knight (ſayd ſhe) the thing that with this eye
I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame ?
Then tell (quoth *Blandamour*) and feare no blame,
Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulgre who ſo it heares.
I ſaw (quoth ſhe) a ſtranger knight, whoſe name
I wote not well, but in his ſhield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken ſpeares.

I ſaw / him haue your *Amoret* at will,
I ſaw him kiſſe, I ſaw him her embrace,
I ſaw him ſleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights, and manie by in place,
That preſent were to teſtifie the caſe.
Which when as *Scudamour* did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian ſtrikes a ſtag with ſhiuering dart,
The beaſt aſtoniſht ſtands in middeſt of his ſmart.

So ſtood Sir *Scudamour*, when this he heard,
Ne word he had to ſpeake for great diſmay,
But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words, which ſhe heard ſay,

l. 424, '*go'th*'—accepted for '*goth*' of '96.

Albee vntrue ſhe wiſt them by aſſay.
But *Blandamour*, whenas he did eſpie
His chaunge of cheere, that anguiſh did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

Lo recreant (ſayd he) the fruitleſſe end
Of thy vaine boaſt, and ſpoile of loue miſgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doſt ſhend,
And all true louers with diſhonor blotten,
All things not rooted well, will ſoone be rotten.
Fy fy falſe knight (then falſe *Dueſſa* cryde)
Vnworthy life that loue with guile haſt gotten,
Be thou, where euer thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights deſyde.

But *Scudamour* for paſſing great deſpight
Staid not to anſwer, ſcarcely did refraine,
But that in all thoſe knights and ladies ſight,
He for reuenge had guiltleſſe *Glauce* ſlaine :/
But being paſt, he thus began amaine ;
Falſe traitour ſquire, falſe ſquire, of falſeſt knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abſtaine,
Whoſe Lord hath done my loue this foule deſpight ?
Why do I not it wreake, on thee now in my might ?

Diſcourteous, diſloyall *Britomart*,
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vniuſt,
What vengeance due can equall thy deſart,
That haſt with ſhamefull ſpot of ſinfull luſt

l. 460, . for ;—accepted : l. 465, '*for . . . deſpight*' in ( ).

Defil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt ?
Let vgly ſhame and endleſſe infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches ruſt.
Yet thou falſe Squire his fault ſhalt deare aby,
And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhalt ſupply.

The aged Dame him feeing ſo enraged,
Was dead with feare, nathleſſe as neede required,
His flaming furie fought to haue aſſuaged
With ſober words, that ſufferance deſired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred :
And euermore ſought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thriſe his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thriſe he drew it backe : ſo did at laſt forbeare.

Cant. / II.



FIrebrand of hell, firſt tynd in Phlegeton,
By thouſand furies, and from thence out throwen
Into this world, to worke confuſion,
And ſet it all on fire by force vnknowen,
Is wicked diſcord, whoſe ſmall ſparkes once blowen
None but a God or godlike man can ſlake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when ſtriſe was growen
Amongſt thoſe famous ympes of Greece, did take
His ſiluer Harpe in hand, and ſhortly friends them make.

Or ſuch as that celeſtiall Pſalmiſt was,
That when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such Muſicke is wiſe words with time concented,
To moderate ſtiffe minds, diſpoſd to ſtriue:
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,

l. 6, , after '*hell*'—accepted: l. 9, '*by . . . vnknown*' in ( ).

What time his people into partes did riue,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vſ'd wiſe *Glauce* to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempeſt of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour* with termes of foule deſpight,
And *Paridell* her ſcornd, and ſet at nought,/
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they vnwiſe, and wareleſſe of the euill,
That by themſelues vnto themſelues is wrought,
Through that falſe witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a feend, the other an incarnate deuill.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a luſtie Knight,
That had a goodly Ladie by his ſide,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome reft
The ſnowy *Florimell*, whoſe beautie bright
Made him ſeeme happie for ſo glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which when as *Blandamour*, whoſe fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wauering wind,
After each beautie, that appeard in ſight,
Beheld, eftſoones it prickt his wanton mind
With ſting of luſt, that reaſons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* theſe words he ſent;
Sir knight why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
Since ſo good fortune doth to you preſent
So fayre a ſpoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

ll. 42—44, '*whoſe . . . ſight*' in ( ).

But *Paridell* that had too late a tryall
Of the bad iſſue of his counſell vaine,
Liſt not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;
Laſt turne was mine, well proued to my paine,
This now be yours, God ſend you better gaine.
Whoſe ſcoffed words he taking halfe in ſcorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his ſteed as in diſdaine,
Againſt that Knight, ere he him well could torne
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly ouerborne.

Who / with the ſudden ſtroke aſtoniſht ſore,
Vpon the ground a while in ſlomber lay;
The whiles his loue away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
Lo ſluggiſh Knight the victors happie pray:
So fortune friends the bold: whom *Paridell*
Seeing ſo faire indeede, as he did ſay,
His hart with ſecret enuie gan to ſwell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had ſped ſo well.

Nathleſſe proud man himſelfe the other deemed,
Hauing ſo peereleſſe paragon ygot:
For ſure the fayreſt *Florimell* him ſeemed,
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whoſe like aliue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did ſerue, did wooe,
With humbleſt ſuit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuiſe, and all things dooe,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

She in regard thereof him recompenſt
With golden words, and goodly countenance,

l. 62, '*Loue*': l. 66, '*as . . . fay*' in ( ).

And ſuch fond fauours ſparingly diſpenſt:
Sometimes him bleſſing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with looſe dalliance;
Sometimes eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
That hauing caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
He ſeemed brought to bed in Paradiſe,
And prou'd himſelfe moſt foole, in what he ſeem'd moſt wiſe.

So great a miſtreſſe of her art ſhe was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himſelfe he thought to pas,
And by his falſe allurements wylie draft,/
Had thouſand women of their loue beraft,
Yet now he was ſurpriz'd: for that falſe ſpright,
Which that ſame witch had in this forme engraft,
Was ſo expert in euery ſubtile ſlight,
That it could ouerreach the wiſeſt earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly ſeruice more,
And dayly more deceiued was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him enuied therefore,
As ſeeming plaſt in ſole felicity:
So blind is luſt, falſe colours to deſcry.
But *Ate* ſoone diſcouering his deſire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, twixt loue and ſpight and ire,
Did priuily put coles vnto his ſecret fire.

By ſundry meanes thereto ſhe prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of thoſe ſpightfull ſpeaches,

l. 103, , after '*ſtrife*,' '*loue*,' '*ſpight*,' and '*ire*.'

Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendſhip, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his paſſion is allayd,
She it reuiues and new occaſion reaches:
That on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly ſayd.

Too boaſtfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
The open wrongs, thou doeſt me day by day;
Well know'ſt thou, whē we friendſhip firſt did ſweare,
The couenant was, that euery ſpoyle or pray
Should equally be ſhard betwixt vs tway:
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thy ſelfe thou takeſt quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or anſwere for thy wrong, as ſhall fall out in fight.

Exceeding / wroth thereat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter anſwere to him make;
Too fooliſh *Paridell*, that fayreſt floure
Wouldſt gather faine, and yet no paines wouldſt take:
But not ſo eaſie will I her forſake;
This hand her wonne, this hand ſhall her defend.
With that they gan their ſhiuering ſpeares to ſhake,
And deadly points at eithers breaſt to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue bene euer others frend.

Their firie Steedes with ſo vntamed forſe
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their ſpeares with pitileſſe remorſe,
Through ſhield and mayle, and haberieon did wend,

l. 115, ; for ,—accepted ; l. 135, '*haberjeon*.'

And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horſe and man to ground did ſend;
Where lying ſtill a while, both did forget (ſet.
The perilous preſent ſtownd, in which their liues were

As when two warlike Brigandines at ſea, 141
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They ſtemme ech other with ſo fell deſpight,
That with the ſhocke of their owne heedleſſe might,
Their wooden ribs are ſhaken nigh a ſonder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadfull ſight
Of flaſhing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch vnwonted wonder.

At length they both vpſtarted in amaze; 150
As men awaked raſhly out of dreme,
And round about themſelues a while did gaze,
Till ſeeing her, that *Florimell* did ſeme,/
In doubt to whom ſhe victorie ſhould deeme,
Therewith their dulled ſprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their ſwords with rage extreme,
Like two mad maſtiffes each on other flew, (hew.
And ſhields did ſhare, & mailes did raſh, and helmes did

So furiouſly each other did aſſayle,
As if their ſoules they would attonce haue rent 160
Out of their breſts, that ſtreames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their ſprings of life were ſpent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was ſprent,
And all their armours ſtaynd with bloudie gore,
Yet ſcarcely once to breath would they relent,

So mortall was their malice and ſo ſore,
Become of fayned friendſhip which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for Ladies moſt befitting,
To ſtint all ſtriſe, and foſter friendly peace,
Was from thoſe Dames ſo farre and ſo vnfitting,
As that in ſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their cruelty encreaſe ;
Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cauſe releaſe.
With which vaine termes ſo much they did thē moue,
That both reſolu'd the laſt extremities to proue.

There they I weene would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire, euen he the Squire of Dames,
By great aduenture trauelled that way ;
Who ſeeing both bent to ſo bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cauſe of their debate :
And firſt laide on thoſe Ladies thouſand blames,
That did not ſeeke t'appeaſe their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their eſtate.

And / then thoſe Knights he humbly did beſeech,
To ſtay their hands, till he a while had ſpoken :
Who lookt a little vp at that his ſpeech,
Yet would not let their battell ſo be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them ſo earneſtly did call,
And them coniur'd by ſome well knowen token,

l. 168, misprinted '*beſitting*' in '96 : l. 177, '*I weene*' in ( ), and so l. 178, '*euen . . . Dames.*'

That they at laſt their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him ſpeake, and glad to reſt withall.

Firſt he deſir'd their cauſe of ſtriſe to ſee :
They ſaid, it was for loue of *Florimell.*
Ah gentle knights (quoth he) how may that bee,
And ſhe ſo farre aſtray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then ſayd *Paridell,*
Seeſt not the Ladie there before thy face ?
He looked backe, and her aduizing well,
Weend as he ſaid, by that her outward grace,
That fayreſt *Florimell* was preſent there in place.

Glad man was he to ſee that ioyous ſight,
For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell,*
And lowly to her lowting thus behight ;
Fayreſt of faire, that faireneſſe doeſt excell,
This happie day I haue to greete you well,
In which you ſafe I ſee, whom thouſand late,
Miſdoubted loſt through miſchiefe that befell ;
Long may you liue in health and happie ſtate.
She litle anſwer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

Then turning to thoſe Knights, he gan a new ;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell,*
That for this Ladie preſent in your vew,
Haue rayſ'd this cruell warre and outrage fell, /
Certes me ſeemes bene not aduiſed well,
But rather ought in friendſhip for her ſake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell,

ll. 196, 198, and 211, . for ,—accepted : l. 197, '*quoth he*' in ( ) : l. 201, '*aviſing,*' cf. C. III., l. 76, '*aduengement*' : l. 205 in ( ) : l. 217, '*mee ſeemes*' in ( ).

That ſeeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten ſpoyle their owne triumph to make.

Thereat Sir *Blandamour* with countenance ſterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him beſpake ;
A read thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one (quoth he) but many doe partake
Herein, as thus. It lately ſo befell,
That *Satyran* a girdle did vptake,
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*,
Which for her ſake he wore, as him beſeemed well.

But when as ſhe her ſelfe was loſt and gone,
Full many knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That loſt faire Ladies ornament ſhould weare,
And gan therefore cloſe ſpight to him to beare :
Which he to ſhun, and ſtop vile enuies ſting,
Hath lately cauſ'd to be proclaim'd each where
A ſolemne feaſt, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

And of them all ſhe that is fayreſt found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward,
And of thoſe Knights who is moſt ſtout on ground,
Shall to that faireſt Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore ſhe her ſelfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Againſt all thoſe, that chalenge it to gard,
And ſaue her honour with your ventrous paines ;
That ſhall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

When / they the reaſon of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to aſſwage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell ſtrong to wage
Gainſt all thoſe knights, as their profeſſed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, ſaue they alone.

So well accorded forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but a while;
And of all old diſlikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forg'd and ſpred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
How euer gay and goodly be the ſtyle,
That doth ill cauſe or euill end enure:
For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts moſt ſure.

Thus as they marched all in cloſe diſguiſe,
Of fayned loue, they chaunſt to ouertake
Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wiſe,
As if they ſecret counſels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of moſt goodly hew,
That twixt themſelues did gentle purpoſe make
Vnmindfull both of that diſcordfull crew,
The which with ſpeedie pace did after them purſew.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,

They ſent that Squire afore, to vnderſtand,
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare/
Returned readie newes, that thoſe ſame weare
Two of the proweſt Knights in Faery lond;
And thoſe two Ladies their two louers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and ſtout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine* linckt in louely bond.

Whylome as antique ſtories tellen vs,
Thoſe two were foes the felloneſt on ground,
And battell made the dreddeſt daungerous,
That euer ſhrilling trumpet did reſound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed Poet them compyled,
With warlike numbers and Heroicke ſound,
Dan *Chaucer*, well of Engliſh vndefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waſte,
And workes of nobleſt wits to nought out weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaſte,
And robd the world of threaſure endleſſe deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O curſed Eld the cankerworme of writs,
How may theſe rimes, ſo rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, ſith workes of heauenly wits
Are quite deuourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

Then pardon, O moſt ſacred happie ſpirit,
That I thy labours loſt may thus reuiue,

l. 280, p. 30 is misnumbered '28' here in '96, and so p. 31 is '29': l. 283, '*Triamond*'—this is the first occurrence of the name for '*Telamond*' of C. I., Introduction l. 5: l. 292, '*Well . . . vndefiled*' in ( ): l. 299, '!' after '*Eld*': l. 300, '*ſo . . . appeare*' in ( ).

And ſteale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durſt euer whileſt thou waſt aliue,
And being dead in vaine yet many ſtriue:
Ne dare I like, but through infuſion ſweete
Of thine owne ſpirit, which doth in me ſuruiue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes / ſiſter was fayre *Canacee*,
That was the learnedſt Ladie in her dayes,
Well ſeene in euerie ſcience that mote bee,
And euery ſecret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wiſe ſoothſayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beaſts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayſe,
She modeſt was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaſt of life, yet lou'd of Knights & Lords.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet ſhe to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernement,
For dread of blame and honours blemiſhment;
And eke vnto her lookes a law ſhe made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well ſtayd,
Still watcht on euery ſide, of ſecret foes affrayd.

So much the more as ſhe refuſd to loue,
So much the more ſhe loued was and ſought,

l. 309, '*which . . . ſuruiue*' in ( ): l. 318, '*that . . . prayſe*' in ( ).

That oftentimes vnquiet ſtrife did moue
Amongſt her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas *Cambell*, that was ſtout and wiſe,
Perceiu'd would breede great miſchiefe, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote riſe,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wiſe.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Aſſembled were, to weet whoſe ſhe ſhould bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree) /
Amongſt them all this end he did decree;
That of them all, which loue to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould choſe the ſtouteſt three,
That with himſelfe ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all the victour ſhould his ſiſter take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himſelfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his ſiſters ſkill vnto him lent
Moſt confidence and hope of happie ſpeed,
Conceiued by a ring, which ſhe him ſent,
That mongſt the manie vertues, which we reed,
Had power to ſtaunch al wounds, that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all,
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might

l. 335, '*that . . . wiſe*' in ( ): l. 355, '*which . . . reed*' in ( ).

Did all that youthly rout ſo much appall,
That none of them durſt vndertake the fight;
More wiſe they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vncertaine by ſuch outward ſight,
Though for her ſake they all that perill tooke,
Whether ſhe would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

Amongſt thoſe knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thriſe happie mother, and thriſe happie morne,
That bore three ſuch, three ſuch not to be ſond;
Her name was *Agape* whoſe children werne
All three as one, the firſt hight *Priamond*,
The ſecond *Dyamond*, the youngeſt *Triamond*.

Stout / *Priamond*, but not ſo ſtrong to ſtrike,
Strong *Diamond*, but not so ſtout a knight,
But *Triamond* was ſtout and ſtrong alike:
On horſebacke vſed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foote had more delight,
But horſe and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtaxe vſed *Diamond* to ſmite,
And *Triamond* to handle ſpeare and ſhield,
But ſpeare and curtaxe both vſd *Priamond* in field.

Theſe three did loue each other dearely well,
And with ſo firme affection were allyde,
As if but one ſoule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuyde;

ll. 362 and 369. ; for ,—accepted : l. 364 in ( ), and so l. 367.

Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall ſap:
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full bleſſed hap,
Theſe three ſo noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the ſkill
Of ſecret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which ſhe by art could vſe vnto her will,
And to her ſeruice bind each liuing creature:
Through ſecret vnderſtanding of their feature.
Thereto ſhe was right faire, when ſo her face
She liſt diſcouer, and of goodly ſtature;
But ſhe as Fayes are wont, in priuie place
Did ſpend her dayes, and lov'd in foreſts wyld to ſpace.

There on a day a noble youthly knight
Seeking aduentures in the ſaluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the ſight;
As ſhe ſate careleſſe by a criſtall flood,/
Combing her golden lockes, as ſeemd her good:
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That ſtroue in vaine him long to haue withſtood,
Oppreſſed her, and there (as it is told),
Got theſe three louely babes, that prov'd three châpions bold.

Which ſhe with her long foſtred in that wood,
Till that to ripeneſſe of mans ſtate they grew:
Then ſhewing forth ſignes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knighthood did enſew,

l. 400, '*as . . . wont*' in ( ).

Seeking aduentures, where they anie knew.
Which when their mother ſaw, ſhe gan to dout
Their ſafetie, leaſt by ſearching daungers new,
And raſh prouoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage ſtout.

Therefore deſirous th'end of all their dayes
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous ſkill, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall ſiſters houſe ſhe went.
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe *Abyſſe*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darkneſſe pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,
The hideous *Chaos* keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

There ſhe them found, all ſitting round about
The direfull diſtaffe ſtanding in the mid,
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grieſly *Lacheſis* was ſpun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftſoones vndid,
With curſed kniſe cutting the twiſt in twaine:
Moſt wretched men, whoſe dayes depend on thrids ſo vaine. /

She them ſaluting, there by them ſate ſtill,
Beholding how the thrids of life they ſpan:
And when at laſt ſhe had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,

l. 437, '!' after '*vaine.*'

Her cauſe of comming ſhe to tell began.
To whom fierce *Atropos*, Bold Fay, that durſt
Come ſee the ſecret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of *Ioue* accurſt,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be aſunder burſt.

Whereat ſhe ſore affrayd, yet her beſought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That ſhe might ſee her childrẽs thrids forth brought,
And know the meaſure of their vtmoſt date,
To them ordained by eternall fate.
Which *Clotho* graunting, ſhewed her the ſame:
That when ſhe ſaw, it did her much amate,
To ſee their thrids ſo thin, as ſpiders frame,
And eke ſo ſhort, that ſeemd their ends out ſhortly came.

She then began them humbly to intreate,
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That ſo their liues might be prolonged late.
But *Lacheſis* thereat gan to repine,
And ſayd, fond dame that deem'ſt of things diuine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chaung'd at pleaſure for thoſe impes of thine.
Not ſo; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor *Ioue* him ſelf can free.

Then ſince (quoth ſhe) the terme of each mans life
For nought may leſſened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye ſhred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldeſt of the three,/

l. 465, '*ſith.*'

Which is of them the ſhorteſt, as I ſee,
Eſtſoones his life may paſſe into the next;
And when the next ſhall likewiſe ended bee,
That both their liues may likewiſe be annext
Vnto the third, that his may ſo be trebly wext.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And comming home, in warlike freſh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But vnto them what deſtinie was aſſynd,
Or how their liues were eekt, ſhe did not tell;
But euermore, when ſhe fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their ſafeties well,
And loue each other deare, what euer them befell.

So did they ſurely during all their dayes,
And neuer diſcord did amongſt them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praiſe.
And now t'increaſe affection naturall,
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground this ſame great battell grew,
Great matter growing of beginning ſmall;
The which for length I will not here purſew,
But rather will reſerue it for a Canto new.

l. 473, '*ſo be*'—Dr. Morris queries '*be ſo* (?)': l. 489 in ( ).

Cant. / III.

The battell twixt three brethren, with
Cambell for Canacee.
Cambina with true friendſhips bond
doth their long ſtrife agree.

O Why doe wretched men ſo much deſire,
To draw their dayes vnto the vtmoſt date,
And doe not rather with them ſoone expire,
Knowing the miſerie of their eſtate,
And thouſand perills which them ſtill awate,
Toſſing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That euery houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie ſeemes and leaſt in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that moſt doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in ſeeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine.
Yet whileſt they liued none did euer ſee
More happie creatures, then they ſeem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courteſie;
That made them dearely lou'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their cheualrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

l. 2, , after '*brethren*'—accepted, and period (.) l. 3.

Theſe three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was ſet, that all might vnderſtand,
And pledges pawnd the ſame to keepe a right,/
That day, the dreddeſt day that liuing wight
Did euer ſee vpon this world to ſhine,
So ſoone as heauens window ſhewed light,
Theſe warlike Champions all in armour ſhine,
Aſſembled were in field, the chalenge to define.

The field with liſtes was all about encloſ'd,
To barre the preaſe of people farre away;
And at th'one ſide ſixe iudges were diſpoſ'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other ſide in freſh aray,
Fayre *Canacee* vpon a ſtately ſtage
Was ſet, to ſee the fortune of that fray,
And to be ſeene, as his moſt worthie wage,
That could her purchaſe with his liues aduentur'd gage.

Then entred *Cambell* firſt into the liſt,
With ſtately ſteps, and feareleſſe countenance,
As if the conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt.
Soone after did the brethren three aduance,
In braue aray and goodly amenance,
With ſcutchins gilt and banners broad diſplayd:
And marching thriſe in warlike ordinance,
Thriſe lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles ſhril trompets & loud clarions ſweetly playd.

ll. 28-9, '*the* . . . *ſhine*' in ( ) : l. 39, '*fortune*' in 90 (misprint).

Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his chalenge to abet:
Gainſt whom Sir *Priamond* with equall worth:
And equall armes himſelfe did forward ſet.
A trompet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Careleſſe of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to loſſe they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare, that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

Right / practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly ſkild in vſe of ſhield and ſpeare;
Ne leſſe approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne leſſe his ſkill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mighty ſtrokes on either ſide
Were ſent, that ſeemed death in them to beare,
But they were both ſo watchfull and well eyde,
That they auoyded were, and vainely by did ſlyde.

Yet one of many was ſo ſtrongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vnluckie glaunce,
Through *Cambels* ſhoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his ſhield to diſaduaunce:
Much was he grieued with that graceleſſe chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to aduengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to ſwell.

l. 51, , after '*doen*'—accepted: l. 53, '*Priamond*' in '96 (misprint): l. 63, '*ſkill*'—misprinted '*ſill*' in '96: l. 72, : substituted for ,—accepted: l. 76, '*avengement.*'

With that his poynant ſpeare he fierce auentred,
With doubled force cloſe vnderneath his ſhield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arreſting, readie way did yield,
For bloud to guſh forth on the graſſie field;
That he for paine himſelfe not right vpreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oke whoſe pith and ſap is feare,
At puſſe of euery ſtorme doth ſtagger here and theare.

Whom ſo diſmayd when *Cambell* had eſpide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote ſtay the ſteele, till in his ſide
The mortall point moſt cruelly empight: /
Where faſt infixed, whileſt he ſought by ſlight
It forth to wreſt, the ſtaffe a ſunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which deſpight
He all enrag'd, his ſhiuering ſpeare did ſhake,
And charging him a freſh thus felly him beſpake.

Lo faitour there thy meede vnto thee take,
The meede of thy miſchalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy ſiſters ſake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgiue the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And paſſing forth with furious affret,
Pierſt through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith a ſunder in the midſt it braſt,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,

l. 83, '*n'ote.*'

The other halfe behind yet ſticking faſt,
Out of his headpeece *Cambell* fiercely reſt,
And with ſuch furie backe at him it heſt,
That making way vnto his deareſt life,
His weaſand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence ſtreames of purple bloud iſſuing rife,
Let forth his wearie ghoſt and made an end of ſtriſe.

His wearie ghoſt aſſoyld from fleſhly band,
Did not as others wont, directly fly
Vnto her reſt in Plutoes grieſly land,
Ne into ayre did vaniſh preſently,
Ne chaunged was into a ſtarre in ſky:
But through traduction was eftſoones deriued,
Like as his mother prayd the Deſtinie,
Into his ſecond brother, that ſuruiued,
In whom he liu'd a new, of former life depriued.

Whom / when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though ſad and ſorie for ſo heauy ſight,
Yet leaue vnto his ſorrow did not yeeld,
But rather ſtird to vengeance and deſpight,
Through ſecret feeling of his generous ſpright;
Ruſht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuerſion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was ſoone addreſt: the trompets freſhly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to deuoure;
And with their axes both ſo ſorely bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre

l. 115, '*as . . . wont*' in ( ): l. 121, '*ſecond brother*'—misprinted '*oth r brethren*' in '96: l. 127, ; put for , .

They felt, could once ſuſtaine the hideous ſtowre,
But riued were like rotten wood a ſunder, (ſhowre
Whileſt through their rifts the ruddie bloud did
And fire did flaſh, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage, 141
Haue by good fortune found ſome beaſts freſh ſpoyle,
On which they weene their famine to aſſwage,
And gaine a feaſtfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe ſtirre vp ſtrifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themſelues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the ſoyle,
But either ſdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly theſe Knights ſtroue for that Ladies ſake.

Full many ſtrokes, that mortally were ment, 150
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with ſo good wariment
Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,/
That ſtill the life ſtood feareleſſe of her foe:
Till *Diamond* diſdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Reſolu'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty ſway.

The dreadfull ſtroke in caſe it had arriued,
Where it was ment, (ſo deadly it was ment) 160
The ſoule had ſure out of his bodie riued,
And ſtinted all the ſtrife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For ſeeing it at hand, he ſwaru'd aſyde,
And ſo gaue way vnto his fell intent:

Who miſſing of the marke which he had eyde, (ſlyde.
Was with the force nigh feld whilſt his right foot did

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies ſway,
That from his force ſeemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle that ſpies him toward bend
His dreadfull ſouſe auoydes, it ſhunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to ſpend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldleſſe might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and ſcarſe recouereth flight.

Which faire aduenture when *Cambello* ſpide,
Full lightly, ere himſelfe he could recower,
From daungers dread to ward his naked ſide,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him ſmote in euill hower,
That from his ſhoulders quite his head he reft:
The headleſſe tronke, as heedleſſe of that ſtower,
Stood ſtill a while, and his faſt footing kept,
Till ſeeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly ſlept.

They / which that piteous ſpectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headleſſe tronke to ſee
Stand vp ſo long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For liſes ſucceſſion in thoſe brethren three.
For notwithſtanding that one ſoule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not diſmembred bee,

l. 173, , after '*auoydes*' inſtead of after '*ſouſe*'—accepted: l. 177, '*aduenture*' = misadventure giving the opportunity. Some stupidly would read 'advantage': l. 180, '*can*' = 'gan, *ut freq.*

It would haue liued, and reuiued eft ;
But finding no fit ſeat, the lifeleſſe corſe it left.

It left ; but that ſame ſoule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and griefe ; which when he felt,
As one whoſe inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of ſteele, that cloſe his hartbloud ſpild,
He lightly lept out of his place of reſt,
And ruſhing forth into the emptie field,
Againſt *Cambello* fiercely him addreſt ;
Who him affronting ſoone to fight was readie preſt.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had ſo often wounded beene,
Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduauncing ſeene,
Some newborne wight ye would him ſurely weene:
So freſh he ſeemed and ſo fierce in ſight ;
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene,
Hath worne to nought, now feeling ſommers might,
Caſts off his ragged ſkin and freſhly doth him dight.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did reſtore
His weakned powers, and dulled ſpirits whet, /
Through working of the ſtone therein yſet.
Elſe how could one of equall might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſſe mightie met,
Once thinke to match three ſuch on equall coſt,
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant hoſt.

l. 197, ; for ,—accepted.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adredde,
Ne deſperate of glorious victorie,
But ſharpely him aſſayld, and ſore beſtedde,
With heapes of ſtrokes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the ſkie:
He ſtroke, he ſouſt, he ſoynd, he hewd, he laſht,
And did his yron brond ſo faſt applie,
That from the ſame the fierie ſparkles flaſht,
As faſt as water-ſprinkles gainſt a rocke are daſht.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes,
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forſt from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and ſomewhat to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce furie he had ſpent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afreſh with new encouragement
Did him aſſayle, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward erſt, now backward to retrate.

Like as the tide that comes fro th'Ocean mayne,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrarie forſe,
And ouerruling him in his owne rayne,
Driues backe the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeeme to haue ſome other ſourſe:
But when the floud is ſpent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forſt to rediſbourſe,
He ſends the ſea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraine.

Thus / did the battell varie to and fro,
With diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:

l. 233, '*from . . . throwes*' in ( ).

Now this the better had, now had his ſo;
Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemed;
Yet victors both them ſelues alwayes eſteemed.
And all the while the diſentrayled blood
Adowne their ſides like litle riuers ſtremed,
That with the waſting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at laſt full faint and feeble ſtood.

But *Cambell* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to waſt, ne powres emperiſht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cheriſht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruſes guariſht:
Like as a withered tree through huſbands toyle
Is often ſeene full freſhly to haue floriſht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the ſoyle.

Through which aduantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
That through the ſeame, which did his hauberk cloſe,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens ſight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
As all men do, that loſe the liuing ſpright:
So did one ſoule out of his bodie flie
Vnto her natiue home from mortall miſerie.

But natheleſſe whilſt all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All vnawares he ſtarted vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard, /

l. 252, ; for ,—accepted : l. 262, : for ,—accepted.

And freſh aſſayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth ſight, as he ſome ghoſt had ſeene,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard;
Till hauing often by him ſtricken beene,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue him ſelfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
Ne followd on ſo faſt, but rather ſought
Him ſelfe to ſaue, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend.
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened ſure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure;
A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

Whereof full blith, eftſoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that ſame blow
To make an end of all that did withſtand:
Which *Cambell* ſeeing come, was nothing ſlow
Him ſelfe to ſaue from that ſo deadly throw;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſweard
Cloſe vnderneath his ſhield, that ſcarce did ſhow,
Stroke him, as he his hand to ſtrike vpreard,
In th'arm-pit full, that through both ſides the wound appeard.

Yet ſtill that direfull ſtroke kept on his way,
And falling heauie on *Cambelloes* creſt,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that in ſwowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt:

ll. 280 and 292, ; for ,—accepted: l. 299, '*ſword.*'

And ſure had it not happily found reſt
Vpon the brim of his brode plated ſhield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breſt.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other ſeemd the victorie to yield.

Which / when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened ſure the warre was at an end,
And Iudges roſe, and Marſhals of the field
Broke vp the liſtes, their armes away to rend ;
And *Canacee* gan wayle her deareſt frend.
All ſuddenly they both vpſtarted light,
The one out of the ſwownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another ſpright,
And fiercely each aſſayling, gan afreſh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne :
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill ſhonne,
Deſirous both to haue the battell donne ;
Ne either cared life to ſaue or ſpill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it ſelfe ſeemd loathſome, and long ſafetie ill.

Whilſt thus the caſe in doubtfull ballance hong,
Vnſure to whether ſide it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,

l. 323, '*wards*'—Church suggested 'ſwords' (tautological and needless).

And ſecret feare, to ſee their fatall fine ;
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That ſeemd ſome perilous tumult to deſine,
Confuſd with womens cries, and ſhouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoyes.

Thereat the Champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weeten what that ſudden clamour ment ;
Lo where they ſpyde with ſpeedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of ſtraunge furniment,/
Towards them driuing like a ſtorme out ſent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Perſian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker ſelfe could beſt by art deuize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell ;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders heſt, as ſeemed good.
And therein ſate a Ladie paſſing faire
And bright, that ſeemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her ſhould haue the greater ſhare.

Thereto ſhe learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that ſubtill wits diſcouer,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well inſtructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the ſame ſhe farre exceld all other.

l. 334, ; for ,—accepted.

Who vnderſtanding by her mightie art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her deareſt brother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſt to take his part,
And pacifie the ſtrife, which cauſd ſo deadly ſmart.

And as ſhe paſſed through th'vnruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like ſheepe in narrow fold,
For haſt did ouer-runne, in duſt enrould,
That thorough rude confuſion of the rout,
Some fearing ſhriekt, ſome being harmed hould,
Some laught for ſport, ſome did for wonder ſhout,
And ſome that would ſeeme wiſe, their wonder turnd to dout. /

In her right hand a rod of peace ſhee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* ſonne doth wield,
Wherewith the helliſh fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup ſhe hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vpfild.

Nepenthe is a drinck of ſouerayne grace,
Deuized by the Gods, for to aſſwage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which ſtirs vp anguiſh and contentious rage:
In ſtead thereof ſweet peace and quiet age
It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but ſuch as ſober are and ſage,

Are by the Gods to drinck thereof aſſynd ;
But ſuch as drinck, eternall happineſſe do ſynd.

Such famous men, ſuch worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the ſkie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepaſt
Are waſht away quite from their memorie.
So did thoſe olde Heroes hereof taſte,
Before that they in bliſſe amongſt the Gods were plaſte.

Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that ſame water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunck in happie howre,
Deſcribed by that famous Tuſcane penne : /
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choiſe :
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice ?

At laſt arriuing by the liſtes ſide,
Shee with her rod did ſoftly ſmite the raile ;
Which ſtraight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eſtſoones out of her Coch ſhe gan auaile,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile,
Firſt to her brother, whom ſhe loued deare,
That ſo to ſee him made her heart to quaile :
And next to *Cambell*, whoſe ſad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

l. 412, ; for ,—accepted.

They lightly her requit (for ſmall delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And eſt them turned both againe to fight;
Which when ſhe ſaw, downe on the bloudy plaine
Her ſelfe ſhe threw, and teares gan ſhed amaine;
Amongſt her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reaſons to reſtraine
From blouddy ſtrife, and bleſſed peace to ſeeke,
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beſeeke.

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,
Shee ſmote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then ſuddenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men aſtoniſht ſtill did ſtand.
Thus whileſt their minds were doubtfully diſtraught,
And mighty ſpirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke ſhe raught,
Whereof full glad for thirſt, ech drunk an harty draught.

Of / which ſo ſoone as they once taſted had,
Wonder it is that ſudden change to ſee:
Inſtead of ſtrokes, each other kiſſed glad,
And louely haulſt from feare of treaſon free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men ſaw this ſudden change of things,
So mortall foes ſo friendly to agree,
For paſſing ioy, which ſo great maruaile brings,
They all gan ſhout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

l. 422, ; for ,—accepted : ll. 426-7, , removed after '*reſtraine*'—accepted, and '*with . . . ſeeke*' in ( ) : l. 439 in ( ).

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
In haſt ſhe from her lofty chaire deſcended,
Too weet what ſudden tidings was befeld:
Where when ſhe ſaw that cruell war ſo ended,
And deadly foes ſo faithfully affrended,
In louely wiſe ſhe gan that Lady greet,
Which had ſo great diſmay ſo well amended,
And entertaining her with curt'ſies meet,
Profeſt to her true friendſhip and affection ſweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets ſounded, and they all aroſe,
Thence to depart with glee and gladſome chere.
Thoſe warlike champions both together choſe,
Homeward to march, themſelues there to repoſe,
And wiſe *Cambina* taking by her ſide
Faire *Canacee*, as freſh as morning roſe,
Vnto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

Where making ioyous feaſt their daies they ſpent
In perfect loue, deuoide of hatefull ſtrife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife, /
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And *Cambel* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other lieſe.
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That ſince their days ſuch louers were not found elſwhere.

l. 473, '*elſewere*' in '96—text accepted from 1609.

Cant. IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

IT often fals, (as here it earſt befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profeſt are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cauſe of both, of both their minds depends;
And th'end of both likewiſe of both their ends.
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with th'occaſion ends;
And friendſhip, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded ſeeds.

That well (me ſeemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell,
As els by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by courſe befals me here to tell:
Who hauing thoſe two other Knights eſpide,
Marching afore, as ye remember well,

l. 9, ; for .—accepted: *ib.*, '*lives* for '*minds*'—see Glossary, *s.v.*: l. 17, '*als*': l. 18, '*Blandamour*' in 1679.

Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deſcride,
And eke thoſe maſked Ladies riding them beſide.

Who / backe returning, told as he had ſeene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And thoſe two Ladies, their two loues vnſeene;
And therefore wiſht them without blot or blame,
To let them paſſe at will, for dread of ſhame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious ſpright,
And rather ſtird by his diſcordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was ſore of his late luckleſſe fight.

Yet nigh approching, he them fowle beſpake,
Diſgracing them, him ſelfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; ſo weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where ſo he came in place,
And with lewd termes their louers to deface.
Whoſe ſharpe prouokement them incenſt ſo ſore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vſage baſe,
And gan their ſhields addreſſe them ſelues afore:
For euill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina* with perſwaſions myld,
Did mitigate the fierceneſſe of their mode,
That for the preſent they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And ſtrange aduentures, all the way they rode:
Amongſt the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beautie moſt excell.

l. 35, ; for ,—accepted.

To which folke-mote they all with one conſent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whoſe beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try. /
So as they paſſed forth, they did eſpy
One in bright armes, with ready ſpeare in reſt,
That toward them his courſe ſeem'd to apply ;
Gainſt whom Sir *Paridell* himſelfe addreſt,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht to haue repreſt.

Which th'other ſeeing, gan his courſe relent,
And vaunted ſpeare eſtſoones to diſaduaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleaſure ment,
Now falne into their fellowſhip by chance ;
Whereat they ſhewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his ſide :
Whō ſure he weend, that he ſome wher tofore had eide.

It was to weete that ſnowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrat* late from *Braggadochio* wonne,
Whom he now ſeeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft her from the witches ſonne,
He ſoone her loſt : wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize :
Which ſcornefull offer, *Blandamour* gan ſoone deſpize.

l. 57, ; put for , : l. 60, '*ſeeming*' '96 (misprint): l. 63, ; for ,—accepted : l. 70, '*Ferrau*' : l. 76, : for ,—accepted.

And ſaid, Sir Knight, ſith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to loſe ſo light,
(For ſo to loſe a Lady, were great ſhame)
Yee ſhall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo ſhee ſhall be placed here in ſight,
Together with this Hag beſide her ſet,
That who ſo winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he ſhall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That / offer pleaſed all the company,
So *Florimell* with *Ate* forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadochio* ſaid, he neuer thought
For ſuch an Hag, that ſeemed worſe then nought,
His perſon to emperill ſo in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had fought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would ſpend to iuſtifie his right.

At which his vaine excuſe they all gan ſmile,
As ſcorning his vnmanly cowardize:
And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,
That for her ſake refuſ'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in ſo knightly wiſe.
And *Ate* eke prouokt him priuily,
With loue of her, and ſhame of ſuch meſprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in baſe mind no friendſhip dwels nor enmity.

l. 82, , for . —accepted : l. 90, '*worſt*' in '96, text accepted from 1609 : l. 99, '*refuſ'd*' for '*refuſe*'—accepted.

But *Cambell* thus did ſhut vp all in ieſt,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To ſtirre vp ſtriſe, when moſt vs needeth reſt,
That we may vs reſerue both freſh and ſtrong,
Againſt the Turneiment which is not long;
When who ſo liſt to fight, may fight his fill;
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it ſhall be tried, if ye will,
Whether ſhall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady ſtill.

They all agreed: ſo turning all to game,
And pleaſaunt bord, they paſt forth on their way,
And all that while, where ſo they rode or came,
That maſked Mock-knight was their ſport and play./
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in freſh aray
Manie a braue knight, and manie a daintie dame
Aſſembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crewe arriuing, did diuide
Them ſelues aſunder: *Blandamour* with thoſe
Of his, on th'one; the reſt on th'other ſide.
But boaſtfull *Braggadocchio* rather choſe,
For glorie vaine their fellowſhip to loſe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The reſt them ſelues in troupes did elſe diſpoſe,
Like as it ſeemed beſt to euery one;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

Then firſt of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke

l. 109, ; put for , : l. 110, ; for ,—accepted : l. 114, : for ,—accepted.

Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing ſoftly forth out of the darke,
He open ſhewd, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiouſly emboſt
With pearle & precious ſtone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanſhip farre paſſe the coſt:
It was the ſame, which lately *Florimel* had loſt.

That ſame aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftſoones diſcouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with cloſe delight,
And hearts quite robbed with ſo glorious ſight,
That all men threw out vowes and wiſhes vaine.
Thriſe happie Ladie, and thriſe happie knight,
Them ſeemd, that could ſo goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then / tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great ſpeare, ſuch as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addreſt his maiden-headed ſhield,
Shewing him ſelfe all ready for the field.
Gainſt whom there ſingled from the other ſide
A Painim knight, that well in armes was ſkild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight *Bruncheual* the bold, who fierſly forth did ride.

So furiouſly they both together met,
That neither could the others force ſuſtaine;

l. 134, '*profane*': l. 148, , after '*ſeemd*'—accepted : l. 153, for '*maiden-headed*' Church suggested '*ſatyr-headed.*'

As two fierce Buls, that ſtriue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with ſo hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So theſe two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* eſpide,
He pricked forth in ayd of *Satyran*;
And him againſt Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the ſtrength and ſtifneſſe that he can.
But the more ſtrong and ſtiffely that he ran,
So much more ſorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horſe and man.
Vnto whoſe reſcue forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewiſe with that ſame ſpeare he eke did quell.

Which *Braggadocchio* ſeeing, had no will
To haſten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but ſtood there ſtill,
As one that ſeemed doubtfull or diſmayd. /
But *Triamond* halfe wroth to ſee him ſtaid,
Sternly ſtept forth, and raught away his ſpeare,
With which ſo ſore he *Ferramont* aſſaid,
That horſe and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haſt themſelues againe vpreare.

Which to auenge, Sir *Deuon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the reſt:
For him likewiſe he quickly downe did ſmight,
And after him Sir *Douglas* him addreſt,

And after him Sir *Dabumord* forth preſt,
But none of them againſt his ſtrokes could ſtand,
But all the more, the more his praiſe increſt.
For either they were left vppon the land,
Or went away ſore wounded of his hapleſſe hand.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the ſwowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one diſmaid,
Whereas he ſaw the mercileſſe affray
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almoſt rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himſelfe he wiſht haue beene, then in ſo bad a ſtead.

Eftſoones he gan to gather vp around
His weapons, which lay ſcattered all abrode,
And as it fell, his ſteed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like ſparke of fire that from the anduile glode.
There where he ſaw the valiant *Triamond*
Chaſing, and laying on them heauy lode,
That none his force were able to withſtond,
So dreadfull were his ſtrokes, ſo deadly was his hond.

With / that, at him his beam-like ſpeare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:

l. 190, '*Palimord*': l. 191, '*them*' for '*you*'—accepted: l. 192, '*increaſt*'—in 1596 printed '*in creſt*': l. 198, . removed: l. 200, , for period (.): l. 208, , for . (bad): l. 210, , for .—accepted: l. 213, , after '*that*'—accepted: *ib.*, misprinted in 1596 '*brauelike*'—'*beamlike*' accepted.

The wicked ſteele for miſchiefe firſt ordained,
And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arriued in his ſide.
And therein made a very grieſly wound,
That ſtreames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull ſtound,
That ſcarſe he him vpheld from falling in a ſound.

Yet as he might, himſelfe he ſoft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none againſt them battell durſt maintaine.
By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets ſound to ceaſe did them compell.
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the firſt the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th'other ſide, full many a warlike ſwaine,
Aſſembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongſt them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grieuaunce of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when ſo himſelfe he found.

Which *Cambell* ſeeing, though he could not ſalue,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to ſalue his name,

l. 216, , for .—accepted : l. 221, '*fwound*': l. 223, period for ,—accepted, and so l. 229 : l. 233, : for ,—accepted.

And purchaſe honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfeſaunce he did frame./
The ſhield and armes well knowne to be the ſame,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwiſt, for doubt of blame,
If he miſdid ; he on himſelfe did dight,
That none could him diſcerne, and ſo went forth to fight.

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity ;
Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground ;
That much he gan his glorie to enuy,
And caſt t'auenge his friends indignity.
A mightie ſpeare eftſoones at him he bent ;
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They vp againe them ſelues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed ſwords them ſelues betake ;
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous maruels there,
That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake ;
Now cuffling cloſe, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round aduantage for to take :
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chauſing and ſoming choler each againſt his fo.

So as they courſt, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunſt Sir *Satyrane* his ſteed at laſt,

l. 248, . for *nil*—accepted : l. 249, in '96 not brought out, as usual : l. 263, ' cuffing ' 1611.

Whether through ſoundring or through ſodein feare
To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt;
Which vauntage *Cambell* did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere him ſelfe he had recouered well,
So ſore he ſowſt him on the compaſt creaſt,
That forced him to leaue his loftie ſell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horſe feete fell.

Lightly / *Cambello* leapt downe from his ſteed,
For to haue rent his ſhield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous ſway
Of many ſwords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him encloſed round,
To reſcue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge ſtrokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him priſoner, where he ſtood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought diſmayd,
But with ſtout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart diſdaining to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him ſore.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he ſoone forgot,
And ſtarting vp, ſtreight for his armour ſought:
In vaine he ſought; for there he found it not;

With oaken leaues attrapt, that ſeemed fit
For ſaluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged ſhield was writ,
Saluageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

He at his firſt incomming, charg'd his ſpere
At him, that firſt appeared in his ſight:
That was to weet, the ſtout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the firſt encounter downe he ſmote,
And ouerbore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, ſo ſore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
Seuen Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his ſpeare was bruſt, his ſword he drew,
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame /
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing, and ſlaſhing ſhields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe what euer nigh him came,
That euery one gan ſhun his dreadfull ſight,
No leſſe then death it ſelfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came,
That did amongſt the troupes ſo tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Moſt anſwerable to his wyld diſguize

l. 367, , after '*Knights*'—accepted: l. 372, , removed after '*downe*'—accepted.

It ſeemed, him to terme the ſaluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtieſt knight that liv'd that day, and moſt of might.

Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band
By his ſole manhood and atchieuement ſtout
Diſmayd, that none of them in field durſt ſtand,
But beaten were, and chaſed all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then ruſhed forth out of the thickeſt rout
A ſtranger knight, that did his glorie ſhend:
So nought may be eſteemed happie till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull ſpeare
At *Artegall*, in middeſt of his pryde,
And therewith ſmote him on his Vmbriere
So ſore, that tombling backe, he downe did ſlyde
Ouer his horſes taile aboue a ſtryde:
Whence litle luſt he had to riſe againe.
Which *Cambell* ſeeing, much the ſame enuyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But ſhortly was likewiſe ſeene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And caſt t'euenge the ſhame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himſelfe eke ſoone he fond,
In no leſſe neede of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith diſpleaſed ſore,
And thought in mind it ſhortly to amend:

His ſpeare he feutred, and at him it bore ;
But with no better fortune, then the reſt afore.

Full many others at him likewiſe ran :
But all of them likewiſe diſmounted were.
Ne certes wonder ; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted ſpeare,
The which this famous *Britomart* did beare ;
With which ſhe wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
And ouerthrew, what euer came her neare,
That all thoſe ſtranger knights full ſore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieued.

Like as in ſommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers drie,
That all brute beaſts forſt to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for ſhade, where ſhrowded they may lie,
And miſſing it, faine from themſelues to flie ;
All trauellers tormented are with paine :
A watry cloud doth ouercaſt the ſkie,
And poureth forth a ſudden ſhoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

So did the warlike *Britomart* reſtore
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which elſe was like to haue bene loſt, and bore
The prayſe of proweſſe from them all away. /
Then ſhrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feaſt and other gentle play ;
Where beauties prize ſhold win that pretious ſpoyle :
Where I with ſound of trompe will alſo reſt a whyle.

l. 412, . for ,—accepted : l. 431, '*Which* . . . *loſt*' in ( ) : l. 435, ; for ,—accepted.

Cant. V.

The Ladies for the Girdle ſtriue
of famous Florimell:
Scudamour comming to Cares houſe,
doth ſleepe from him expell.

IT hath bene through all ages euer ſeene,
That with the praiſe of armes and cheualrie,
The prize of beautie ſtill hath ioyned beene;
And that for reaſons ſpeciall priuitie:
For either doth on other much relie.
For he me ſeemes moſt fit the faire to ſerue,
That can her beſt defend from villenie;
And ſhe moſt fit his ſeruice doth deſerue,
That faireſt is and from her faith will neuer ſwerue.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of proweſſe ended well,
The controuerſe of beauties ſoueraine grace;
In which to her that doth the moſt excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
That many wiſh to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous vſe, which ſome doe tell
That glorious belt did in it ſelfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to loue, and ſeeke for to obtaine.

That ' girdle gaue the vertue of chaft loue,
And wiedhood true, to all that did it beare;
But whofoeuer vnchaft doth proue,
Might not the lame about her middle weare.
But it would loofe, or elfe a funder teare.
Whilome it was as Faeries vont report)
Vnto Venus girdle, by her theemed deare, 30
What time he vid in liue in wiuely fort:
But laid aliue, when to the vid her lofter fport.

Her hufband Vulcan viyiomne for her fake.
When firft he ouer her with heart entire,
This vertuous ornament they by did make,
And wrought it Lemnos with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues firft hire,
Vnto Ioue, for euer it remaine.
Therewith to tame vnruly defire,
And loue affections breedyly to reftraine; 40
Which euer it for euer after did retaine.

The lord was glad, when he her faire difpoild
Of that fo precious Paramure.
The loue it ware, he from her middle loofd,
And of pretext for it her fecret bowre,
Or wanton mount, where many an howre
She with the reliques of her paft ages fowre
Did paffe away, as they fay)
Vnto Ioue, as they fay, as they fay)
He brought with her fo thence that goodly belt
away.

. . . . . in 1609: l. 49.

That goodly belt was *Ceſtus* hight by name, 51
And as her life by her eſteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the ſame
So many Ladies fought, as ſhall appeare;/
For peareleſſe ſhe was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this their feaſt all being ended,
The iudges which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian field adowne deſcended,
To deeme this doutfull caſe, for which they all
cõtended.

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe Knights 60
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by thoſe worthie wights,
That *Satyrane* the firſt day beſt had donne:
For he laſt ended, hauing firſt begonne.
The ſecond was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he ſau'd the victour from fordonne:
For *Cambell* victour was in all mens ſight,
Till by miſhap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto that ſtraunger Knight, 69
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene ſpeare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puiſſant ſtroke ſhe downe did beare
The *Saluage* Knight, that victour was whileare,
And all the reſt, which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt vnconquer'd did appeare;
For laſt is deemed beſt. To her therefore
The fayreſt Ladie was adiudgd for Paramore.

l. 55, '*peereleſſe*': l. 58, '*Martian*'—qy. '*martial*'? as Dr. Morris queries.

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede,
And eke of honour ſhe did him foreſtall.
Yet mote he not withſtand, what was decreede;
But inly thought of that deſpightfull deede
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next enſew'd the Paragon to ſee
Of beauties praiſe, and yeeld the fayreſt her due fee.

Then / firſt *Cambello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, moſt perfect hew
And paſſing beautie did eſtſoones reueale,
That able was weake harts away to ſteale.
Next did Sir *Triamond* vnto their ſight
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
Whoſe beauties beame eſtſoones did ſhine ſo bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His falſe *Dueſſa*, that ſhe might be ſeene;
Who with her forged beautie did ſeduce
The hearts of ſome, that faireſt her did weene;
As diuerſe wits affected diuers beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them ſhew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and ſheene,
And after theſe an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which who ſo dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth ſure a golden pen I weene,

l. 79, '*repyn'd*': l. 83, , for . : l. 97, ; for ,—accepted: l. 105, '*who-ſo.*'

To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For ſince the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not ſeene
Aſſembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the faireſt to him brought,
So many faire did ſee, as here he might haue ſought.

At laſt the moſt redoubted *Britoneſſe*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open ſhew;
Whoſe face diſcouered, plainely did expreſſe
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew. /
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That ſhe ſhould ſurely beare the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her diſplay:
The ſight of whom once ſeene did all the reſt diſmay.

For all afore that ſeemed fayre and bright,
Now baſe and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that ſhone as Phebes light,
Amongſt the leſſer ſtarres in euening cleare.
All that her ſaw, with wonder rauiſht weare,
And weend no mortall creature ſhe ſhould bee,
But ſome celeſtiall ſhape, that fleſh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to ſee;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not ſo faire as ſhee.

As guilefull Goldſmith that by ſecret ſkill,
With golden foyle doth finely ouer ſpred
Some baſer metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold inſted,

l. 125, '*Phebe's*': l. 127, , after '*ſaw*'—accepted.

He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed,
To hide his falſhood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe in all mens vew
She ſeem'd to paſſe: ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayreſt Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle ſmall
They thought to gird, as beſt it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For euer as they faſtned it, it looſ'd
And fell away, as feeling ſecret blame.
Full oft about her waſt ſhe it encloſ'd;
And it as oft was from about her waſt diſcloſ'd.

That / all men wondred at the vncouth ſight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But ſhe her ſelfe did thinke it doen for ſpight,
And touched was with ſecret wrath and ſhame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to deſame.
Then many other Ladies likewiſe tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the ſame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it faſt, eftſoones it was vntide.

Which when that ſcornefull *Squire of Dames* did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to ieſt;
Alas for pittie that ſo faire a crew,
As like can not be ſeene from Eaſt to Weſt,

l. 141, '*the.*'

Cannot find one this girdle to inueſt.
Fie on the man, that did it firſt inuent,
To ſhame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnbleſt.*
Let neuer Ladie to his loue aſſent,
That hath this day ſo many ſo vnmanly ſhent.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
Till that at laſt the gentle *Amoret*
Likewiſe aſſayd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle ſet,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the reſt gan greatly to enuie:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And ſnatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet natheleſſe to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that iudged it:
And ſhe her ſelfe adiudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene ſpeare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto aſſent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe ſo light
For that ſtrange Dame, whoſe beauties wonderment
She leſſe eſteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

Whom when the reſt did ſee her to refuſe,
They were full glad, in hope themſelues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muſe.
But after that the Iudges did arret her
Vnto the ſecond beſt, that lou'd her better;
That was the *Saluage* Knight: but he was gone
In great diſpleaſure, that he could not get her.

Then was ſhe iudged *Triamond* his one ;
But *Triamond* lou'd *Canacee*, and other none.

Tho vnto *Satyran* ſhe was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine ſo goodly meed :
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prayſ'd his labours euill ſpeed,
That for to winne the ſaddle, loſt the ſteed.
Ne leſſe thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that, which was decreed,
To ſingle combat with Sir *Satyrane.*
Thereto him *Ate* ſtird, new diſcord to maintaine.

And eke with theſe, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incenſe,
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deſerued for their perils recompenſe.
Amongſt the reſt with boaſtfull vaine pretenſe
Stept *Braggadochio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long ſens:
Whereto her ſelfe he did to witneſſe call ;
Who being aſkt, accordingly confeſſed all.

Thereat / exceeding wroth was *Satyran* ;
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour* ;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan* ;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together ſtird vp ſtrifull ſtoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profeſt to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with ſpeare and ſhield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reaſons rule mote them reſtraine.

l. 193, '*one*'—*sic.* Hughes reads '*own*': l. 210, '*ſince*' (bad).

Which troublous ſtirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd :
He gan to caſt how to appeaſe the ſame,
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd :
Firſt in the midſt to ſet that fayreſt Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge ſhould diſclame,
And he himſelfe his right would eke releaſſe :
Then looke to whom ſhe voluntarie came,
He ſhould without diſturbance her poſſeſſe :
Sweete is the loue that comes alone with willingneſſe.

They all agreed, and then that ſnowy Mayd
Was in the middeſt plaſt among them all ;
All on her gazing wiſht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beautie cloſe did call,
That ſhe vnto their portion might befall.
Then when ſhe long had lookt vpon each one,
As though ſhe wiſhed to haue pleaſd them all,
At laſt to *Braggadochio* ſelfe alone
She came of her accord, in ſpight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld they chaft and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very harts deſpight,
That from reuenge their willes they ſcarſe aſſwag'd :
Some thought from him her to haue reft by might ;/
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could ſay :
For he their words as wind eſteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to ſtay,
But ſecretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, ſo ſoone as they perceiu'd,
That ſhe was gone, departed thence with ſpeed,

l. 226, '*one*'—accepted for '*once*' of '96.

And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthie of ſo noble meed.
In which pourſuit how each one did ſucceede,
Shall elſe be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede,
The hard aduentures and ſtrange haps to tell ;
Since with the reſt ſhe went not after *Florimell.*

For ſoone as ſhe them ſaw to diſcord ſet,
Her liſt no longer in that place abide ;
But taking with her louely *Amoret,*
Vpon her firſt aduenture forth did ride,
To ſeeke her lou'd, making blind Loue her guide.
Vnluckie Mayd to ſeeke her enemie !
Vnluckie Mayd to ſeeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her ſelfe moſt nie,
She through his late diſguizemẽt could him not deſcrie.

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle :
Yet neither toyle nor griefe ſhe once did ſpare,
In ſeeking him, that ſhould her paine aſſoyle ;
Whereto great comfort in her ſad misfare
Was *Amoret,* companion of her care :
Who likewiſe ſought her louer long miſwent,
The gentle *Scudamour,* whoſe hart whileare
That ſtryfull hag with gealous diſcontent
Had fild, that he to fell reueng was fully bent.

Bent / to reuenge on blameleſſe *Britomart*
The crime, which curſed *Ate* kindled earſt,

l. 262, cap. '*L*'—accepted : l. 263, ! for ,—accepted : l. 274, '*ſtryfe-full*' : l. 275, ; for (.) period.

The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his ſoule like poyſned arrow perſt,
That by no reaſon it might be reuerſt,
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or ſay.
For aye the more that ſhe the ſame reherſt,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Couered with cloudie ſtorme and bitter ſhowre,
That dreadfull ſeem'd to euery liuing wight,
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to ſeeke ſome couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reſt,
And ſhrowd their perſons from that ſtormie ſtowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any gueſt
They ſpide a little cottage, like ſome poore mans neſt.

Vnder a ſteepe hilles ſide it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And faſt beſide a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle ſtanke;
By which few crooked ſallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the ſound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And anſwering their wearie turnes around,
That ſeemed ſome blackſmith dwelt in that deſert groud.

There entring in, they found the goodman ſelfe,
Full buſily vnto his worke ybent;

l. 278, '*his*' for '*her*' of '96: l. 279, '*pearc't*': l. 297, ; for ,—accepted.

Who was to weet a wretched weariſh elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forſpent, /
As if he had in priſon long bene pent:
Full blacke and grieſly did his face appeare,
Beſmeard with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie ſhagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely ſheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe yron wedges made;
Thoſe be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

In which his worke he had ſixe ſeruants preſt,
About the Andvile ſtanding euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer reſt
From heaping ſtroakes, which thereon ſouſed ſore:
All ſixe ſtrong groomes, but one then other more:
For by degrees they all were diſagreed;
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatneſſe orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt, the firſt did farre exceede.

He like a monſtrous Gyant ſeem'd in ſight,
Farre paſſing *Bronteus*, or *Pynacmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for *Ioues* auengefull threate.

l. 315, '*prepared*': 1611 (bad): l. 325, , after '*ſixe*': l. 331, '*Pyracmon.*'

So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it driue:
So huge his hammer and ſo fierce his heat,
That ſeem'd a rocke of Diamond it could riue,
And rend a ſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtriue.

Sir / *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And hauing long beheld, at laſt enquired
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his ſpeeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare:
Thoſe *Penſifeneſſe* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour ſaw, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to reſt:
To reſt he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his wearie limbs to haue redreſt.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke a downe to reſt;
That needed much her weake age to deſire,
After ſo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
When gentle ſleepe his heauie eyes would cloſe;
Oft chaunging ſides, and oft new place electing,
Where better ſeem'd he mote himſelfe repoſe;

l. 338, '*aſunder*': l. 346, : for ,—accepted.

And oft in wrath he thence againe vproſe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But whereſoeuer he did himſelfe diſpoſe,
He by no meanes could wiſhed eaſe obtaine:
So euery place ſeem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

And euermore, when he to ſleepe did thinke,
The hammers ſound his ſenſes did moleſt;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyſe diſturb'd his quiet reſt,
Ne ſuffred ſleepe to ſettle in his breſt.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the houſe, at ſent of ſtranger gueſt:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde ſhriking him afflicted to the very ſowle.

And if by fortune any little nap
Vpon his heauie eye-lids chaunſt to fall,
Eftſoones one of thoſe villeins him did rap
Vpon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was ſoone awaked therewithall,
And lightly ſtarted vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him ſuddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of ſleepe abrayd,
And then lay muſing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and ſo long he lay,
That at the laſt his wearie ſprite oppreſt
With fleſhly weakneſſe, which no creature may
Long time reſiſt, gaue place to kindly reſt,
That all his ſenſes did full ſoone arreſt:
Yet in his ſoundeſt ſleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan buſily moleſt,

l. 363, '*whereſoere*' 1611.

And made him dreame thoſe two diſloyall were:
The thing that day moſt minds, at night doe moſt appeare.

With that, the wicked carle the maiſter Smith
A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Vnder his ſide him nipt, that forſt to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And ſtarted vp auenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet ſlomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could ſee;
Yet did the ſmart remaine, though he himſelfe did flee.

In / ſuch diſquiet and hartfretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did paſſe.
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe aboue this earthly maſſe,
With pearly dew ſprinkling the morning graſſe:
Then vp he roſe like heauie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glaſſe,
The ſignes of anguiſh one mote plainely read,
And gheſſe the man to be diſmayd with gealous dread.

Vnto his lofty ſteede he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who whatſoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill ſhared:
The end whereof and daungerous euent
Shall for another canticle be ſpared.
But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer ſpent
Shall breath it ſelfe a while, after ſo long a went. /

l. 394, '*red-hot.*'

Cant. VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He ſees her face; doth fall in loue,
And ſoone from her depart.

VVHat equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguiſh hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it ſelfe with thoughts vnkind,
And nouriſheth her owne conſuming ſmart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld ſuch a ſore, that doth her grieuance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which *Dan Phebus* ſelfe cannot a ſalue prouide.

Who hauing left that reſtleſſe houſe of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and ſad misfare,
Through miſconceipt; all vnawares eſpide
An armed Knight vnder a forreſt ſide,
Sitting in ſhade beſide his grazing ſteede;
Who ſoone as them approaching he deſcride,

l. 3, : for ,—accepted.

Gan towards them to pricke with eger ſpeede,
That ſeem'd he was full bent to ſome miſchieuous deede.

Which *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth iſſewed
To haue rencountred him in equall race;
But ſoone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
The armes he bore, his ſpeare he gan abaſe,
And / voide his courſe: at which ſo ſuddain caſe
He wondred much. But th'other thus can ſay;
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me ſubmit, and you of pardon pray,
That almoſt had againſt you treſpaſſed this day.

Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without diſpleaſance for to proue his ſpere.
But reade you Sir, ſith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?
Certes (ſayd he) ye mote as now excuſe
Me from diſcouering you my name aright:
For time yet ſerues that I the ſame refuſe,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vſe.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight* (quoth he) areede;
Or doe you here within this forreſt wonne,
That ſeemeth well to anſwere to your weede?
Or haue ye it for ſome occaſion donne?
That rather ſeemes, ſith knowen armes ye ſhonne.
This other day (ſayd he) a ſtranger knight
Shame and diſhonour hath vnto me donne;

l. 25, '*r'encountred*': l. 27, . for , (*bad*): l. 37, ? for , but I place after '*requite*,' not after '*owne*': l. 44 within ( ).

On whom I waite to wreake that foule deſpight,
When euer he this way ſhall paſſe by day or night.

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth ſhame.
But what is he, by whom ye ſhamed were?
A ſtranger knight, ſayd he, vnknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene ſpeare,
With which he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me all wearie earſt, downe feld,
The fayreſt Ladie reſt, and euer ſince withheld. /

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that ſpeare,
He wiſt right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt loue did beare.
Tho gan he ſwell in euery inner part,
For fell deſpight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he ſharply ſayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the firſt vnknightly part,
Which that ſame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my loue hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The ſacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In ſhame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he ſhall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or ſuccour ought ſupplie,
It ſhall not fayle, when ſo ye ſhall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight ſoft ryding towards them they ſpyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and ſtraunge aray:
Whõ when they nigh approcht, they plaine deſcryde
To be the ſame, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
Let me this craue, ſith firſt I was deſyde,
That firſt I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fayle, you ſhall recure my right.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull ſpeare
Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran.
Who ſoone as ſhe him ſaw approaching neare
With ſo fell rage, her ſelfe ſhe lightly gan
To / dight, to welcome him, well as ſhe can:
But entertaind him in ſo rude a wiſe,
That to the ground ſhe ſmote both horſe and man;
Whence neither greatly haſted to ariſe,
But on their common harmes together did deuiſe.

But *Artegall* beholding his miſchaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eſt auentring his ſteeleheaded launce,
Againſt her rode, full of deſpiteous ire,
That nought but ſpoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himſelfe his felonous intent
Returning, diſappointed his deſire,
Whiles vnawares his ſaddle he forwent,
And found himſelfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he ſtarted vp out of that ſtound,
And ſnatching forth his direfull deadly blade,

Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thruſt to an Hynd within ſome couert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
With ſuch fell greedines he her aſſayled,
That though ſhe mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground, (ſo much his force preuayled)
And ſhun his mightie ſtrokes, gainſt which no armes auayled.

So as they courſed here and there, it chaunſt
That in her wheeling round, behind her creſt
So ſorely he her ſtrooke, that thence it glaunſt
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely bleſt
From foule miſchance; ne did it euer reſt,
Till on her horſes hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe, ſo deadly it impreſt,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the ſell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell./

Like as the lightning brond from riuen ſkie,
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on ſome ſteeple hie;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible miſchance.
Yet ſhe no whit diſmayd, her ſteed forſooke,
And caſting from her that enchaunted lance,
Vnto her ſword and ſhield her ſoone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiouſly ſhe ſtrooke.

So furiouſly ſhe ſtrooke in her firſt heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathleſſe was,
That ſhe him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld vnto her weapon way to pas:

Whoſe raging rigour neither ſteele nor bras
Could ſtay, but to the tender fleſh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras ;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare vnto the cruell dent.

At length when as he ſaw her haſtie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long ſufferãce growing now more great,
Roſe in his ſtrength, and gan her freſh aſſayle,
Heaping huge ſtrokes, as thicke as ſhowre of hayle,
And laſhing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her ſoule to diſentrayle.
Ah cruell hand, and thriſe more cruell hart, (art.
That workſt ſuch wrecke on her, to whom thou deareſt

What yron courage euer could endure,
To worke ſuch outrage on ſo faire a creature ?
And in his madneſſe thinke with hands impure
To ſpoyle ſo goodly workmanſhip of nature,
The / maker ſelfe reſembling in her feature ?
Certes ſome helliſh furie, or ſome feend
This miſchiefe framd, for their firſt loues defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of deareſt freend,
Thereby to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

Thus long they trac'd, and trauerſt to and fro,
Sometimes purſewing, and ſometimes purſewed,
Still as aduantage they eſpyde thereto :
But toward th'end Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His ſtrength ſtill more, but ſhe ſtill more decrewed.
At laſt his luckleſſe hand he heau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed,

And therewith ſtroke at her ſo hideouſlie,
That ſeemed nought but death mote be her deſtinie.

The wicked ſtroke vpon her helmet chaunſt,
And with the force, which in it ſelfe it bore,
Her ventayle ſhard away, and thence forth glaunſt
A downe in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, vnſeene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in ſight,
Deawed with ſiluer drops, through ſweating ſore;
But ſomewhat redder, then beſeem'd aright,
Through toyleſome heate and labour of her weary fight.

And round about the ſame, her yellow heare
Hauing through ſtirring looſd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldſmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldſmithes cunning could not vnderſtand
To frame ſuch ſubtile wire, ſo ſhinie cleare.
For it did gliſter like the golden ſand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters ſhere,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere. /

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmoſt wracke,
His powreleſſe arme benumbd with ſecret feare
From his reuengefull purpoſe ſhronke abacke,
And cruell ſword out of his fingers ſlacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the ſteele had ſence,
And felt ſome ruth, or ſence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to ſo diuine a beauties excellence.

l. 172, (*vnſeene afore*): l. 174, ; for ,—accepted: l. 189, '*ſhrunke.*'

And he himſelfe long gazing thereupon,
At laſt fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening ſome heauenly goddeſſe he did ſee,
Or elſe vnweeting, what it elſe might bee;
And pardon her beſought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in ſo high degree:
Whileſt trembling horrour did his ſenſe aſſayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Natheleſſe ſhe full of wrath for that late ſtroke,
All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking ſterne, ſtill ouer him did ſtand,
Threatning to ſtrike, vnleſſe he would withſtand:
And bad him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die,
But die or liue, for nought he would vpſtand
But her of pardon prayd more earneſtlie,
Or wreake on him her will for ſo great iniurie.

Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he ſtood not farre aſide,
He was therewith right wondrouſly diſmayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine deſcride
That / peereleſſe paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He bleſt himſelfe, as one ſore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint deuotion,
Did worſhip her as ſome celeſtiall viſion.

But *Glauce*, ſeeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to aſſoyle,

l. 210, ,—accepted: l. 220, '*his*' dropped in 1609.

Full glad of ſo good end, to them drew nere,
And her ſalewd with ſeemely belaccoyle,
Ioyous to ſee her ſafe after long toyle.
Then her beſought, as ſhe to her was deare,
To graunt vnto thoſe warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And ſhew'd themſelues to her, ſuch as indeed they were.

When *Britomart* with ſharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Artegall*,
Tempred with ſterneſſe and ſtout maieſtie,
She gan eſtſoones it to her mind to call,
To be the ſame which in her fathers hall
Long ſince in that enchaunted glaſſe ſhe ſaw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie ſpirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand ſhe downe can ſoft withdraw.

Yet ſhe it forſt to haue againe vpheld,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainſt his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight ſhe oft aſſayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to ſcold;
Nathleſſe her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth ſpeeches myld, when ſhe would haue miſſayd. /

But *Scudamour* now woxen inly glad,
That all his gealous feare he falſe had found,

l. 232, '*Arthegall*'; and so usually.

And how that Hag his loue abuſed had
With breach of faith and loyaltie vnſound,
The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
He thus beſpake ; certes Sir *Artegall*,
I ioy to ſee you lout ſo low on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to deſpiſe them all.

Soone as ſhe heard the name of *Artegall*,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-ſtrings tremble,
For ſudden ioy, and ſecret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To ſuccour it, themſelues gan there aſſemble,
That by the ſwift recourſe of fluſhing blood
Right plaine appeard, though ſhe it would diſſemble,
And fayned ſtill her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When *Glauce* thus gan wiſely all vpknit ;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be ſpectators of this vncouth fit,
Which ſecret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Againſt the courſe of kind, ne meruaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing leaſt ſhe your loues away ſhould woo,
Feared in vaine, ſith meanes ye ſee there wants there-too.

And you Sir *Artegall*, the ſaluage knight,
Henceforth may not diſdaine, that womans hand

l. 254, '*He*' 1609, and Upton and Church suggest 'Him.'

Hath conquered you anew in ſecond fight:
For whylome they haue conquerd ſea and land,
And / heauen it ſelfe, that nought may them withſtand,
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds deriued from aboue,
Which being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

And you faire Ladie knight, my deareſt Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whoſe fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace, but ſo that he fulfill
The penance, which ye ſhall to him empart:
For louers heauen muſt paſſe by ſorrowes hell.
Thereat full inly bluſhed *Britomart*;
But *Artegall* cloſe ſmyling ioy'd in ſecret hart.

Yet durſt he not make loue ſo ſuddenly,
Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw
From one to other ſo quite contrary:
Beſides her modeſt countenance he ſaw
So goodly graue, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looſer thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the paſſion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a ſtubborne ſteede whom ſtrong hand would reſtraine.

But *Scudamour* whoſe hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while ſuſpence,

l. 299, '*raging*' (1611).

Deſiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and ſure intelligence,
Her thus beſpake; But Sir without offence
Mote I requeſt you tydings of my loue,
My *Amoret*, ſith you her freed fro thence,
Where ſhe captiued long, great woes did proue;
That where ye left, I may her ſeeke, as doth behoue. /

To whom thus *Britomart*, certes Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether reſt,
I can not vnto you aread a right.
For from that time I from enchaunters theſt
Her freed, in which ye her all hopeleſſe left,
I her preſeru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villenie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then ſhe, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

Till on a day as through a deſert wyld
We trauelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and ſate in ſhadow myld;
Where feareleſſe I to ſleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of ſleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought ſhe wandred was, or gone aſtray.
I cal'd her loud, I ſought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

When *Scudamour* thoſe heauie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But ſenſeleſſe ſtood, like to a mazed ſteare,

That yet of mortall ſtroke the ſtound doth beare.
Till *Glauce* thus ; Faire Sir, be nought diſmayd
With needeleſſe dread, till certaintie ye heare :
For yet ſhe may be ſafe though ſomewhat ſtrayd ;
Its beſt to hope the beſt, though of the worſt affrayd.

Nathleſſe he hardly of her chearefull ſpeech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled ſight
Shew'd change of better cheare : ſo ſore a breach
That ſudden newes had made into his ſpright ;
Till / *Britomart* him fairely thus behight ;
Great cauſe of ſorrow certes Sir ye haue :
But comfort take : for by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her reaue.

Therewith he reſted, and well pleaſed was.
So peace being confirm'd amongſt them all,
They tooke their ſteeds, and forward thence did pas
Vnto ſome reſting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir *Artegall.*
Where goodly ſolace was vnto them made,
And dayly feaſting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late vſage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Artegall* made way
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart,*
And with meeke ſeruice and much ſuit did lay
Continuall ſiege vnto her gentle hart ;

l. 360, ; for ,—accepted.

Which being whylome launcht with louely dart,
More eath was new impreſſion to receiue,
How euer ſhe her paynd with womaniſh art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that ſeekes it ſelfe for to deceiue.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and ſweet blandiſhment,
That at the length vnto a bay he brought her,
So as ſhe to his ſpeeches was content
To lend an eare, and ſoftly to relent.
At laſt through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, ſhe yeelded her conſent
To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finiſh that accord. /

Tho when they had long time there taken reſt,
Sir *Artegall*, who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard aduenture yet in queſt,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.
But her therewith full ſore diſpleaſd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed make,
Her deareſt loue full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

Yet he with ſtrong perſwaſions her aſſwaged,
And wonne her will to ſuffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he faſt engaged,
And thouſand vowes from bottome of his hart

ll. 376-7, (*who . . . queſt*).

That all ſo ſoone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, whereto he did aſpire,
He vnto her would ſpeedily reuert:
No longer ſpace thereto he did deſire,
But till the horned moone three courſes did expire.

With which ſhe for the preſent was appeaſed,
And yeelded leaue, how euer malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind diſpleaſed.
So early in the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent.
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the cuſtome ancient
Mongſt Knights, when on aduentures they did ride,
Saue that ſhe algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way ſhe ſundry purpoſe found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof ſeem'd much her to affray:
But / all ſhe did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes ſhe leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deuiz'd ſome what to ſay,
Which ſhe forgot, whereby excuſe to make:
So loth ſhe was his companie for to forſake.

At laſt when all her ſpeeches ſhe had ſpent,
And new occaſion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And backe returned with right heauie mind,

l. 396, '*on*': l. 414, , for period (.).

To *Scudamour*, who ſhe had left behind :
With whom ſhe went to ſeeke faire *Amoret*,
Her ſecond care, though in another kind ;
For vertues onely ſake, which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendſhip, ſhe by her did ſet.

Backe to that deſert forreſt they retyred,
Where ſorie *Britomart* had loſt her late ;
There they her ſought, and euery where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her eſtate ;
Yet found they none. But by what hapleſſe fate,
Or hard misfortune ſhe was thence conuayd,
And ſtolne away from her beloued mate,
Were long to tell ; therefore I here will ſtay
Vntill another tyde, that I it finiſh may. /

l. 415, '*whom*' : *ib.*, : for , : ll. 418-19 (*which . . . friendſhip*).

Cant. VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie luſt
Belphebe ſaues from dread:
The Squire her loues, and being blam'd
his dayes in dole doth lead.

GReat God of loue, that with thy cruell darts,
Doeſt conquer greateſt conquerors on ground,
And ſetſt thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keaſars, to thy ſeruice bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon haſt thou found
In ſeeble Ladies tyranning ſo ſore;
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou lanchedſt long afore,
By heaping ſtormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didſt thou to faire *Florimell*;
And ſo and ſo to noble *Britomart*:
So doeſt thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*, whoſe gentle hart
Thou martyreſt with ſorow and with ſmart,
In ſaluage forreſts, and in deſerts wide,
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,

l. 3, '*Belphœbe*,' and : for ,—accepted : l. 6, '*darts*'—accepted for '*dart*' of '96 : l. 13, '*launcedſt*.'

Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, which ſhe tride.

So ſoone as ſhe with that braue Britoneſſe
Had left that Turneyment for beauties priſe,
They trauel'd long; that now for wearineſſe,
Both of the way, and warlike exerciſe,
Both / through a foreſt ryding did deuiſe
T'alight, and reſt their wearie limbs awhile.
There heauie ſleepe the eye-lids did ſurpriſe
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her paſſed paines in quiet reſt aſſoyle.

The whiles faire *Amoret*, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleaſure, or for need;
When ſuddenly behind her backe ſhe heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt weed,
That ere ſhe backe could turne to taken heed,
Had vnawares her ſnatched vp from ground.
Feebly ſhe ſhriekt, but ſo feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the ſhrilling ſound,
There where through weary trauel ſhe lay ſleeping ſoũd.

It was to weet a wilde and ſaluage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in ſhape,
And eke in ſtature higher by a ſpan,
All ouergrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tuſked Bore:
For he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beaſts; and fed on fleſhly gore,
The ſigne whereof yet ſtain'd his bloudy lips afore.

l. 26, ; for ,—accepted: l. 33 (*of nought affeard*): l. 46, ; after '*hart.*'

His neather lip was not like man nor beaſt,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feaſt,
And cruell ſpoyle, which he had ſpard, to ſtow:
And ouer it his huge great noſe did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both ſides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waſte, when vp he ſtood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood./

His waſt was with a wreath of yuie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment ſeene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whoſe knottie ſnags were ſharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for ſteele to be in ſted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beaſts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tygres fed.

This vgly creature in his armes her ſnatcht,
And through the forreſt bore her quite away,
With briers and buſhes all to rent and ſcratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought ſo many a day.
He ſtayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his caue, farre from all peoples hearing, (fearing.
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought

For ſhe deare Ladie all the way was dead,
Whileſt he in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt

l. 76, , after '*caue*'—accepted: l. 78, (*deare Lady*).

Her ſelfe downe ſouſt, ſhe waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,
And eſt gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſſe and dread horrour, where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell againe into a ſwound,
Ne wiſt whether aboue ſhe were, or vnder ground.

With that ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and ſobbing ſore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
Which ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly aſkt againe
What / miſter wight it was that ſo did plaine?
To whom thus aunſwer'd was: Ah wretched wight
That ſeekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like hapleſſe plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ouerſight.

Aye me (ſaid ſhe) where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What ſhall of me vnhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.
Vnhappy mayd (then anſwerd ſhe) whoſe dread
Vntride, is leſſe then when thou ſhalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wiſhing cannot die.

This diſmall day hath thee a caytiue made,
And vaſſall to the vileſt wretch aliue;

l. 95, '*oreſight*': l. 105, '*caytiue*'—some suggest 'captiue'; but '*caytiue*' is Spenser's usual word. Cf. Book III., c. XI., l. 88, and Glossary, *s.v.*: l. 106, ; for ,—accepted.

Whoſe curſed vſage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkeneſſe driue.
For on the ſpoile of women he doth liue,
Whoſe bodies chaſt, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gaineſtriue,
He with his ſhamefull luſt doth firſt deflowre,
And afterwards themſelues doth cruelly deuoure.

Now twenty daies, by which the ſonnes of men
Diuide their works, haue paſt through heuen ſheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which ſpace theſe ſory eies haue ſeen
Seauen women by him ſlaine, and eaten clene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman here remaining beene;
Till thou cam'ſt hither to augment our mone;
And of vs three to morrow he will ſure eate one.

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou doeſt declare,
(Quoth ſhe) of all that euer hath bene knowen:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breſt endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the ſame chaine attone?
To tell (quoth ſhe) that which ye ſee, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

But what I was, it irkes me to reherſe
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree;

l. 111, '*gaine-ſtriue*': ll. 114-15 (*by . . . works*): l. 121, ; for ,—accepted.

That ioyd in happy peace, till fates peruerſe
With guilefull loue did ſecretly agree,
To ouerthrow my ſtate and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle ſwaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, vnleſſe mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies ſide for Leman to haue laine.

But for his meanneſſe and diſparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did loue,
Vnto my choiſe by no meanes would aſſent,
But often did my folly fowle reproue.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me reſolu'd the vtmoſt end to proue,
And rather then my loue abandon ſo,
Both ſire, and friends, and all for euer to ſorgo.

Thenceforth I ſought by ſecret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull ſight
To hide th'intent, which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So / on a day vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a groue appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

But ah vnhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accurſed Carle of helliſh kind;

l. 143, (*who . . . loue*): l. 163, ; for ,—accepted.

The ſhame of men, and plague of womankind :
Who truſſing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him, as ſwift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this preſent day,
I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *AEmylia.*

Ah ſad *AEmylia* (then ſayd *Amoret,*)
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what deuiſe or wit,
Haſt thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honor ſau'd, though into thraldome throwne ?
Through helpe (quoth ſhe) of this old woman here
I haue ſo done, as ſhe to me hath ſhowne.
For euer when he burnt in luſtfull fire,
She in my ſtead ſupplide his beſtiall deſire.

Thus of their euils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewaile and mone ;
Loe where the villaine ſelfe, their ſorrowes ſourſe,
Came to the caue, and rolling thence the ſtone,
Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in,
And ſpredding ouer all the flore alone,
Gan dight himſelfe vnto his wonted ſinne ;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket ſhould beginne. /

Which when as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
She ſtaid not the vtmoſt end thereof to try,
But like a ghaſtly Gelt, whoſe wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haſt with hideous outcry,

l. 164, : for ,—accepted : l. 173, ? for . : l. 187, '*when-as.*'

For horrour of his ſhamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vproſe,
And her purſu'd as faſt as ſhe did flie:
Full faſt ſhe flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale ſhe ſtaies,
But ouerleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickeſt makes her nigheſt waies;
And euermore when with regardfull ſight
She looking backe, eſpies that grieſly wight
Approching nigh, ſhe gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a ſpur to haſt her flight:
More ſwift then *Myrrh'* or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in ſaluage chaſe.

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;
Ne liuing aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens helpe to redreſſe her wrong,
Moued with pitty of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned *Belphebe* with her peares
The woody Nimphs, and with that louely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
In theſe wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To baniſh ſloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It ſo befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other ſundred were,
And that ſame gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this ſame curſed caytiue did appeare,

l. 196, '*Nor*'—Collier would read '*For hedge*': l. 207, '*to*'—*sic* in '96 and 1609, but omitted in 1679: l. 214 (*as . . . chace*).

Purſuing / that faire Lady full of feare ;
And now he her quite ouertaken had ;
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his arme, as ſeeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which drery ſight the gentle Squire eſpying,
Doth haſt to croſſe him by the neareſt way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him aſſailes with all the might he may :
Yet will not he the louely ſpoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand,
Defends him ſelfe, and ſaues his gotten pray.
Yet had it bene right hard him to withſtand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine vſed craft in fight ;
For euer when the Squire his iauelin ſhooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puiſſance of his intended ſtroke.
And if it chaunſt, (as needs it muſt in fight)
Whileſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which ſubtill ſleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbeare ;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her muſt hurt, or hazard neare :

l. 218, ; for ,—accepted : l. 223, '*Which*' for '*With*'—misprint of '96 —accepted : l. 226, : for ,—accepted.

Yet he his hand ſo carefully did beare,
That at the laſt he did himſelfe attaine,
And therein left the pike head of his ſpeare.
A ſtreame of coleblacke bloud thence guſht amaine,
That all her ſilken garments did with bloud beſtaine. /

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,
With dreadfull ſtrokes let driue at him ſo ſore,
That forſt him flie abacke, himſelfe to ſaue:
Yet he therewith ſo felly ſtill did raue,
That ſcarſe the Squire his hand could once vpreare,
But for aduantage ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauerſing, now here, now there;
For bootleſſe thing it was to think ſuch blowes to beare.

Whileſt thus in battell they embuſied were,
Belphebe raunging in that forreſt wide,
The hideous noiſe of their huge ſtrokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom when that theeſe approching nigh eſpide,
With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths ſole inſtrument.

Whom ſeeing flie, ſhe ſpeedily pourſewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde;
And euer in her bow ſhe ready ſhewed,
The arrow, to his deadly marke deſynde,

l. 256, (*for advantage*): l. 260, (*raunging . . . wide*): l. 264, '*boaw*,' and so l. 270: l. 269, ; for ,—accepted.

As when *Latonaes* daughter cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great diſgrace,
With fell deſpight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainſt wofull *Niobes* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miſerable caſe.

So well ſhe ſped her and ſo far ſhe ventred,
That ere vnto his helliſh den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
She ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That / in the very dore him ouercaught,
And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two diſtraught,
That all his vitall ſpirites thereby ſpild,
And all his hairy breſt with gory bloud was fild.

Whom when on ground ſhe groueling ſaw to rowle,
She ran in haſt his life to haue bereft:
But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinfull ſowle
Hauing his carrion corſe quite ſenceleſſe left,
Was fled to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoile and theft.
Yet ouer him ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
And oft admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whileſt all with filthy bloud
The place there ouerflowne, ſeemd like a ſodaine flood.

Thenceforth ſhe paſt into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkeſome drerineſſe ſhe found,
Ne creature ſaw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whiſpering, and ſoft groning ſound.

v. . . l. 295, '*Thence, forth.*'

With that ſhe aſkt, what ghoſts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if ſo be they were not bound,
To come and ſhew themſelues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that diſmall wight.

Then forth the ſad *AEmylia* iſſewed,
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothſome creature did appeare;
A leman fit for ſuch a louer deare.
That mou'd *Belphebe* her no leſſe to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom ſhe gan enquire of her eſtate.
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate. /

Thence ſhe them brought toward the place, where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:
There ſhe him found by that new louely mate,
Who lay the whiles in ſwoune, full ſadly ſet,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which ſoftly ſtild, and kiſſing them atweene,
And handling ſoft the hurts, which ſhe did get.
For of that Carle ſhe ſorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne raſh hand one wound was to be ſeene.

Which when ſhe ſaw, with ſodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with ſight thereof was fild
With deepe diſdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath ſhe thought them both haue thrild,
With that ſelfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:

l. 304, '*ſad*' for misprint of '96 '*ſaid*'—accepted.

Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance ſore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld ;
Is this the faith ſhe ſaid, and ſaid no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for euermore.

He ſeeing her depart, aroſe vp light,
Right ſore agrieued at her ſharpe reproofe,
And follow'd faſt: but when he came in ſight,
He durſt not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her diſpleaſures vtmoſt prooſe.
And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed ſpeaches fit for his behooſe,
Her mortall arrowes, ſhe at him did threat,
And forſt him backe with fowle diſhonor to retreat.

At laſt when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no eaſe of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto thoſe woods he turned backe againe,
Full of ſad anguiſh, and in heauy caſe:
And / finding there fit ſolitary place
For wofull wight, choſe out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote ſee bright heauens face,
For moſſy trees, which couered all with ſhade
And ſad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to vſe no more,
Ne thenceforth euer ſtrike in battell ſtroke,
Ne euer word to ſpeake to woman more ;
But in that wilderneſſe, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard miſhap in dolor to deplore,

ll. 353-4, (*of . . . quight*).

And waſt his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on him ſelfe to wreake his follies owne deſpight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and ſhape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment ſweet
To be embaulm'd, and ſweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grieſly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and careleſly vnſhed;
That in ſhort time his face they ouergrew,
And ouer all his ſhoulders did diſpred,
That who he whilome was, vneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury conſumed quight,
That like a pined ghoſt he ſoone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forreſt bearcs,
Ne other drinke there did he euer taſt,
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body ſo to waſt:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at laſt./

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthure* came that way,
Seeking aduentures, where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did ſtray,
Hauing eſpide this Cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein ſome holy Hermit lay,

l. 361, '*d:aw*': l. 376, (*by . . . fell*).

That did reſort of ſinfull people ſhonne ;
Or elſe ſome woodman ſhrowded there from ſcorching ſunne.

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and deſpaire,
And through long faſting woxen pale and wan,
All ouergrowen with rude and rugged haire ;
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne auiz'd at all,
But like ſtrange wight, whom he had ſeene no where,
Saluting him, gan into ſpeach to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liu'd like outcaſt thrall.

But to his ſpeach he aunſwered no whit,
But ſtood ſtill mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne ſigne of ſence did ſhew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguiſhe ouercum,
And vnto euery thing did aunſwere mum :
And euer when the Prince vnto him ſpake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midſt ſorrow ſhewing ioyous ſemblance for his ſake.

At which his vncouth guiſe and vſage quaint
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not gheſſe
The cauſe of that his ſorrowfull conſtraint ;
Yet weend by ſecret ſignes of manlineſſe,
Which / cloſe appeard in that rude brutiſhneſſe,
That he whilome ſome gentle ſwaine had beene,
Traind vp in feats of armes and knightlineſſe ;
Which he obſeru'd, by that he him had ſeene
To weld his naked ſword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he ſaw on every tree,
How he the name of one engrauen had,
Which likly was his liefeſt loue to be,
For whom he now ſo ſorely was beſtad;
Which was by him *BELPHEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wiſt;
Yet ſaw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kiſt,
Wherein it written was, and how himſelfe he bliſt:

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
And ſaw that all he ſaid and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote eaſe or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him ſhould remedy prouide,
And him reſtore to former grace againe.
Which for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.

Vpon a day as ſhe him ſate beſide,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
On him, whilſt goodly grace ſhe did him ſhew:
Amongſt the reſt a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

The ſame he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly ſolace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when ſhe did find
Her ſelfe ſo deckt, her nimble wings diſplaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which ſodaine accident him much diſmaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way ſhe ſtraid.

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of diſcomfort and diſquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that ſweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the waſtfull aire,
Vntill ſhe came where wonned his *Belphebe* faire.

There found ſhe her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert ſhade of arbors ſweet,

l. 61, (*In . . . were*).

After late weary toile, which ſhe had tride
In ſaluage chaſe, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet.
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her ſake
Her gentle Squire through her diſpleaſure did pertake.

She her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple breſt
That precious iuell, which ſhe formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribbands dreſt:
There / with ſhe roſe in haſt, and her addreſt
With ready hand it to haue reft away.
But the ſwift bird obayd not her beheſt,
But ſwaru'd aſide, and there againe did ſtay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to aſſay.

And euer when ſhe nigh approcht, the Doue
Would flit a litle forward, and then ſtay,
Till ſhe drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her ſtill to purſue the pray,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoft away:
Till that at length into that forreſt wide,
She drew her far, and led with ſlow delay.
In th'end ſhe her vnto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

Eftſoones ſhe flew vnto his feareleſſe hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deuiz'd,

l. 84, : for ,—accepted: l. 86, '*partake*': l. 90, , after '*well*'—accepted.

As if ſhe would haue made him vnderſtand,
His ſorrowes cauſe to be of her deſpiſ'd.
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weedes diſguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghoſt late riſen from his graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his caſe,
And wiſht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kiſt the ground on which her ſole did tread,
And waſht the ſame with water, which did well
From his moiſt eies, and like two ſtreames procead;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daunted with her preſence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes vnto her ſent,
As meſſengers of his true meaning and intent. /

Yet nathemore his meaning ſhe ared,
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe,
And by his perſons ſecret ſeemlyhed
Well weend, that he had beene ſome man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth ſhe thus beſpake.
Ah wofull man, what heauens hard diſgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake?
Or ſelfe diſliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

If heauen, then none may it redreſſe or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are ſubiect borne:

l. 107, '*him*' by Church is changed to '*her*': l. 116, ; for ,—accepted, and l. 118. : for , .

If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and ſhame
Be theirs, that haue ſo cruell thee forlorne ;
But if through inward griefe or wilfull ſcorne
Of life it be, then better doe aduiſe.
For he whoſe daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
That will not vſe his gifts for thankleſſe nigardiſe.

When ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoones he brake
His ſodaine ſilence, which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deepe, her thus beſpake ;
Then haue they all themſelues againſt me bent :
For heauen, firſt author of my languiſhment,
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did cloſely with a cruell one conſent,
To cloud my daies in dolefull miſery,
And make me loath this life, ſtill longing for to die.

Ne any but your ſelfe, ô deareſt dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthleſſe wight
Your high diſpleſure, through miſdeeming bred :
That when your pleaſure is to deeme aright,
Ye / may redreſſe, and me reſtore to light.
Which ſory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard, to ſee his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath ſhe gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours ſtate.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,

l. 137, '*aviſe*' : l. 145, (*firſt . . . languiſhment*).

Fearleſſe of fortunes chaunge or enuies dread.
And eke all mindleſſe of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him befide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford.
But through the endleſſe world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking euermore, yet no where him deſcride.

Till on a day as through that wood he rode,
He chaunſt to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Æmylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorrowfull eſtate:
The one right feeble through the euill rate
Of food, which in her durefle ſhe had found:
The other almoſt dead and deſperate (wound,
Through her late hurts, and through that hapleſſe
With which the Squire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay;
But moſt was moued at the piteous vew
Of *Amoret*, ſo neare vnto decay,
That her great daunger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly dew
Her wounds, that vnto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoone anew./

Tho when they both recouered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide

l. 184, '*doun*,' as before.

Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all, that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
Of that ſame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond ;
Whoſe bloudie corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his caue, in which they both were bond :
At which he wondred much, when all thoſe ſignes he fond.

And euermore he greatly did deſire
To know, what Virgin did them thence vnbind ;
And oft of them did earneſtly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But when as nought according to his mind
He could outlearne, he them from ground did reare :
No ſeruice lothſome to a gentle kind ;
And on his warlike beaſt them both did beare,
Himſelfe by them on foot, to ſuccour them from feare.

So when that forreſt they had paſſed well,
A litle cotage farre away they ſpide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell ;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman ſitting there beſide,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her ſcattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felneſſe and for yre,
And there out ſucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſſe :

l. 201 within ( ).

For ſhe was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Vp to the throat; that oft with bitterneſſe
It / forth would breake, and guſh in great exceſſe,
Pouring out ſtreames of poyſon and of gall
Gainſt all, that truth or vertue doe profeſſe;
Whom ſhe with leaſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men *Sclaunder* call.

Her nature is all goodneſſe to abuſe,
And cauſeleſſe crimes continually to frame,
With which ſhe guiltleſſe perſons may accuſe,
And ſteale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne euer Knight ſo bold, ne euer Dame
So chaſt and loyall liu'd, but ſhe would ſtriue
With forged cauſe them falſely to defame;
Ne euer thing ſo well was doen aliue,
But ſhe with blame would blot, & of due praiſe depriue.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T'expreſſe the meaning of the inward mind,
But noyſome breath, and poyſnous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter wind; (hart,
Which paſſing through the eares, would pierce the
And wound the ſoule it ſelfe with griefe vnkind:
For like the ſtings of Aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightfull words did pricke, & wound the inner part.

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to hoſt ſuch gueſts,
Whom greateſt Princes court would welcome fayne;

l. 216, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 219: l. 221, '*Slaunder*': l. 241, ; for ,—accepted.

But neede, that anſwers not to all requeſts,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne ;
And eke that age deſpyſed niceneſſe vaine,
Enur'd to hardneſſe and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike diſcipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Againſt all hard miſhaps and fortuneleſſe misfare. /

Then all that euening welcommed with cold,
And cheareleſſe hunger, they together ſpent ;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſcold
And rayle at them with grudgefull diſcontent,
For lodging there without her owne conſent :
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto reſt themſelues all onely lent.
Regardleſſe of that queane ſo baſe and vilde,
To be vniuſtly blamd, and bitterly reuilde.

Here well I weene, when as theſe rimes be red
With miſregard, that ſome raſh witted wight,
Whoſe looſer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeeme too light,
For thus conuerſing with this noble Knight ;
Sith now of dayes ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull ſpright
For ought will from his greedie pleaſure ſpare :
More hard for hungry ſteed t'abſtaine from pleaſant lare.

But antique age yet in the infancie
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,

l. 242, (*that . . . requeſts*) : ll. 249-50, (*welcommed . . . hunger*) : l. 265, : substituted for , .

In ſimple truth and blameleſſe chaſtitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment,
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it ſelſe in ſoueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his luſt did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The Lyon there did with the Lambe conſort,
And eke the Doue ſate by the Faulcons ſide,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in ſafe ſecuritie abide,
With / outen perill of the ſtronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing ſhortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickedneſſe woxe bold,
And dared of all ſinnes the ſecrets to vnfold.

Then beautie, which was made to repreſent
The great Creatours owne reſemblance bright,
Vnto abuſe of lawleſſe luſt was lent,
And made the baite of beſtiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in ſight,
And that which wont to vanquiſh God and man,
Was made the vaſſall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Deſpiſd and troden downe of all that ouerran.

And now it is ſo vtterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth ſcarſe remaine,
But if few plants preſeru'd through heauenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to ſprout againe,

l. 270, misprinted '*them*': l. 296, (*preſeru'd . . . ayde*).



Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient ſtocke of Princes ſtraine,
Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whoſe noble kind at firſt was ſure of heauenly ſeed.

Tho ſoone as day diſcouered heauens face
To ſinfull men with darknes ouerdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampiſh night,
And did themſelues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward ſoftly paced,
That them to view had bene an vncouth ſight;
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horſe, together faſt embraced. /

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That ſhamefull Hag, the ſlaunder of her ſexe,
Them follow'd faſt, and them reuiled ſore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart; thereto ſhe did annexe
Falſe crimes and facts, ſuch as they neuer ment,
That thoſe two Ladies much aſham'd did wexe:
The more did ſhe purſue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till ſhe had all her poyſon ſpent.

At laſt when they were paſſed out of ſight,
Yet ſhe did not her ſpightfull ſpeach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and ſtill backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:

l. 313, (*the . . . ſex*).

Like as a curre doth ſelly bite and teare
The ſtone, which paſſed ſtraunger at him threw;
So ſhe them ſeeing paſt the reach of eare,
Againſt the ſtones and trees did rayle anew,
Till ſhe had duld the ſting, which in her tongs end grew.

They paſſing forth kept on their readie way,
With eaſie ſteps ſo ſoft as foot could ſtryde.
Both for great feebleſſe, which did oft aſſay
Faire *Amoret*, that ſcarcely ſhe could ryde;
And eke through heauie armes, which ſore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted ſo to fare;
Whoſe ſteadie hand was faine his ſteede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to ſpare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they ſpide, where towards them with ſpeed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie;
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his ſteed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That / ſeem'd his ſhrikes would rend the braſen ſkie:
Whom after did a mightie man purſew,
Ryding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of ſtature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More ſharpe then points of needles did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming ſtreames,
Full of ſad powre, that poyſonous bale did breede

l. 332, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 339.

To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
Like as the Baſiliſke of ſerpents ſeede,
From powrefull eyes cloſe venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre awaye.

He all the way did rage at that ſame Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curſes vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (ſo faſt away he flew)
Him ouertooke, before he came in vew.
Where when he ſaw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his caſe to rew,
And reſcue him through ſuccour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him purſewd in ſight.

Eftſoones the Prince tooke downe thoſe Ladies twaine
From loftie ſteede, and mounting in their ſtead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cauſe of dread;
Who as he gan the ſame to him aread,
Loe hard behind his backe his foe was preſt,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head;
That vnto death had doen him vnredreſt,
Had not the noble Prince his readie ſtroke repreſt.

Who thruſting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Vpon his ſhield, which lightly he did throw
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
Nathleſſe it fell with ſo deſpiteous dreare

l. 371, ; for ,—accepted.

And heauie ſway, that hard vnto his crowne
The ſhield it droue, and did the couering reare: 380
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in ſenſeleſſe ſwowne.

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his ſtrong right hand
In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
And ſtroke the Pagan with his ſteely brand
So ſore, that to his ſaddle bow thereby
He bowed low, and ſo a while did lie:
And ſure had not his maſſie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place, 390
Yet as it was, it did aſtoniſh him long ſpace.

But when he to himſelfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curſe and ſweare,
And vow by *Mahoune* that he ſhould be ſlaine.
With that his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That ſeemed nought the ſouſe thereof could beare,
And therewith ſmote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foreſight,
Did ſhun the proofe thereof and it auoyded light. 400

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull ſtound,
He ſmote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiouſly, that ere he wiſt, he found
His / head before him tombling on the ground.
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaſpheme
And curſe his God, that did him ſo confound;

l. 380, : for ,—accepted.

The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie ſtreame,
His ſoule deſcended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To ſee his foe breath out his ſpright in vaine:
But that ſame dwarfe right ſorie ſeem'd and ſad,
And howld aloud to ſee his Lord there ſlaine,
And rent his haire and ſcratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leaſure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whoſe eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you haue ſlaine,
Of an huge Geaunteſſe whylome was bred;
And by his ſtrength rule to himſelfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hoſtes of men with banners brode diſpred,
But by the powre of his infectious ſight,
With which he killed all, that came within his might.

Ne was he euer vanquiſhed afore,
But euer vanquiſht all, with whom he fought;
Ne was there man ſo ſtrong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet ſo faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For moſt of ſtrength and beautie his deſire
Was ſpoyle to make, and waſt them vnto nought,
By caſting ſecret flakes of luſtfull fire
From his falſe eyes, into their harts and parts entire. /

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
Though nameleſſe there his bodie now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire *Pœana*; who ſeemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet ſaw liuing eie:
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder ſkie.
But ah ſhe giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too looſe of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire,
That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage;
But for his meane degree might not aſpire
To match ſo high: her friends with counſell ſage,
Diſſuaded her from ſuch a diſparage.
But ſhe, whoſe hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmely following her firſt intent,
Reſolu'd with him to wend, gainſt all her friends conſent.

So twixt themſelues they pointed time and place,
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard miſhap and diſauentrous caſe
Him chaunſt; in ſtead of his *Æmylia* faire
This Gyants ſonne, that lies there on the laire
An headleſſe heape, him vnawares there caught,
And all diſmayd through mercileſſe deſpaire,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnſuccour'd and vnſought.

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the priſon in her ioyous glee,

l. 444, (*ah!*): l. 447, ; for ,—accepted : l. 449, : for ,—accepted.

To view the thrals, which there in bondage lay:
Amongſt the reſt ſhe chaunced there to ſee
This / louely ſwaine the Squire of low degree;
To whom ſhe did her liking lightly caſt,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day ſhe woo'd and prayd him faſt,
And for his loue him promiſt libertie at laſt.

He though affide vnto a former loue,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet ſeeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet ſhe him ſtill detaines in captiue hold
Fearing leaſt if ſhe ſhould him freely ſet,
He would her ſhortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet ſo much fauour ſhe to him hath hight,
Aboue the reſt, that he ſometimes may ſpace
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a keeper ſtill with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling baſe,
To whom the keyes of euery priſon dore
By her committed be, of ſpeciall grace,
And at his will may whom he liſt reſtore,
And whom he liſt reſerue, to be afflicted more.

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare,
Full inly ſorie for the feruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my ſoule did beare;
I thether went; where I did long conceale

l. 485, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 494 : ll. 492-3 within ( ).

... through the l...
Being likewife begu...
Gan blame me muc...
To ſeeke by flight h...
That lou'd me deare,...
Thence ſhe commaun...
Whereof I glad did n...
But ſuffred that ſame Dw...

There did I finde mine on...
In heauy plight and ſad ...
Whereof I ſorie, yet my ...
Him to recomfort with m...
But him the more agreeu'd...
For all his ioy, he ſaid, in t...
Was mine and his *Æmylias*...
Æmylia well he lou'd, as I ...
Yet greater loue to me then her...

But I with better reaſon him aui...
And ſhew'd him how through ...
Of our like perſons eath to be...
Or his exchange, or ...
Wherete ...

Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree.
Yet ouerrul'd at laſt, he did to me agree.

The morrow next about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre.
In ſteed of whom forth came I *Placidas*,
And / vndiſcerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladſome glee,
Of faire *Pœana* I receiued was,
And oft imbraſt, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refuſd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the preſent neede it wiſely vſd.
My former hardneſſe firſt I faire excuſd;
And after promiſt large amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth termes her error I abuſd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne ſake,
For whoſe ſole libertie I loue and life did ſtake.

Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more ſcope to me to walke at large.
So on a day as by the flowrie marge
Of a freſh ſtreame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding the meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly ſnatcht him vp and with me bore away.

My ſelfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
Did ſecretly out of her priſon ſteale;
For me he did miſtake that Squire to bee;
For neuer two ſo like did liuing creature ſee. /

Then was I taken and before her brought:
Who through the likeneſſe of my outward hew,
Being likewiſe beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being ſo vntrew,
To ſeeke by flight her fellowſhip t'eſchew,
That lou'd me deare, as deareſt thing aliue.
Thence ſhe commaunded me to priſon new;
Whereof I glad did not gainesay nor ſtriue,
But ſuffred that ſame Dwarfe me to her dongeon driue.

There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heauy plight and ſad perplexitie;
Whereof I ſorie, yet my ſelfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my companie.
But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
For all his ioy, he ſaid, in that diſtreſſe
Was mine and his *Æmylias* libertie.
Æmylia well he lou'd, as I mote gheſſe;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did profeſſe.

But I with better reaſon him auiz'd,
And ſhew'd him how through error and miſ-thought
Of our like perſons eath to be diſguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Conſent, that I who ſtood all feareleſſe free,

l. 500, : for ,—accepted.

Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree.
Yet ouerrul'd at laſt, he did to me agree.

The morrow next about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre.
In ſteed of whom forth came I *Placidas*,
And / vndiſcerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladſome glee,
Of faire *Pœana* I receiued was,
And oft imbraſt, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refuſd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the preſent neede it wiſely vſd.
My former hardneſſe firſt I faire excuſd;
And after promiſt large amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth termes her error I abuſd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne ſake,
For whoſe ſole libertie I loue and life did ſtake.

Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more ſcope to me to walke at large.
So on a day as by the flowrie marge
Of a freſh ſtreame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding the meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly ſnatcht him vp and with me bore away.

Thereat he ſhriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant ſelfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me purſew'd ; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchaſe of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
Thoſe Ladies two yet doubtfull through diſmay
In preſence came, deſirous t'vnderſtand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land. /

Where ſoone as ſad *Æmylia* did eſpie
Her captiue louers friend, young *Placidas* :
All mindleſſe of her wonted modeſtie,
She to him ran, and him with ſtreight embras
Enfolding ſaid, and liues yet *Amyas* ?
He liues (quoth he) and his *Æmylia* loues.
Then leſſe (ſaid ſhe) by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
But what miſhap thus long him fro my ſelfe remoues ?

Then gan he all this ſtorie to renew,
And tell the courſe of his captiuitie ;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And ſigh full ſore, to heare the miſerie,
In which ſo long he mercileſſe did lie.
Then after many teares and ſorrowes ſpent,
She deare beſought the Prince of remedie :
Who thereto did with readie will conſent
And well perform'd, as ſhall appeare by his euent.

l. 560, (*yet . . . diſmay*).

Cant. I IX.

The Squire of low degree releaſt
Pœana takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights,
Prince Arthur ſtints their ſtrife.

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe diſpart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the balance downe; to weet
The deare affection vnto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertues mind
Me ſeemes, the gentle hart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For naturall affection ſoone doth ceſſe,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſſe,
And them with mayſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpyring to eternall fame.
For as the ſoule doth rule the earthly maſſe,
And all the ſeruice of the bodie frame,

l. 3, '*Pœana*' is suggested by Church to be read, '*Æmylia*': l. 12, '*vertuous*': l. 13, , after '*all*' accepted: l. 14, , added after '*me ſeemes*' and removed after '*hart.*'

So loue of ſoule doth loue of bodie paſſe,
No leſſe then perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſſe.

All which who liſt by tryall to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtorie find approued plaine;
In which theſe Squires true friendſhip more did ſway,
Then either care of parents could refraine,/
Or loue of faireſt Ladie could conſtraine.
For though *Pæana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this Truſtie ſquire with proud diſdaine
For his friends ſake her offred fauours ſcorne,
And ſhe her ſelfe her ſyre, of whom ſhe was yborne.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwayne,
Who now long time had lyen in priſon ſad,
He gan aduiſe how beſt he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headleſſe tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it agayne,
Vpon his vſuall beaſt it firmely bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it aliue was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfe, though with vnwilling ayd,
To guide the beaſt, that did his maiſter beare,
Till to his caſtle they approched neare.
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbard;
Whom ſtraight the Prince enſuing, in together far'd.

l. 26, '*this*': l. 44, (*though . . . ayd*).



There he did find in her delitious boure
The faire *Pœana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote.
That with the ſweetneſſe of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attacht, and captiue held by might.

Whence / being forth produc'd, when ſhe perceiued
Her owne deare ſire, ſhe cald to him for aide.
But when of him no aunſwere ſhe receiued,
But ſaw him fenceleſſe by the Squire vpſtaide,
She weened well, that then ſhe was betraide:
Then gan ſhe loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that ſame Squire of treaſon to vpbraide.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reſkue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that ſame Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open vnto him the priſon dore,
And forth to bring thoſe thrals, which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him aboue a ſcore
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty reſtore.
Amongſt the reſt, that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him ſelfe to bee.

Whom ſoone as faire *AEmylia* beheld,
And *Placidas*, they both vnto him ran,

And him embracing faſt betwixt them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kiſſing oft his viſage pale and wan.
That faire *Pœana* them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban ;
Through iealous paſſion weeping inly wroth,
To ſee the ſight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

But when a while they had together beene,
And diuerſly conferred of their caſe,
She, though full oft ſhe both of them had ſeene
A ſunder, yet not euer in one place, /
Began to doubt, when ſhe them ſaw embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire ſhe lou'd ſo deare,
Deceiued through great likeneſſe of their face.
For they ſo like in perſon did appeare,
That ſhe vneath diſcerned, whether whether weare.

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like reſemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had ſo well diſguized
Her worke, and counterfet her ſelfe ſo nere,
As if that by one patterne ſeene ſomewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through ſkill, or errour were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did ſee.

Then gan they ranſacke that ſame Caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded threaſure,

l. 92, . for ,—accepted : l. 103, '*him*'—Church reads 'them' : l. 105, '*he*'—Church suggests 'they' or 'was.' Nothing easier than such emendations, but Spenser was no finical purist.

The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without reſpect or meaſure.
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made ſeaſure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while,
To reſt him ſelfe, and ſolace in ſoft pleaſure
Thoſe weaker Ladies after weary toile ;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchaſt ſpoile.

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Pœana* he enlarged free ;
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous chaire,
To feaſt and frollicke ; nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome countenaunce nor pleaſaunt glee :
But grieued was for loſſe both of her ſire,
And eke of Lordſhip, with both land and fee :
But moſt ſhe touched was with griefe entire,
For loſſe of her new loue, the hope of her deſire.

But / her the Prince through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldneſſe did entreat,
From that fowle rudeneſſe, which did her deface ;
And that ſame bitter corſiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and ſpeaches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though ſhe were moſt faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet ſhe it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

And for to ſhut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was firſt the ground of all her griefe,
That truſty Squire he wiſely well did moue
Not to deſpiſe that dame, which lou'd him liefe,

l. 129, '*dyde*'—Church actually suggested 'eyde.'

Till he had made of her ſome better prieſe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordſhip during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; ſo ſtinted all their ſtrife.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis,
They liu'd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iarre, ne ſpite of enemis
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſuraunce of their ſtate.
And ſhe whom Nature did ſo faire create,
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her daies,
Yet with lewd loues and luſt intemperate
Had it defaſte; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and ſpake her praiſe.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
Theſe paires of friends in peace and ſetled reſt,
Him ſelfe, whoſe mind did trauell as with chylde,
Of his old loue, conceau'd in ſecret breſt, /
Reſolued to purſue his former queſt;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequeſt
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

Feare of her ſafety did her not conſtraine,
For well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty hond,
Her perſon late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withſtond.

l. 141, : for ,—accepted : l. 153, '*queſt*' is misprinted 'gueſt' in '96 and 1609: l. 155, '*bequeſt*'—1611 badly reads 'requeſt.'

But now in feare of ſhame ſhe more did ſtond,
Seeing her ſelfe all ſoly ſuccourleſſe,
Left in the victors powre, like vaſſall bond ;
Whoſe will her weakeneſſe could no way repreſſe,
In caſe his burning luſt ſhould breake into exceſſe.

But cauſe of feare ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The courſe of looſe affection to forſtall,
And lawleſſe luſt to rule with reaſons lore ;
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a Sanctuary ;
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To ſeeke their loues diſperſed diuerſly,
Yet neither ſhewed to other their hearts priuity.

At length they came, whereas a troupe of Knights
They ſaw together ſkirmiſhing, as ſeemed :
Sixe they were all, all full of fell deſpight,
But foure of them the battell beſt beſeemed,
That which of them was beſt, mote not be deemed.
Thoſe foure were they, from whom falſe *Florimell*
By *Braggadochio* lately was redeemed.
To weet, ſterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Loue-lauiſh *Blandamour*, and luſtfull *Paridell*.

Druons / delight was all in ſingle life,
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leaſure :
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With feruent flames, and loued out of meaſure :
So eke lou'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleaſure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue :
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threaſure,

But luſted after all, that him did moue.
So diuerſly theſe foure diſpoſed were to loue.

But thoſe two other which beſide them ſtoode,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable ſtoure,
Whoſe like they neuer ſaw till that ſame houre:
So dreadfull ſtrokes each did at other driue,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euery dint the ghoſt would riue
Out of their wretched corſes, and their liues depriue.

As when *Dan AEolus* in great diſpleaſure,
For loſſe of his deare loue by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threaſure,
Vpon the ſea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
From all foure parts of heauen doe rage full ſore,[1]
And toſſe the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wi[l]de vprore,
As if in ſtead thereof they *Chaos* would reſtore.

Cauſe of their diſcord, and ſo fell debate,
Was for the loue of that ſame ſnowy maid,
Whome they had loſt in Turneyment of late,
And ſeeking long, to weet which way ſhe ſtraid /
Met here together; where through lewd vpbraide
Of *Ate* and *Dueſſa* they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,

l. 210, '*wi*[*l*]*de*'—it hardly needed the alleged Drayton correction of '*wide*' by '*wilde*' to put right an obvious misprint of '96, 1609, 1611, etc., but Mr. J. Payne Collier tells us of such: l. 216, : for ,—accepted.



This cruell conflict raiſed thereabout,
Whoſe dangerous ſucceſſe depended yet in dout.

For ſometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others backe,
Eftſoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury ſlacke,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And reſt themſelues for to recouer ſpirits ſpent.

Their gan they change their ſides, and new parts take;
For *Paridell* did take to *Druons* ſide,
For old deſpight, which now forth newly brake
Gainſt *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
So all afreſh gan former fight renew.
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courſes few,
If wind and tide doe change, their courſes change anew.

Thenceforth they much more furiouſly gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne,
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks ſtrong did ſpare,
That through the cliſts the vermeil bloud out ſponne,
And all adowne their riuen ſides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to ſee
In friends profeſt, and ſo great outrage donne:
But ſooth is ſaid, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, moſt cruell fomen bee.

l. 222, , for ;—accepted : l. 230, '*Their*' (1st) = *there*,—used interchangeably. In 1611 it is '*There* gan.' Church read '*Then* gan.'

Thus / they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that ſame Briton maide,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom ſoone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the ſowle vpbraide,
The which that Britoneſſe had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the ſnowy maide;
Where ſhe had them both ſhamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftſoones all burning with a freſh deſire,
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood
They from them ſelues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet ſteeming with whot bloud,
Againſt thoſe two let driue, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that ſo ſodaine fit,
Yet nought diſmayd, them ſtoutly well withſtood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly ſmitten likewiſe doubly ſmit.

The warlike Dame was on her part affaid,
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamour*, both his profeſſed fone.
Foure charged two, and two ſurcharged one;
Yet did thoſe two them ſelues ſo brauely beare,
That the other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And vſury withall: ſuch gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did *Britomart* aſſay
To ſpeake to them, and ſome emparlance moue;

l. 273, '*repayed*' for '*repayred*'—accepted.

But they for nought their cruell hands would ſtay,
Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behoue, /
As when an eager maſtiffe once doth proue
The taſt of bloud of ſome engored beaſt,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feaſt:
So litle did they hearken to her ſweet beheaſt.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld
With ods of ſo vnequall match oppreſt,
His mighty heart with indignation ſweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke breſt:
Eſtſoones him ſelfe he to their aide addreſt,
And thruſting fierce into the thickeſt preace,
Diuided them, how euer loth to reſt,
And would them faine from battell to ſurceaſſe,
With gentle words perſwading them to friendly peace.

But they ſo farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a ſtorme, which houers vnder ſkie
Long here and there, and round about doth ſtie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and ſleet,
Firſt from one coaſt, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet;
And ſo from ſide to ſide till all the world it weet.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being freſh vntoucht afore;
Who them with ſpeaches milde gan firſt diſſwade
From ſuch foule outrage, and them long forbore:

l. 294, '*attonce.*'

Till ſeeing them through ſuffrance hartned more,
Him ſelfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them ſo ſharpely and ſo ſore,
That ſhortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

But / now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies priſe,
Had not thoſe two him inſtantly deſired
T'aſſwage his wrath, and pardon their meſpriſe.
At whoſe requeſt he gan him ſelfe aduiſe
To ſtay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as liſt them to deuiſe:
Mongſt which, the cauſe of their ſo cruell heat
He did them aſke: who all that paſſed gan repeat.

And told at large how that ſame errant Knight,
To weete faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praiſe had them deſpoyled,
And alſo of their priuate loues beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But ſhe that wrongfull challenge ſoone aſſoyled,
And ſhew'd that ſhe had not that Lady reft,
(As they ſuppoſd) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes ſir Knight[s], ye ſeemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye ſhame,

l. 318, , after '*which*,' and l. 319, : for ,—accepted, and ; for , l. 324 : l. 330, '*Knight[s]*'—Upton was the first to correct the very obvious misprint.

And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchiſe euer yeelded,
That of their loues choiſe they might freedom clame,
And in that right ſhould by all knights be ſhielded:
Gainſt which me ſeemes this war ye wrongfully haue wielded.

And yet (quoth ſhe) a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former loue haue loſt,
Whom ſeeking euer ſince with endleſſe paines,
Hath me much ſorrow and much trauell coſt; /
Aye me to ſee that gentle maide ſo toſt.
But *Scudamour* then ſighing deepe, thus ſaide,
Certes her loſſe ought me to ſorrow moſt,
Whoſe right ſhe is, where euer ſhe be ſtraide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.

For from the firſt that I her loue profeſt,
Vnto this houre, this preſent luckleſſe howre,
I neuer ioyed happineſſe nor reſt,
But thus turmoild from one to other ſtowre,
I waſt my life, and doe my daies deuowre
In wretched anguiſhe and inceſſant woe,
Paſſing the meaſure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch and louing ſo,
I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

Then good ſir *Claribell* him thus beſpake,
Now were it not ſir *Scudamour* to you,
Diſlikefull paine, ſo ſad a taſke to take,
Mote we entreat you, ſith this gentle crew

l. 341, '*trrauell*': l. 354, '*I*'=aye in '96 inadvertently before '*and.*'

Is now to well accorded all anew:
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that aduenture, which ye did allay
For that faire Ladies loue: pait perils well apay.

So gan he eft him likewise to require,
But *Irenomart* did him importune hard,
To giue on him that paine: whose great desire
He gladi to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchieuement, as to him befell.
And all those daungers vnto them declar'd,
Which fith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.



Cant. X.

Scudamour doth his conqueſt tell,
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is deſcrib'd,
And louers life forth ſet.

TRue he it ſaid, what euer man it ſayd,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For euery dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For ſince the day that firſt with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but ſtill with care was moued.

And yet ſuch grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their ſetled mindes remoue,
But ſeeme gainſt common ſence to them moſt ſweet;
As boſting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as naught, and tread downe vnder feet,
Since of my loue at length I reſt aſſured,
That to diſloyalty ſhe will not be allured.

l. 2, misprinted '*conquſt*' *in* '96: l. 13, '*launc't*': l. 21, '*nought*,' as before.

Long were to tell the trauell and long toile.
Through which this ſhield of loue I iate haue wonne,
And purchaſed this peereleſſe beauties ſpoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne,
But ſince ye ſo deſire, your will be donne.
Then hearke ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard miſhaps, that ye may learne to ſhonne ;
For though ſweet loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowmed priſe
Flew firſt abroad, and all mens eares poſſeſt
I hauing armes then taken, gan auiſe
To winne me honour by ſome noble geſt,
And purchaſe me ſome place amongſt the beſt.
I boldly thought (ſo young mens thoughts are bold)
That this fame braue emprize for me did reſt,
And that both ſhield and ſhe whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot ; ſith all by lot we hold.

So on that hard aduenture forth I went,
And to the place of perill ſhortly came.
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame ;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus*, both long ſince this fame,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pauement were with yuory ſpilt.

And it was ſeated in an Iſland ſtrong,
Abounding all with delices moſt rare,

l. 49. '*gilt*.'



And wall'd by nature gainſt inuaders wrong,
That none mote haue acceſſe, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that paſſage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
With curious Corbes and pendants grauen faire,
And arched all with porches, did arize
On ſtately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke guize.

And / for defence thereof, on th'other end
There reared was a caſtle faire and ſtrong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges ſides along,
Gainſt all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whoſe office was, againſt all nanner wights
By all meanes to maintaine, that caſtels ancient rights.

Before that Caſtle was an open plaine,
And in the midſt thereof a piller placed;
On which this ſhield, of many fought in vaine,
The ſhield of Loue, whoſe guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble ſtone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Bleſſed the man that well can vſe his blis:
VVhoſe euer be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.

Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that aduentures hap:
Ne ſtayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my ſpeare vpon the ſhield did rap,

l. 58, (*arched . . . porches*): l. 68, '*ancients*' misprint of '96: l. 78, '*yearne.*'

That all the caſtle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth iſſewd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And brauely mounted to his moſt miſhap:
Who ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his horſes hoofe.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune ſhortly him vnſeated.
Eftſoones out ſprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:/
So all the twenty I likewiſe entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the ſhield, with me it did retaine.

So forth without impediment I paſt,
Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came:
The which I found ſure lockt and chained faſt.
I knockt, but no man aunſwred me by name;
I cald, but no man anſwerd to my clame.
Yet I perſeuer'd ſtill to knocke and call,
Till at the laſt I ſpide within the ſame,
Where one ſtood peeping through a creuis ſmall;
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Vnto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backeward bent,
Therein reſembling *Ianus* auncient,

l. 103, ; for ,—accepted, and so ll. 117, 130.

Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare :
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome proued perill he did feare,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoſe cauſe did not appeare.

On th'one ſide he, on th'other ſate *Delay*,
Behinde the gate, that none her might eſpy ;
Whoſe manner was all paſſengers to ſtay,
And entertaine with her occaſions ſly ;
Through which ſome loſt great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe ;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languiſhing there in vnpittied paine,
And ſeeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.

Me / when as he had priuily eſpide,
Bearing the ſhield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it ſtreight, and to me opened wide.
So in I paſt, and ſtreight he cloſed the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in cloſe awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to ſtay,
Feigning full many a fond excuſe to prate,
And time to ſteale, the threaſure of mans day ;
Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

But by no meanes my way I would forſlow,
For ought that euer ſhe could doe or ſay,
But from my lofty ſteede diſmounting low,
Paſt forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and ſtones of rich aſſay,
Caſt into ſundry ſhapes by wondrous ſkill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may :

l. 138 within ( ).

And vnderneath, the riuer rolling ſtill (will.
With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerue the workmans

Thence forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
The *Gate of good deſert*, whoſe goodly pride
And coſtly frame, were long here to relate.
The ſame to all ſtoode alwaies open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That ſtopt the entraunce with his ſpacious ſtride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter would.

His name was *Daunger* dreaded ouer all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forſtall,
And faint-heart-fooles, whom ſhew of perill hard /
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts at firſt eſpiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching ſcard;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faireſt hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the ſternneſſe of his looke abide,
But ſoone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe ſome other, that in hard aſſaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like waies,
Crept in by ſtouping low, or ſtealing of the kaies.

l. 150, '*dradded*': l. 154, '*award.*'

But I though meaneſt man of many moe,
Yet much diſdaining vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, ſo in to goe,
Reſolu'd him to aſſault with manhood ſtout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eftſoones aduauncing that enchaunted ſhield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he ſaw, the glaiue which he did wield
He gan forthwith t'auale, and way vnto me yield.

So as I entred, I did backeward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did earſt appere.
For hatred, murther, treaſon, and deſpight,
With many moe lay in ambuſhment there,
Awayting to entrap the wareleſſe wight,
Which did not them preuent with vigilant foreſight.

Thus / hauing paſt all perill, I was come
Within the compaſſe of that Iſlands ſpace;
The which did ſeeme vnto my ſimple doome,
The onely pleaſant and delightfull place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of ſubſtance baſe,
Was there, and all that nature did omit,
Art playing ſecond natures part, ſupplyed it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From loweſt Iuniper to Ceder tall,

l. 168, '*meaneſt*' is misprinted '*neareſt*' in '96: l. 179, (*whereof . . tooke*): l. 194, (*playing . . . part*).

No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with bloſſomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor ſenſe of man ſo coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to pleaſe it ſelfe withall;
Nor hart could wiſh for any queint deuice,
But there it preſent was, and did fraile ſenſe entice.

In ſuch luxurious plentie of all pleaſure,
It ſeem'd a ſecond paradiſe to gheſſe,
So lauiſhly enricht with natures threaſure,
That if the happie ſoules, which doe poſſeſſe
Th'Elyſian fields, and liue in laſting bleſſe,
Should happen this with liuing eye to ſee,
They ſoone would loath their leſſer happineſſe,
And wiſh to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

Freſh ſhadowes, fit to ſhroud from ſunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the ſunne in ſeaſon dew;
Sweet ſprings, in which a thouſand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle ſlomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, diſloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to ſolace louers trew;
Falſe Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature ſelfe amaze.

And all without were walkes and all eyes dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleaſant arbors pight,
And ſhadie ſeates, and ſundry flowring bankes,

l. 205, '*bee*' (*sic*): l. 211, '*gheſſe*' (*sic*)—the two words misplaced.

To ſit and reſt the walkers wearie ſhankes,
And therein thouſand payres of louers walkt,
Prayſing their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne euer ought but of their true loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All theſe together by themſelues did ſport
Their ſpotleſſe pleaſures, and ſweet loues content.
But farre away from theſe, another ſort
Of louers lincked in true harts conſent;
Which loued not as theſe, for like intent,
But on chaſt vertue grounded their deſire,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandiſhment;
Which in their ſpirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deedes did euermore aſpire.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hyllus* deare;
Trew *Ionathan*, and *Dauid* truſtie tryde;
Stout *Theſeus*, and *Pirithous* his feare;
Pylades and *Oreſtes* by his ſyde;
Myld *Titus* and *Geſippus* without pryde;
Damon and *Pythias* whom death could not ſeuer;
All theſe and all that euer had bene tyde,
In bands of friendſhip there did liue for euer,
Whoſe liues although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

Which / when as I, that neuer taſted blis,
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endleſſe happineſſe enuye,
That being free from feare and gealoſye,

l. 239, '*inſpire*' 1611 : l. 240, '*Hylus*' : l. 242, '*Perithous.*'

Might frankely there their loues deſire poſſeſſe;
Whileſt I through paines and perlous ieopardie,
Was forſt to ſeeke my liſes deare patroneſſe:
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard diſtreſſe.

Yet all thoſe ſights, and all that elſe I ſaw,
Might not my ſteps withhold, but that forthright
Vnto that purpoſd place I did me draw,
Where as my loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of loue the mother,
Where worſhipped of euery liuing wight;
Whoſe goodly workmanſhip farre paſt all other
That euer were on earth, all were they ſet together.

Not that ſame famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whoſe hight all *Epheſus* did ouerſee,
And which all *Aſia* ſought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds ſeuen wonders ſayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wiſe King of *Iurie* framed,
With endleſſe coſt, to be th'Almighties ſee;
Nor all that elſe through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

I much admyring that ſo goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approcht, which open ſtood;
But therein ſate an amiable Dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,/
And in her ſemblant ſhewed great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore much like vnto a Daniſk hood

Poudred with pearle and ſtone, and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

On either ſide of her, two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another ;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other :
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*,
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother ;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Then th'elder, and him mayſtered ſtill in all debate.

Nathleſſe that Dame ſo well them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did ſtand,
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his yron tuſkes at that diſpleaſing ſight.

Concord ſhe cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*, and *Friendſhip* trew ;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly ſeed,
And ſhe her ſelfe likewiſe diuinely grew ;
The which right well her workes diuine did ſhew :
For ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſſe ſhe lends,
And ſtrife, and warre, and anger does ſubdew :
Of litle much, of foes ſhe maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

l. 284, '*adowne*.'

By / her the heauen is in his courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate vnmoued ſtands,
As their Almightie maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inuiolable bands;
Elſe would the waters ouerflow the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands.
She is the nourſe of pleaſure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right. 32

By her I entring halfe diſmayed was,
But ſhe in gentle wiſe me entertayned,
And twixt her ſelfe and loue did let me pas;
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue reſtrayned,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull ſpeach
Him from his wicked will vneath refrayned;
And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly paſt the perill of his reach.

Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came, 33
Which fuming all with frankinſence I found,
And odours riſing from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, & chaynes, and girlands gay
And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad louers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was ſtrow'd with flowres, as freſh a May.

l. 317, '*hell*'—Dr. Morris annotates here—"*hell* (so all copies). Son editors have suggested '*mell*'=confound; but '*hell*'=O. E. hill or he =cover, which agrees with its nominative '*waters.*'—'*And fire devoure t ayre*' is a parenthetical clause": l. 338, cap. M in may—accepted.



An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the Temple ſwet,
Which rould in clouds to heauen did aſpire,/
And in them bore true louers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred braſen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous deſire,
Euery of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the Prieſts were damzels, in ſoft linnen dight.

Right in the midſt the Goddeſſe ſelfe did ſtand
Vpon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance was vneath to vnderſtand:
For neither pretious ſtone, nor dureſull braſſe,
Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect, and like to chriſtall glaſſe,
Yet glaſſe was not, if one did rightly deeme,
But being faire and brickle, likeſt glaſſe did ſeeme.

But it in ſhape and beautie did excell
All other Idoles, which the heathen adore
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing ſkill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Iſle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But couered with a ſlender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a ſnake, whoſe head & tail were faſt cõbyned.

The cauſe why ſhe was couered with a vele,
Was hard to know, for that her Prieſts the ſame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele.
Butſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,

Nor any blemiſh, which the worke mote blame;
But for, they ſay, ſhe hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She ſyre and mother is her ſelfe alone,
Begets and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

And / all about her necke and ſhoulders flew
A flocke of litle loues, and ſports, and ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoſe ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whileſt their eldeſt brother was away,
Cupid their eldeſt brother; he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with Lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

And all about her altar, ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of louers piteouſly complayning,
Some of their loſſe, ſome of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdayning,
Some fearing fraud, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As euery one had cauſe of good or ill.
Amongſt the reſt ſome one through loues conſtray
Tormented ſore, could not containe it ſtill,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill.

Great *Venus*, Queene of beautie and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder ſkie
Doeſt fayreſt ſhine, and moſt adorne thy place,
That with thy ſmyling looke doeſt pacifie
The raging ſeas, and makſt the ſtormes to flie;
Thee goddeſſe, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,

l. 380, '*elder*': l. 384, , after '*altar*'—accepted.



And when thou ſpredſt thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and pleaſant lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & al the world ſhews ioyous cheare.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres ;
And then all liuing wights, ſoone as they ſee
The ſpring breake forth out of his luſty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours ;
Firſt doe the merry birds, thy prety pages
Priuily pricked with thy luſtfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the ſaluage beaſts begin to play
Their pleaſant friſkes, and loath their wonted food ;
The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepeſt flood
To come where thou doeſt draw them with deſire :
So all things elſe, that nouriſh vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doeſt them inſpire,
In generation ſeeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at firſt was made,
And dayly yet thou doeſt the ſame repayre :
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and fayre,
But thou the ſame for pleaſure didſt prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great God of men and women, queene of th'ayre,

l. 403, ; for ,—accepted.

Mother of laughter, and welſpring of bliſſe,
O graunt that of my loue at laſt I may not miſſe.

So did he ſay: but I with murmure ſoft,
That none might heare the ſorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and ſighing oft,
Beſought her to graunt eaſe vnto my ſmart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whileſt thus I ſpake, behold with happy eye
I ſpyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
A beuie of fayre damzels cloſe did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme ſhould be ſung on hye.

The / firſt of them did ſeeme of ryper yeares,
And grauer countenance then all the reſt;
Yet all the reſt were eke her equall peares,
Yet vnto her obayed all the beſt.
Her name was *VVomanhood*, that ſhe expreſt
By her ſad ſemblant and demeanure wyſe:
For ſtedfaſt ſtill her eyes did fixed reſt,
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guyſe,
Whoſe luring baytes oftimes doe heedleſſe harts entyſe.

And next to her ſate goodly *Shamefaſtneſſe*,
Ne euer durſt her eyes from ground vpreare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her deſſe,
As if ſome blame of euill ſhe did feare,
That in her cheekes made roſes oft appeare:
And her againſt ſweet *Cherefulneſſe* was placed,
Whoſe eyes like twinkling ſtars in euening cleare,
Were deckt with ſmyles, that all ſad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.



And next to her ſate ſober *Modeſtie*,
Holding her hand vpon her gentle hart;
And her againſt ſate comely *Curteſie*,
That vnto euery perſon knew her part;
And her before was ſeated ouerthwart
Soft *Silence*, and ſubmiſſe *Obedience*,
Both linckt together neuer to diſpart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints againſt their foes offence.

Thus ſate they all around in ſeemely rate:
And in the midſt of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of *VVomanhood* there ſate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd, /
With ſiluer ſtreames amongſt the linnen ſtray'd;
Like to the Morne, when firſt her ſhyning face
Hath to the gloomy world it ſelfe bewray'd,
That ſame was fayreſt *Amoret* in place,
Shyning with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

Whom ſoone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what beſt were to be donne:
For ſacrilege me ſeem'd the Church to rob,
And folly ſeem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
Which with ſo ſtrong attempt I had begonne.
Tho ſhaking off all doubt and ſhamefaſt feare,
Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
Mongſt men of worth, I to her ſtepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

l. 464, '*girlonds*'—*sic* in all: Church suggests '*gardians*,' Collier '*guerdons*.'

Thereat that formoſt matrone me did blame,
And ſharpe rebuke, for being ouer bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnſeemely ſhame,
Vpon a recluſe Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* ſeruices was ſold.
To whom I thus. Nay but it fitteth beſt,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold,
For ill your goddeſſe ſeruices are dreſt
By virgins, and her ſacrifices let to reſt.

With that my ſhield I forth to her did ſhow,
Which all that while I cloſely had conceld;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow,
And cruell ſhafts emblazond ſhe beheld,
At ſight thereof ſhe was with terror queld,
And ſaid no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like warie Hynd within the weedie foyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe ſo glorious ſpoyle.

And / euermore vpon the Goddeſſe face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I ſaw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And nought for niceneſſe nor for enuy ſparing,
In preſence of them all forth led her thence:
All looking on, and like aſtoniſht ſtaring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

l. 499, '*warie*'—Church and Upton would read '*wearic*': l. 502, : for , —accepted: l. 504, '*on*' for 'at' of '96—accepted: l. 505, ; for ,—accepted: l. 507, : substituted for , .



She often prayd, and often me beſought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching ſmyles: but yet for nought,
That euer ſhe to me could ſay or doe,
Could ſhe her wiſhed freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly paſt with much adoe:
But that ſame Ladie which me friended late
In entrance, did me alſo friend in my retrate.

No leſſe did Daunger threaten me with dread,
When as he ſaw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious ſpoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure.
But euermore my ſhield did me defend,
Againſt the ſtorme of euery dreadfull ſtoure:
Thus ſafely with my loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

l. 519, capital D—our correction in '*daunger*.' So too p. 213, ll. 33, 34, in '*Horror*' and '*Darkneſſe*.'

Cant. XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
and feaſts the Sea-gods all.

BVt ah for pittie that I haue thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languiſhing in payne:
Now well away, that I haue doen ſuch wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remayne,
In bands of loue, and in ſad thraldomes chayne;
From which vnleſſe ſome heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That even to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Vnlouely *Proteus*, miſſing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her conſtant mind could moue at all he ſaw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.



Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor braſen locke
Did neede to gard from force, or ſecret theft
Of / all her louers, which would her haue reft.
For wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft ;
Beſides ten thouſand monſters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

And in the midſt thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkeneſſe dredd, that neuer viewed day,
Like to the balefull houſe of loweſt hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway,
Old *Styx* the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this luckleſſe mayd ſeuen months abide,
Ne euer euening ſaw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night deſcride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her deſpyſd (ah who would her deſpyſe ?)
And wemens loue did from his hart expell,
And all thoſe ioyes that weake mankind entyſe.
Nathleſſe his pride full dearely he did pryſe ;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell ſtroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother ſought,
And many ſalues did to his ſore applie,

l. 32, , after '*grieſly*'—accepted : l. 34, '*arad* : l. 37, misprinted '*Gramdame*' '96 : *ib.* (*Old . . . Gods*) : l. 38, '*three.*'

And many herbes did vſe. But when as nought
She ſaw could eaſe his rankling maladie,
At laſt to *Tryphon* ſhe for helpe did hie,
(This *Tryphon* is the ſeagods ſurgeon hight)
Whom ſhe beſought to find ſome remedie:
And for his paines a whiſtle him behight
That of a fiſhes ſhell was wrought with rare delight. /

So well that Leach did hearke to her requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his carefull paine,
That in ſhort ſpace his hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthfull ſtate againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who ſore againſt his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweſſe proued ouer all.

It fortun'd then, a ſolemne feaſt was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull ſeede,
In honour of the ſpouſalls, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;
Till now at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed.

So both agreed, that this their bridale feaſt
Should for the Gods in *Proteus* houſe be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both moſt and leaſt,
Aſwell which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in riuers ſwim, or brookes doe wade.



All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of braſſe I had,
And endleſſe memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, O thou ſacred imp of *Ioue*,
The nourſling of Dame *Memorie* his deare,
To whom thoſe rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To / which no wit of man may comen neare ;
Helpe me to tell the names of all thoſe floods,
And all thoſe Nymphes, which then aſſembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their ſundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

Firſt came great *Neptune* with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them riſe or fall ;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall :
And by his ſide his Queene with coronall,
Faire *Amphitrite*, moſt diuinely faire,
Whoſe yuorie ſhoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne ſiluer haire,
And deckt with pearles, which th'Indian ſeas for her prepaire.

Theſe marched farre afore the other crew ;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet ſhrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall iſſue came,
Which of them ſprung by lineall deſcent :

l. 98, '*deawy*.'

Firſt the Sea-gods, which to themſelues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom thoſe old Heroes wonne ſuch fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wiſe ſouthſayes vnderſtood;
And tragicke *Inoes* ſonne, the which became
A God of ſeas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is ſaylers frend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Aſtræus*, that did ſhame
Himſelfe with inceſt of his kin vnkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempeſts ſtill portend. /

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias* louely brethren both;
Mightie *Chryſaor*, and *Caïcus* ſtrong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphœmus*, that vpon them go'th
As on the ground, without diſmay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius* that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There alſo ſome moſt famous founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the world poſſeſt;
Yet ſonnes of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncienteſt,
And *Inachus* renowmd aboue the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor* beſt;
And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold
And warlike people, which the *Britaine* Iſlands hold.

l. 117, see Glossary, *s.n.*: l. 127, '*go'th*' for '*goth*'—accepted.

For *Albion* the ſonne of *Neptune* was,
Who for the proofe of his great puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pas
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did aduance
To vanquiſh all the world with matchleſſe might,
And there his mortall part by great miſchance
Was ſlaine: but that which is th'immortall ſpright
Liues ſtill: and to this feaſt with *Neptunes* ſeed was dight.

But what doe I their names ſeeke to reherſe,
Which all the world haue with their iſſue fild?
How can they all in this ſo narrow verſe
Contayned be, and in ſmall compaſſe hild?
Let / them record them, that are better ſkild,
And know the moniments of paſſed times:
Onely what needeth, ſhall be here fulfild,
T'expreſſe ſome part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* do deriue their parentage.

Next came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
Old *Tethys*, th'oldeſt two of all the reſt;
For all the reſt of thoſe two parents came,
Which afterward both ſea and land poſſeſt:
Of all which *Nereus* th'eldeſt, and the beſt,
Did firſt proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt;
Moſt voide of guile, moſt free from ſowle deſpight,
Doing him ſelfe, and teaching others to doe right.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,

l. 155, '*times*'—after a long interval, another of Spenser's neglects in rhyme-word, which should be '*age*' of course: l. 160, ; for ,—accepted.

Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous priſe
The faire Tindarid laſſe, he him fortold,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally deſtroy
Proud *Priams* towne. So wiſe is *Nereus* old,
And ſo well ſkild; nathleſſe he takes great ioy
Oft-times amõgſt the wanton Nymphs to ſport and toy.

And after him the famous riuers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the ſkie;
Faire Iſter, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus, gliſtring with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whoſe ſtreames of none may be withſtood./

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempeſtuous Phaſides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ſtill immaculate:
Ooraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe poſſeſſe the ſame.

Ioy on thoſe warlike women, which ſo long
Can from all men ſo rich a kingdome hold;

l. 184, , after '*Pactolus*'—accepted.

And ſhame on you, ô men, which boaſt your ſtrong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts leſſe hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conqueſt of that land of gold.
But this to you, ô Britons, moſt pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it ſelfe hath ſold ;
The which for ſparing litle coſt or paines,
Looſe ſo immortall glory, and ſo endleſſe gaines.

Then was there heard a moſt celeſtiall ſound,
Of dainty muſicke, which did next enſew
Before the ſpouſe : that was *Arion* crownd ;
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan ſeas from Pirates vew,
Stood ſtill by him aſtoniſht at his lore,
And all the raging ſeas for ioy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine.
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as beſt became
His auncient parents, namely th'auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Iſis rightly name ;
Full weake and crooked creature ſeemed ſhee,
And almoſt blind through eld, that ſcarce her way could ſee.

Therefore on either ſide ſhe was ſuſtained
Of two ſmal grooms, which by their names were hight
The *Churne*, and *Charwell*, two ſmall ſtreames, which
Them ſelues her footing to direct aright, (pained

Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was ſtronger, and of better ſtay;
Yet ſeem'd full aged by his outward ſight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with ſiluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

And eke he ſomewhat ſeem'd to ſtoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reaſon of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that ſhoote abrode,
And with their braunches ſpred all Britany,
No leſſe then do her elder ſiſters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double nourſery,
Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth *Thame* moſt glorify.

But he their ſonne full freſh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittering like Chriſtall glas,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were falſe or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that ſeemed ſtrange to common vew,
In which were many towres and caſtels ſet,
That it encompaſt round as with a golden fret./

Like as the mother of the Gods, they ſay,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *Ioues* pallace ſhe doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant.
With ſuch an one was Thamis beautifide;

l. 234, '*make-abode.*'

That was to weet the famous Troynouant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly reſiant.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay ;
All little Riuers, which owe vaſſallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay :
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The moriſh Cole, and the ſoft fliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth looſe his way,
And the ſtill Darent, in whoſe waters cleane
Ten thouſand fiſhes play, and decke his pleaſant ſtreame.

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the Engliſh ſoile throughout ;
They all on him this day attended well ;
And with meet ſeruice waited him about ;
Ne none diſdained low to him to lout :
No not the ſtately Seuerne grudg'd at all,
Ne ſtorming Humber, though he looked ſtout ;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their ſwelling waters low before him fall.

There was the ſpeedy Tamar, which deuides
The Corniſh and the Deuoniſh confines ;
Through both whoſe borders ſwiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines :
And Dart, nigh chockt with ſands of tinny mines.
But Auon marched in more ſtately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as alf' of wondrous Bath,
And Briſtow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

l. 280, '*choakt.*'

And there came Stoure with terrible aſpect,
Bearing his ſixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his courſe through Blandford plains direct,
And waſheth Winborne meades in ſeaſon drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with paſſage ſlye,
That of his wylineſſe his name doth take,
And of him ſelfe doth name the ſhire thereby;
And Mole, that like a nouſling Mole doth make
His way ſtill vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing faſt to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleaſant floods
The Eaſterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, ſoft waſhing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a preſent ioyfully
Of his owne fiſh vnto their feſtiuall,
Whoſe like none elſe could ſhew, the which they Ruffins (call.

Next theſe the plenteous Ouſe came far from land,
By many a city, and by many a towne,
And many riuers taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he paſſeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit;
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muſe, and many a learned wit./

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old ſawes proue true (which God forbid)

l. 307, *'Guant'* in '96, 1609, etc.—Professor Child first suggested *'Grant'*, which I accept; but see Glossary, *s.v.*: l. 308, ; for ,.



Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the *Nene* downe ſoftly ſlid ;
And bounteous Trent, that in him ſelfe enſeames
Both thirty ſorts of fiſh, and thirty ſundry ſtreames.

Next theſe came Tyne, along whoſe ſtony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a braſen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons ſtrongly flancke
Againſt the Pictſ, that ſwarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualſeuer they doe call :
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany : And Eden though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tyned on his ſtrand.

Then came thoſe ſixe ſad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell ;
Still Vre, ſwift Werſe, and Oze the moſt of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troublous Skell ;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

But paſt not long, ere *Brutus* warlicke ſonne
Locrinus them aueng'd, and the ſame date,
Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate :

l. 342, '*doome.*'

For / in the ſelfe ſame riuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the riuer of his wretched fate;
Whoſe bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft toſſed with his ſtormes, which therein ſtill remaine.

Theſe after, came the ſtony ſhallow Lone,
That to old Loncaſter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diuine, that doth by Cheſter tend;
And Conway which out of his ſtreame doth ſend
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth moſt commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All theſe together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

Ne thence the Iriſhe Riuers abſent were:
Sith no leſſe famous then the reſt they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why ſhould they not likewiſe in loue agree,
And ioy likewiſe this ſolemne day to ſee?
They ſaw it all, and preſent were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the ſaluage cũtreis, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The ſandy Slane, the ſtony Aubrian,
The ſpacious Shenan ſpreading like a ſea,
The pleaſant Boyne, the fiſhy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the Engliſh man
Is cal'de Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerran,

l. 355, : substituted for , ; and so l. 357 : l. 361, ? for .



Strong *Allo* tombling from Slewlogher ſteep,
And *Mulla* mine, whoſe waues I whilom taught to weep./

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great Gyant *Blomius* begot,
Of the faire Nimph *Rheuſa* wandring there.
One day, as ſhe to ſhunne the ſeaſon whot,
Vnder Slewbloome in ſhady groue was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd :
Whereof conceiuing, ſhe in time forth brought
Theſe three faire ſons, which being thẽce forth powrd
In three great riuers ran, and many countreis ſcowrd.

The firſt, the gentle Shure, that making way
By ſweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford ;
The next, the ſtubborne Newre, whoſe waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roſſeponte boord ;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe boſome :
All which long ſundred, doe at laſt accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the ſea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at laſt become.

There alſo was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleaſaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The ſpreading Lee, that like an Iſland fayre
Encloſeth Corke with his deuided flood ;
And balefull Oure, late ſtaind with Engliſh blood :
With many more, whoſe names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order ſeemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull ſeruice, as to them befell.

l. 378, '*hot*': l. 380, : for ,—accepted : l. 384, , after '*Shure*'—accepted : l. 387, ; for ,—accepted.

Then came the Bride, the louely *Medua* came,
Clad in a veſture of vnknowen geare,
And vncouth faſhion, yet her well became ;
That ſeemd like ſiluer, ſprinckled here and theare
With / glittering ſpangs, that did like ſtarres appeare,
And wau'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it ſelfe, to let men plainely wot,
It was no mortall worke, that ſeem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Vnto her waſte, with flowres beſcattered,
The which ambroſiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her ſhoulders ſpred
As a new ſpring ; and likewiſe on her hed
A Chapelet of ſundry flowers ſhe wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour ſhed,
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the *Theiſe*, the other cald the *Crane* ;
Which on her waited, things amiſſe to mend,
And both behind vpheld her ſpredding traine ;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her ſiluer feet, faire waſht againſt this day :
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Doune* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepard her way.

And after theſe the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,

l. 402, '*louing.*'



Whom of their ſire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
The gray eyde *Doris*: all which fifty are;
All which ſhe there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucrate*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, ſweete *Eudore*, *Sao* ſad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad. /

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dynamene*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Paſithee*, kinde *Eulimene*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and ſweete *Melite*,
Faireſt *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agaue*, *Poris*, and *Neſæa*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delite,
And *Panopæ*, and wiſe *Protomedæa*,
And ſnowy neckd *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa*.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaſte *Actea*,
Large *Liſianaſſa*, and *Pronæa* ſage,
Euagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And ſhe, that with her leaſt word can aſſwage
The ſurging ſeas, when they do foreſt rage,
Cymodocè, and ſtout *Autonoe*,
And *Neſo*, and *Eione* well in age,
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile, *Glauconome*,
And ſhe that hight of many heaſtes *Polynome*,

Freſh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with ſalt bedewed wreſts:
Laomedia, like the chriſtall ſheene;
Liagore, much praiſd for wiſe beheſts;

l. 436, '*Eudore*'—Professor Childs' correction of '*Endore*' 1596, 1609, etc.

And *Pſamathe*, for her brode ſnowy breſts ;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiſte* iuſt ;
And ſhe that vertue loues and vice deteſts
Euarna, and *Menippe* true in truſt,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her luſt.

All theſe the daughters of old *Nereus* were,
Which haue the ſea in charge to them aſſinde,
To rule his tides, and ſurges to vprere,
To bring forth ſtormes, or ſaſt them to vpbinde.
And / ſailers ſaue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet beſides three thouſand more there were
Of th'Oceans ſeede, but *Ioues* and *Phœbus* kinde ;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nouriſh with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the ſands, or count the ſtarres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that theſe which I deſcry,
Were preſent at this great ſolemnity :
And there amongſt the reſt, the mother was
Of luckeleſſe *Marinell Cymodoce*,
Which, for my Muſe her ſelfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpas.

l. 471, '*but*'—*sic* '96, 1609, 1611, etc.—some would read '*both*.'

Cant. XII.

Marin for loue of Florimell,
In languor waſtes his life:
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.

O What an endleſſe worke haue I in hand,
To count the ſeas abundant progeny,
Whoſe fruitfull ſeede farre paſſeth thoſe in land,
And alſo thoſe which wonne in th'azure ſky?
For much more eath to tell the ſtarres on hy,
Albe they endleſſe ſeeme in eſtimation,
Then to recount the Seas poſterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and ſo numberleſſe their nation. /

Therefore the antique wiſards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the fomy ſea was bred;
For that the ſeas by her are moſt augmented.
Witneſſe th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous ſholes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of riuers yet vnred:
For though their numbers do much more ſurmount,
Yet all thoſe ſame were there, which erſt I did recount.

All thoſe were there, and many other more,
Whoſe names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* houſe they fild euen to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees diſpoſed well.
Amongſt the reſt, was faire *Cymodoce*,
The mother of vnlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and ſee
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet bee.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall ſire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall Gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vncouth place,
That ſeem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a diſauentrous caſe.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous clieffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteouſly complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which neuer ſhe before diſcloſd to none,
But / to her ſelfe her ſorrow did bemone.
So feelingly her caſe ſhe did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky ſtone,
And made it ſeeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine.

Though vaine I ſee my ſorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,

l. 45, , for . —accepted, and l. 46.



Yet hoping griefe may leſſen being told,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare :
For heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight ;
And loweſt hell, to which I lie moſt neare,
Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight ;
And greedy ſeas doe in the ſpoile of life delight.

Yet loe the ſeas I ſee by often beating,
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardeſt marble weares ;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares.
Yet though he neuer liſt to me relent,
But let me waſte in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his ſake I ſuffer priſonment.

And when my weary ghoſt with griefe outworne,
By timely death ſhall winne her wiſhed reſt,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profeſt,
To let her die, whom he might haue redreſt.
There did ſhe pauſe, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the paſſion, that her heart oppreſt,
And after ſhe had wept and wail'd a ſpace,
She gan afreſh thus to renew her wretched caſe. /

Ye Gods of ſeas, if any Gods at all
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall,
Deliuer hence out of this dungeon ſtrong,
In which I daily dying am too long.

And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlou'd, or loue him ſelfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let mee liue, as louers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare loue beloued be:
And if he ſhall through pride your doome vndo,
Do you by dureſſe him compell thereto,
And in this priſon put him here with me:
One priſon fitteſt is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or ſuch freedome let it ſurely be.

But ô vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the priſoner points vnto the free;
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he liſt goes looſe, and laughes at me.
So euer looſe, ſo euer happy be.
But where ſo looſe or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that ſhe wept and wail'd, as if her hart (ſmart.
Would quite haue burſt through great abũdance of her

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderſtood the cauſe of all her care
To come of him, for vſing her ſo hard,
His ſtubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare
Was / toucht with ſoft remorſe and pitty rare;
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wiſh, that in his powre it weare

l. 97, ; substituted for comma, and ! of 1609.

Her to redreſſe: but ſince he meanes found none
He could no more but her great miſery bemone.

Thus whilſt his ſtony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame *Venus* ſonne that tameth ſtubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his mayſtring bridle threw,
That made him ſtoupe, till he did him beſtride:
Then gan he make him tread his ſteps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuiſe,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wiſe
To *Proteus* ſelfe to ſue for her diſcharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainſt womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with ſword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to conſtraine:
But ſoone he gan ſuch folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he caſt to ſteale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or iſſue forth below:
For all about that rocke the ſea did flow.
And though vnto his will ſhe giuen were,
Yet without ſhip or bote her thence to row,
He wiſt not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wiſt long to continue there. /

l. 114, '*was toucht*' before '*with*': l. 115, '*And mighty courage ſomething.*'

At laſt when as no meanes he could inuent,
Backe to him ſelfe, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her puniſhment;
And with vile curſes, and reprochfull ſhame
To damne him ſelfe by euery euill name;
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had deſpiſde ſo chaſt and faire a dame,
Which him had fought through trouble & lõg ſtriſe;
Yet had refuſde a God that her had fought to wife.

In this ſad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had loſt him ſelfe, he wiſt not where;
Oft liſtening if he mote her heare againe;
And ſtill bemoning her vnworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde whoſe calfe is falne vnwares
Into ſome pit, where ſhe him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit ſide fares,
Right ſorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this the feaſt was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to reſort.
Which ſeeing *Marinell*, was ſore offended,
That his departure thence ſhould be ſo ſhort,
And leaue his loue in that ſea-walled fort.
Yet durſt he not his mother diſobay,
But her attending in full ſeemly ſort,
Did march amongſt the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one aſtray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In ſolitary ſilence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable ſtowre,
In which his wretched loue lay day and night,

For / his deare ſake, that ill deſeru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierſt his hart ſo deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly ſleepe,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languiſht, and alone did weepe.

That in ſhort ſpace his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely ſpirits deaded quight:
His cheeke bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had loſt their knowen might,
That nothing like himſelfe he ſeem'd in ſight.
Ere long ſo weake of limbe, and ſicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he note ſtand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghoſt, vnable once to ſtirre or moue.

Which when his mother ſaw, ſhe in her mind
Was troubled ſore, ne wiſt well what to weene,
Ne could by ſearch nor any meanes out find
The ſecret cauſe and nature of his teene,
Whereby ſhe might apply ſome medicine;
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to ſee her loſſe before her eyne,
Which grieu'd her more, that ſhe it could not mend:
To ſee an helpleſſe euill, double griefe doth lend.

Nought could ſhe read the roote of his diſeaſe,
Ne weene what miſter maladie it is,
Whereby to ſeeke ſome meanes it to appeaſe.
Moſt did ſhe thinke, but moſt ſhe thought amis,
That that ſame former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
But cloſely rankled under th'orifis:

Leaſt did ſhe thinke, that which he moſt concealed,
That loue it was, which in his hart lay vnreuealed. /

Therefore to *Tryphon* ſhe againe doth haſt,
And him doth chyde as falſe and fraudulent,
That fayld the truſt, which ſhe in him had plaſt,
To cure her ſonne, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was falne into new languiſhment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her patient;
Where ſearching euery part, her well aſſured,
That it was no old ſore, which his new paine procured.

But that it was ſome other maladie,
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not diſcerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himſelfe ſhe came, and him beſought,
Now with faire ſpeches, now with threatnings ſterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reueale: who ſtill her anſwered, there was nought.

Nathleſſe ſhe reſted not ſo ſatisfide,
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the ſhinie heauen in haſte ſhe hide,
And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who ſoone as he had ſought
Through his diſeaſe, did by and by out find,
That he did languiſh of ſome inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued mind;
Which loue he red to be, that leads each liuing kind.

l. 210, ; for ,—accepted: l. 212, '*That no old ſore it was*' (1611): l. 216, '*yerne*': l. 227, '*out-find.*'

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her ſonne, gan firſt to ſcold,
And chyde at him, that made her miſbelieue:
But / afterwards ſhe gan him ſoft to ſhrieue,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to diſcloſe,
Which of the Nymphes his heart ſo ſore did mieue.
For ſure ſhe weend it was ſome one of thoſe,
Which he had lately ſeene, that for his loue he choſe.

Now leſſe ſhe feared that ſame fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures ſead,
For loue of Nymphes ſhe thought ſhe need not care,
But promiſt him, what euer wight ſhe weare,
That ſhe her loue, to him would ſhortly gaine:
So he her told: but ſoone as ſhe did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan a freſh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

Yet ſince ſhe ſaw the ſtreight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to ſcan the prophecie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or falſe had ſayd,
That his decay ſhould happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How ſhe that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To *Proteus* ſelfe to few ſhe thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* ſelfe did goe,

And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble ſuit vnto his Maieſtie,
To graunt to her, her ſonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had preſumpteouſlie
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die./

To whom God *Neptune* ſoftly ſmyling, thus;
Daughter me ſeemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainſt one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the ſeas ſole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cauſe; the truth diſcouer plaine.
For neuer wight ſo euill did or thought,
But would ſome rightfull cauſe pretend, though rightly nought.

To whom ſhe anſwerd, Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my ſonne to die;
For that a waiſt, the which by fortune came
Vpon your ſeas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waiſt by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maieſtie,
It to repleuie, and my ſonne repriue:
So ſhall you by one gift ſaue all vs three aliue.

He graunted it: and ſtreight his warrant made,
Vnder the Sea-gods ſeale autenticall,
Commaunding *Proteus* ſtraight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his ſeas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and ſithence kept as thrall,
Which ſhe receiuing with meete thankefulneſſe,
Departed ſtraight to *Proteus* therewithall:



Who reading it with inward loathfulneſſe,
Was grieued to reſtore the pledge, he did poſſeſſe.

Yet durſt he not the warrant to withſtand,
But vnto her deliuered *Florimell.*
Whom ſhe receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as ſhe mote well:
For / ſhe all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous, that ſhe gotten had
So faire a wife for her ſonne *Marinell.*
So home with her ſhe ſtreight the virgin lad,
And ſhewed her to him, then being ſore beſtad.

Who ſoone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eſtſoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her ſweet inſpection
And feeble ſpirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
And gins to ſpread his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.

Right ſo himſelfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
When he in place his deareſt loue did ſpy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former ſtrength returne ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearefull ſignes he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſſe was ſhe in ſecret hart affected,
But that ſhe maſked it with modeſtie,
For feare ſhe ſhould of lightneſſe be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

l. 320—after this in 1609 '*The end of the fourth Booke.*'



THE FIFTH
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL

OR

OF IVSTICE.

SO oft as I with ſtate of preſent time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quite out of ſquare,
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe,
And being once amiſſe growes daily wourſe and wourſe.

For from the golden age, that firſt was named,
It's now as earſt become a ſtonie one;

l. 1, '*Fift*': l. 5, '*Arthegall*,' as throughout: l. 10, , for .—accepted: l. 18, '*as*' accepted from 1611, for '*at*' of '96 and 1609.

And men themſelues, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardeſt ſtone:
Such as behind their backs (ſo backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered. /

Let none then blame me, if in diſcipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vſes lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of preſent dayes, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique vſe, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it ſelfe deſyred,
And all men ſought their owne, and none no more;
When Iuſtice was not for moſt meed outhyred,
But ſimple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice: and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo vſ'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are chaunged quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre from, where it firſt was pight,
And ſoe doe make contrarie conſtitution
Of all this lower world, toward his diſſolution.

For who ſo liſt into the heauens looke,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they firſt took
Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.

l. 25, '*degenered*' (1611).



For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their ſtepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plaſt of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the Bull, which fayre *Europa* bore.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of *Ioue*,
That they haue cruſht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemæan* lions groue.
So / now all range, and doe at randon roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amiſſe doe moue,
And all his creatures from their courſe aſtray,
Till they arriue at their laſt ruinous decay.

Ne is that ſame great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all theſe leſſer fyres,
In better caſe, ne keepes his courſe more right,
But is miſcaried with the other Spheres,
For ſince the terme of fourteene hundred fyeres,
That learned *Ptolomæe* his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake ;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forſake.

And if to thoſe Ægyptian wiſards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue beſt inſight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen, where he now doth Weſt,
And weſted twice, where he ought riſe aright.

l. 53, '*boæw*' : l. 69, '*thirtie*'—Dr. Morris queries '*thirteen*'? but it matters little which it be, as both are equally pseudo-scientific.

But moſt is *Mars* amiſſe of all the reſt,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be beſt.

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne it's ſayd,
That all the world with goodneſſe did abound:
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets ſound,
Peace vniuerſall rayn'd mongſt men and beaſts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iuſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemne feaſts,
And to all people did diuide her dred beheaſts. /

Moſt ſacred vertue ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his imperiall might;
Whoſe ſoueraine powre is herein moſt expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Iuſtice hath bedight.
That powre he alſo doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himſelfe in glorious ſight,
To ſit in his owne ſeate, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Souerayne Goddeſſe, that doeſt higheſt ſit
In ſeate of iudgement, in th'Almighties ſtead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doeſt to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheſt Nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldneſſe of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo diuine a read,
As thy great iuſtice prayſed ouer all:
The inſtrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall.*

1 83, '*no*' (1611): l. 88, '*drad*': l. 99, '*ſtead*' for '*place*'—accepted.

Cant. / *I.*

Artegall trayn'd in Iuſtice lore
Irenaes queſt purſewed,
He doeth auenge on Sanglier
his Ladies bloud embrewed.

THough vertue then were held in higheſt price,
In thoſe old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeede of vice
Began to ſpring which ſhortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe vp, inſpired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the ſient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

Such firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th'Eaſt before vntam'd did ouerronne,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly fordonne.
There Iuſtice firſt her princely rule begonne.
Next *Hercules* his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the Weſt with equall conqueſt wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club ſubdewed;
The club of Iuſtice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And ſuch was he, of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iuſtice *Artegall.*
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,/
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to ſuccour a diſtreſſed Dame,
Whom a ſtrong tyrant did vniuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage, which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Eirena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addreſſe,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gratious redreſſe.
That ſoueraine Queene, that mightie Empereſſe,
Whoſe glorie is to aide all ſuppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patroneſſe,
Choſe *Artegall* to right her to reſtore;
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkild in righteous lore.

For *Artegall* in iuſtice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Aſtræa*, with great induſtrie,
Whileſt here on earth ſhe liued mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iuſtice them inſtructed well.

Whiles through the world ſhe walked in this ſort,
Vpon a day ſhe found this gentle childe,

l. 33, 'Irena.

Amongſt his peres playing his childiſh ſport:
Whom ſeeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and ſpeaches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre ſhe brought
Into a caue from companie exilde,
In which ſhe nourſled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the diſcipline of iuſtice there him taught.

There / ſhe him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to meaſure out along,
According to the line of conſcience,
When ſo it needs with rigour to diſpence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She cauſed him to make experience
Vpon wyld beaſts, which ſhe in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppreſſing others of their kind.

Thus ſhe him trayned, and thus ſhe him taught,
In all the ſkill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripeneſſe of mans yeares he raught;
That euen wilde beaſts did feare his awfull ſight,
And men admyr'd his ouerruling might;
Ne any liu'd on ground, that durſt withſtand
His dreadfull heaſt, much leſſe him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When ſo he liſt in wrath liſt vp his ſteely brand.

Which ſteely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her ſlight
And earneſt ſearch, where it was kept in ſtore
In *Ioues* eternall houſe, vnwiſt of wight,

l. 78, '*dradded.*'

Since he himſelfe it vſ'd in that great fight
Againſt the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainſt higheſt heauen ; *Chryſaor* it was hight ;
Chryſaor that all other ſwords excelled,
Well prou'd in that ſame day, when *Ioue* thoſe Gyants (quelled.

For of moſt perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongſt the ſame,
And garniſht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wiſe, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no leſſe vertue, then of fame.
For there no ſubſtance was ſo firme and hard
But it would pierce or cleaue, where ſo it came ;
Ne any armour could his dint out ward,
But whereſoeuer it did light, it throughly ſhard.

Now when the world with ſinne gan to abound,
Aſtræa loathing lenger here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heauen, whence ſhe deriu'd her race ;
Where ſhe hath now an euerlaſting place,
Mongſt thoſe twelue ſignes, which nightly we doe ſee
The heauens bright-ſhining baudricke to enchace ;
And is the *Virgin*, ſixt in her degree,
And next her ſelfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when ſhe parted hence, ſhe left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her ſtedfaſt doome,
And willed him with *Artegall* to wend,
And doe what euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, reſiſtleſſe, without end.

Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he threſht out falſhood, and did truth vnfould.

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunſt to neede,
Againſt that cruell Tyrant, which oppreſt
The faire *Irena* with his foule miſdeede,
And kept the crowne in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they ſaw a Squire in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorowfull ſad tyne,
With many bitter teares ſhed from his blubbred eyne.

To / whom as they approched, they eſpide
A ſorie ſight, as euer ſeene with eye ;
An headleſſe Ladie lying him beſide,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in diſcolour die.
Much was he moued at that ruefull ſight ;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He aſkt, who had that Dame ſo fouly dight ;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight ?

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hee)
Burſting forth teares, like ſprings out of a banke,
That euer I this diſmall day did ſee :
Full farre was I from thinking ſuch a pranke ;
Yet litle loſſe it were, and mickle thanke,
If I ſhould graunt that I haue doen the ſame,
That I mote drinke the cup, whereof ſhe dranke :
But that I ſhould die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with ſhame.

Who was it then (ſayd *Artegall*) that wrought ?
And why ? doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight (ſaid he) if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
With a fayre loue, whoſe loſſe I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in companie
This luckleſſe Ladie, which now here doth headleſſe lie.

He, whether mine ſeem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me ; but I did it denye ;
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,/
But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride vpblowne,
Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
But hauing from his courſer her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawleſſe might,
And on his ſteed her ſet, to beare her out of ſight.

Which when his Ladie ſaw, ſhe follow'd faſt,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not ſo to leaue her, nor away to caſt,
But rather of his hand beſought to die.
With that his ſword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one ſtroke cropt off her head with ſcorne,
In that ſame place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his & mine owne loue to morne.

Aread (ſayd he) which way then did he make ?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe ?

l. 142, ? for ,—accepted : l. 153, '*knowen*' : l. 167, '*mourne.*'

To hope (quoth he) him ſoone to ouertake,
That hence ſo long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore vpon his ſhield,
By which it's eaſie him to know againe,
A broken ſword within a bloodie field;
Expreſſing well his nature, which the ſame did wield.

No ſooner ſayd, but ſtreight he after ſent
His yron page, who him purſew'd ſo light,
As that it ſeem'd aboue the ground he went:
For he was ſwift as ſwallow in her flight,
And ſtrong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (ſo cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the firſt he gheſſed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his ſhield he tooke.

He / bad him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commaunded ſo,
The Lady to alight did eſt require,
Whileſt he reformed that vnciuill ſo:
And ſtreight at him with all his force did go.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly ſtricken with ſome ſtones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a ſenceleſſe blocke.

But ere he could him ſelfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he ſeized had;
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
He found him ſelfe vnwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,

Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall:
The ſight whereof the Ladie ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtayd, and forſt to wend withall.

When to the place they came, where *Artegall*
By that ſame carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereuppon defide:
For neither he did ſhed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper good.

Well did the Squire perceiue him ſelfe too weake,
To aunſwere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with ſpeare and ſhield./
And rather guilty choſe him ſelfe to yield.
But *Artegall* by ſignes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
But that ſtrange Knight, the fairer loue to gaine,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to ſtraine.

And ſayd, now ſure this doubtfull cauſes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or elſe by ordele, or by blooddy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide.
But if ye pleaſe, that I your cauſe decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will ſweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did franckly condiſcend,
And to his doome with liſtfull eares did both attend.

Sith then (ſayd he) ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Deuided be betwixt you here in ſight,
And each of either take his ſhare aright.
But looke who does diſſent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day ſhall in deſpight
Beare for his penaunce that ſame Ladies head;
To witneſſe to the world, that ſhe by him is dead.

Well pleaſed with that doome was *Sangliere*,
And offred ſtreight the Lady to be ſlaine.
But that ſame Squire, to whom ſhe was more dere,
When as he ſaw ſhe ſhould be cut in twaine,
Did yield, ſhe rather ſhould with him remaine
Aliue, then to him ſelfe be ſhared dead;
And rather then his loue ſhould ſuffer paine,
He choſe with ſhame to beare that Ladies head
True loue deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is cald in dread.

Whom / when ſo willing *Artegall* perceaued;
Not ſo thou Squire, (he ſayd) but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For worthy thou of her doeſt rightly ſeeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that loue ſo light eſteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the ſame,
Take here your owne, that doth you beſt beſeeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your ſhame.

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt;

l. 239, '*his*' for '*is*.

Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breaſt.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repreſt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who when he ſaw it booteleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

Much did that Squire Sir *Artegall* adore,
For his great iuſtice, held in high regard;
And as his Squire him offred euermore
To ſerue, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent;
But leauing him forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went.
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment. /

l. 269, (*as . . . Squire*).

Cant. II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him ſlaies, drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her caſtle quight.

NOught is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beſeeme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſſe in ſuch as wend awry.
Whilome thoſe great Heroes got thereby
Their greateſt glory, for their rightfull deedes,
And place deſerued with the Gods on hy.
Herein the nobleſſe of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iuſtice ſake proceedes.

To which as he now was vppon the way,
He chaunſt to meet a Dwarfe in haſty courſe;
Whom he requir'd his forward haſt to ſtay,
Till he of tidings mote with him diſcourſe.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he ſtay perforſe,
And gan of ſundry newes his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe:

l. 3, '*Munera*'—obvious correction of '*Momera*' of '96, 1609, etc. : l. 5, '*raſe*' : l. 21, '*As*' accepted for '*And*' of '96.

But chiefely of the faireſt *Florimell,*
How ſhe was found againe, and ſpouſde to *Marinell.*

For this was *Dony, Florimels* owne Dwarfe,
Whom hauing loſt (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the ſcattred ſcarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But / of her health when *Artegall* did heare,
And ſafe returne, he was full inly glad,
And aſkt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be ſolemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her ſpouſall ad.

Within three daies (quoth hee) as I do here,
It will be at the Caſtle of the ſtrond;
What time if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her ſeruice, ſo as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A curſed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges paſſage by ſtrong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that paſſage for to ſhonne.

What miſter wight (quoth he) and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers ſuch harmes?
He is (ſaid he) a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport;
Hauing great Lordſhips got and goodly farmes,
Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort;
By which he ſtil them holds, & keepes with ſtrong effort.

l. 33, '*hee*' for '*ſhee*' of '96: l. 35, '*nought,*' as before.



And dayly he his wrongs encreaſeth more,
For neuer wight he lets to paſſe that way,
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his paſſage-penny pay:
Elſe he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he him ſelfe vppon the rich doth tyrannize. /

His name his hight *Pollente*, rightly ſo
For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
And makes them ſubiect to his mighty wrong;
And ſome by ſleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For on a Bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the ſame are many trap fals pight, (ſight.
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

And vnderneath the ſame a riuer flowes,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom ſo he ouerthrowes,
All deſtitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
But he him ſelfe through practiſe vſuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there aſſaies
His foe confuſed through his ſodaine fall,
That horſe and man he equally diſmaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterouſly ſlaies.

Then doth he take the ſpoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:

l. 52, , substituted for ; .

Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threaſury;
Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped vp ſo hy,
That many Princes ſhe in wealth exceedes,
And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
With the reuenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

Thereto ſhe is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and ſiluer feete beſide,
That many Lords haue her to wife deſired:
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride.
Now / by my life (ſayd he) and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Vnto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoile.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law.
To whom he aunſwerd wroth, loe there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrooke, that ſtreight he did expire.

Which when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtreight him ſelfe vnto the fight addreſt,

l. 85. : for , : l. 99, '*Who*'—*sic.* Church suggested '*Tho*' = then; Dr. Morris reads '*when.*'

Ne was Sir *Artegall* behinde: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, whereas they breſt to breſt
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: ſtreight leapt the Carle vnbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vſe well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he ouerthrew:
And eke the courſer, whereuppon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his backe beſtrad. /

Which oddes when as Sir *Artegall* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſt;
And to him driuing ſtrongly downe the tide,
Vppon his iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtroue and ſtruggled long,
Either the other from his ſteede to caſt;
Ne euer *Artegall* his griple ſtrong
For any thing wold ſlacke, but ſtill vppon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine:
With cruell chauſe their courages they whet,
The mayſterdome of each by force to gaine,

l. 116, '*hot.*'

And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they boũce, they rage, they
That all the ſea diſturbed with their traine, (rore,
Doth frie with ſome aboue the ſurges hore.
Such was betwixt theſe two the troubleſome vprore.

So *Artegall* at length him forſt forſake 141
His horſes backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones him ſelfe he from his hold vnbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd:
For *Artegall* in ſwimming ſkilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſownd.
So ought each Knight, that vſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent, 150
Vncertaine whether had the better ſide:
For both were ſkild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But / *Artegall* was better breath'd beſide,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne beare him ſelfe vpright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But *Artegall* purſewd him ſtill ſo neare,
With bright Chryſaor in his cruell hand, 160
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Aboue the brincke, to tread vpon the land,

1 138, (*diſturbed . . . traine*).

He ſmote it off, that tumbling on the ſtrand
It bit the earth for very fell deſpight,
And gnaſhed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whoſe goodneſſe he deſpaired quight,
Or curſt the hand, which did that vengeãce on him dight.

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whoſe waters with his filthy bloud it ſtayned:
But his blaſphemous head, that all might ſee,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whoſe right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble ouerren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iuſt compaſſe pen.

That done, vnto the Caſtle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance ſought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blaſphemy defide,
Beaten with ſtones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aſide;
And bad his ſeruant *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment./

Eftſoones his Page drew to the Caſtle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did ſore amate,
The which erewhile ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoupe, that looked earſt ſo hie.

Yet ſtill he bet, and bounſt vppon the dore,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſlie,
That all the peece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with feare and great vprore.

With noiſe whereof the Lady forth appeared
Vppon the Caſtle wall, and when ſhe ſaw
The daungerous ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe feared
The ſad effect of her neare ouerthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below,
To ceaſe his outrage, and him faire beſought,
Sith neither force of ſtones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe preuaile, or make him ceaſe for ought.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceede,
Vnmou'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And cauſde great ſackes with endleſſe riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vpbrought,
And powred forth ouer the Caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſome time, though dearly bought
Whileſt he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall;

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile.
Who / being entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, againſt his powre them ſelues to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,

l. 210, (*though . . . bought*) : l. 212, ; for . —accepted.

And hid them ſelues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her ſelf for feare.

Long they her ſought, yet no where could they finde her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcapt away:
But *Talus*, that could like a limehound winde her,
And all things ſecrete wiſely could bewray,
At length found out, whereas ſhe hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That *Artegall* him ſelfe her ſeemeleſſe plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the courſe
Of Iuſtice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorſe,
Still holding vp her ſuppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete ſubmiſſiuely.
But he her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thoſe feete of ſiluer trye,
Which ſought vnrighteouſneſſe, and iuſtice ſold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might thē behold.

Her ſelfe then tooke he by the ſclender waſt,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Caſtle wall adowne her caſt,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the ſtreame waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The ſpoile of peoples euill gotten good,

l. 232, ; for ,—accepted : l. 233, '*hal'd*' : l. 238 within ( ) : l. 240, '*ſlender.*' Cf. '*sclaunder*' (Glossary, *s.v.*)

The which her fire had ſcrap't by hooke and crooke;
And burning all to aſhes, powr'd it downe the brooke./

And laſtly all that Caſtle quite he raced,
Euen from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had perfourmed,
Sir *Artegall* vndid the euill faſhion,
And wicked cuſtomes of that Bridge refourmed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he retourned.

In which they meaſur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the ſea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew:
Whoſe great aſſembly they did much admire,
For neuer there the like reſort they knew.
So towardes them they coaſted, to enquire
What thing ſo many nations met, did there deſire.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant ſtand
Vpon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boaſted in his furquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the ſame to counterpoys.
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

l. 247; for , substituted: l. 249, '*raſed*': l. 263, , for .—accepted.

He ſayd that he would all the earth vptake,
And all the ſea, deuided each from either :
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether :
Then / would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe ;
Of all whoſe weight, he would not miſſe a fether.
And looke what ſurplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part reſtore the ſame againe.

For why, he ſayd, they all vnequall were,
And had encroched vppon others ſhare,
Like as the ſea (which plaine he ſhewed there)
Had worne the earth ; ſo did the fire the aire ;
So all the reſt did others parts empaire.
And ſo were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
In ſort as they were formed aunciently ;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluſter thicke vnto his leaſings vaine,
Like fooliſh flies about an hony crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when *Artegall* did ſee, and heare,
How he miſ-led the ſimple peoples traine,
In ſdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him ſpake, without regard or feare ;

l. 285, , after '*ſay i*'—accepted : l. 288, '*earth*' is misprinted '*eare*' in '96 ; and : for , and ; for ,—accepted ; l. 302, ; for . —accepted.

Thou that preſum'ſt to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to reſtore,
In ſtead of right, me ſeemes great wrong doſt ſhew,
And far aboue thy forces pitch to ſore.
For ere thou limit what is leſſe or more
In euery thing, thou ought'eſt firſt to know,
What was the poyſe of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth ouerflow,
Or faile thereof, ſo much is more then iuſt to trow./

For at the firſt they all created were
In goodly meaſure, by their Makers might,
And weighed out in ballaunces ſo nere,
That not a dram was miſſing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoueable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in ſight;
And they with aire, that not a drop can ſlide:
Al which the heauens containe, & in their courſes guide.

Such heauenly iuſtice doth among them raine,
That euery one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe theſe many yeares remaine,
And mongſt them al no change hath yet beene found.
But if thou now ſhouldſt weigh them new in pound,
We are not ſure they would ſo long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnfound.
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be aſſur'd they ſhall their courſe retaine.

Thou fooliſhe Elfe (ſaid then the Gyant wroth)
Seeſt not, how badly all things preſent bee,

l. 305, ,—accepted after '*right*': l. 315, . for ,—accepted.

And each eſtate quite out of order go'th ?
The ſea it ſelfe doeſt thou not plainely ſee
Encroch vppon the land there vnder thee ;
And th'earth it ſelfe how daily its increaſt,
By all that dying to it turned be ?
Were it not good that wrong were then ſurceaſt,
And from the moſt, that ſome were giuen to the leaſt?

Therefore I will throw downe theſe mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine :
Theſe towring rocks, which reach vnto the ſkie,
I will thruſt downe into the deepeſt maine,
And / as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men ſubiect to their law,
I will ſuppreſſe, that they no more may raine ;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw ;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

Of things vnſeene how canſt thou deeme aright,
Then anſwered the righteous *Artegall*,
Sith thou miſdeem'ſt ſo much of things in ſight ?
What though the ſea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all :
Ne is the earth the leſſe, or loſeth ought,
For whatſoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto an other brought :
For there is nothing loſt, but may be found, if ſought.

Likewiſe the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it doe fade.

l. 332, '*go'th*' as before, accepted for '*goth*' : l. 336, ? for .—accepted : l. 339, '*thoſe*' : l. 345, '*raigne*' ; l. 356, '*but*' substituted for '*that*' : l. 359, ; for ,—accepted.

For of the earth they formed were of yore;
How euer gay their bloſſome or their blade
Doe flouriſh now, they into duſt ſhall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they firſt were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures muſt obey the voice of the moſt hie.

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any aſketh reaſon why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales diſdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to ſit in ſoueraignty;
He maketh ſubiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he ſetteth vp on hy;
He giues to this, from that he takes away.
For all we haue is his: what he liſt doe, he may. /

What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withſtand;
Ne any may his ſoueraine power ſhonne,
Ne looſe that he hath bound with ſtedfaſt band.
In vaine therefore doeſt thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whoſe counſels depth thou canſt not vnderſtand,
Sith of things ſubiect to thy daily vew
Thou doeſt not know the cauſes, nor their courſes dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be ſo wiſe,
And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow;

l. 384, (*if . . . wiſe*).



Or weigh the light, that in the Eaſt doth riſe;
Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canſt thou thoſe greater ſecrets know,
That doeſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the ſmall.

Therewith the Gyant much abaſhed ſayd;
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the leaſt word that euer could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
Which is (ſayd he) more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the falſe or elſe the trew?
He anſwered, that he would try it ſtreight,
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But ſtreight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and ſayd, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iuſtly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, ſayd *Artegall*, let it be tride.
Firſt / in one ballance ſet the true aſide.
He did ſo firſt; and then the falſe he layd
In th'other ſcale; but ſtill it downe did ſlide,
And by no meane could in the weight be ſtayd.
For by no meanes the falſe will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewiſe, ſaid *Artegale*,
And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much wrong.

l. 396, '*weigh*': l. 409, '*weight*'—Church ſuggeſts '*ſcale*.'

So firſt the right he put into one ſcale ;
And then the Gyant ſtroue with puiſſance ſtrong
To fill the other ſcale with ſo much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peiſe ; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauf'd, and proued euery way :[1]
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe lay

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almoſt would his balances haue broken :
But *Artegall* him fairely gan aſſwage,
And ſaid ; be not vpon thy balance wroken :
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken
But in the mind the doome of right muſt bee ;
And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
The eare muſt be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falſhood they agre

But ſet the truth and ſet the right aſide,
For they with wrong or falſhood will not fare ;
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or elſe two falſes, of each equall ſhare ;
And then together doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right ſate in the middeſt of the beame alone./

But he the right from thence did thruſt away,
For it was not the right, which he did ſeeke ;

l. 419, '*lay*'—accepted for '*way*,' repeated from former line in l. 430 within ( ).

But rather ſtroue extremities to way,
Th'one to diminiſh, th'other for to eeke.
For of the meane he greatly did miſleeke.
Whom when ſo lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He ſhouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the ſea him droud.

Like as a ſhip, whom cruell tempeſt driues
Vpon a rocke with horrible diſmay,
Her ſhattered ribs in thouſand peeces riues,
And ſpoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her ſelfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aſpyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, ſaw his ſudden deſolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to ſtirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine loſſe of ſo great expectation.
For well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innouation.
Therefore reſoluing to reuenge his blood,
They roſe in armes, and all in battell order ſtood.

Which lawleſſe multitude him comming too
In warlike wiſe, when *Artegall* did vew,

l. 451, '*makes*' '96: l. 454, : for ,—accepted: l. 461. , for ;—accepted.

He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to doo.
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In / the baſe blood of ſuch a raſcall crew ;
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould retire,
He fear'd leaſt they with ſhame would him purſew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them ſent, t'inquire
The cauſe of their array, and truce for to deſire.

But ſoone as they him nigh approching ſpide,
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtroke at him on euery ſide :
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay.
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a ſwarme of flyes them ouerthrew ;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelues in holes and buſhes from his vew.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a fluſh of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule diſmayd with dreadfull ſight
Of death, the which them almoſt ouertooke,
Doe hide themſelues from her aſtonying looke,
Amongſt the flags and couert round about.
When *Talus* ſaw they all the field forſooke
And none appear'd of all that raſkall rout,
To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

l. 476, '*ſtrooke.*'

Cant. III.

The ſpouſals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is vncaſ'd
in all the Ladies ſights.

AFter long ſtormes and tempeſts ouerblowne,
The ſunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her ſpight hath ſhowne,
Some blisfull houres at laſt muſt needes appeare;
Elſe ſhould afflicted wights oftimes deſpeire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long ſorrowes ſuffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd ſhe many moneths did mourne,
To taſt of ioy, and to wont pleaſures to retourne.

Who being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her ſpouſ'd and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And ſolemne feaſts and giuſts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did reſort from euery ſide
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great ſtore;
Ne any Knight was abſent, that braue courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly feruice, the sumptuous sights,
The bridegroomes loue, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for fo much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present trauaile doth agree,
True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furniture deuiz'd.
And first of all stird Sir *Marinell*,
And with him fixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that she all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But second vnto none in proweſſe prayſe;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The fixt was *Lanſack*, a redoubted Knight: (fight.
All fixe well seene in armes, and prou'd in many a

And them againſt came all that lift to giuſt,
From euery coaſt and countrie vnder ſunne:

l. 28, , after '*delights*'—accepted.



None was debard, but all had leaue that luſt.
The trompets ſound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorſt, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet litle loſt or wonne:
But all that day the greateſt prayſe redounded
To *Marinell*, whoſe name the Heralds loud reſounded. /

The ſecond day, ſo ſoone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuers fortune fit for ſuch a game,
In which all ſtroue with perill to winne fame.
Yet whether ſide was victor, note be gheſt:
But at the laſt the trompets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deſerued beſt.
So they diſparted were, and all men went to reſt.

The third day came, that ſhould due tryall lend
Of all the reſt, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did ſhew;
And through the thickeſt like a Lyon flew,
Raſhing off helmes, and ryuing plates a ſonder,
That euery one his daunger did eſchew.
So terribly his dreadfull ſtrokes did thonder,
That all men ſtood amaz'd, & at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwayes happie ſtand?
The greater proweſſe greater perils find.

l. 54, '*runne*': l. 65, '*n'ote.*'

So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken.

It fortun'd whyleſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir *Artegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his ſnowy Dame.
Where / when he vnderſtood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mou'd at ſo vnworthie ſhame,
And ſtreight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his ſhield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and ſoone them ouer hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he aſſayld with dreadleſſe hardiment,
And forſt the burden of their prize to ſtay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th'one halfe vpon himſelfe did ſet,
Th'other ſtayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from th'other fiftie ſoone the priſoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To ſet afreſh on all the other crew.



Whom with ſore hauocke ſoone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to perill ſhew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadochio* did his ſhield reſtore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there cloſe with him in pretious ſtore
That his falſe Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets ſound, and Iudges roſe,
And all theſe knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize ſhould be adiudg'd by thoſe. /

And thether alſo came in open ſight
Fayre *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
And beſt to him, to whom the beſt ſhould fall.
Then for that ſtranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they ſhould the girlond yield.
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Artegall*
Came *Braggadochio*, and did ſhew his ſhield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The ſight whereof did all with gladneſſe fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the priſe
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets ſhrill
Don *Braggadochios* name reſounded thriſe:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardiſe.
And then to him came fayreſt *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue empriſe,

And thouſand thankes him yeeld, that had ſo well
Approu'd that day, that ſhe all others did excell.

To whom the boaſter, that all knights did blot,
With proud diſdaine did ſcornefull anſwere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies ſake,
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomely ſpeaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aſide for ſhame to heare, what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his ſnowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beſide,
Couered from peoples gazement with a vele.
Whom when diſcouered they had throughly eide,
With / great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid, that ſurely *Florimell* it was,
Or if it were not *Florimell* ſo tride,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe ſhe then did pas.
So feeble ſkill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewiſe,
He was therewith exceedingly diſmayd;
Ne wiſt he what to thinke, or to deuiſe,
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
He long aſtoniſht ſtood: ne ought he ſayd,
Ne ought he did, but with faſt fixed eies
He gazed ſtill vpon that ſnowy mayd;
Whom euer as he did the more auize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did ſurmize.

l. 163, : for , accepted.



As when two ſunnes appeare in the azure ſkye,
Mounted in *Phœbus* charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold ſo ſtrange prodigious ſight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright.
So ſtood Sir *Marinell*, when he had ſeene
The ſemblant of this falſe by his faire beauties Queene.

All which when *Artegall*, who all this while
Stood in the preaſſe cloſe couered, well aduewed,
And ſaw that boaſters pride and graceleſſe guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth iſſewed,
And vnto all himſelfe there open ſhewed,
And to the boaſter ſaid; Thou loſell baſe,
That haſt with borrowed plumes thy ſelfe endewed,
And others worth with leaſings doeſt deface,
When they are all reſtor'd, thou ſhalt reſt in diſgrace. /

That ſhield, which thou doeſt beare, was it indeed,
Which this dayes honour ſau'd to *Marinell*;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didſt that ſeruice vnto *Florimell*.
For proofe ſhew forth thy ſword, and let it tell,
What ſtrokes, what dreadfull ſtoure it ſtird this day:
Or ſhew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
Or ſhew the ſweat, with which thou diddeſt ſway
So ſharpe a battell, that ſo many did diſmay.

ll. 177-8 (*who . . . couer'd*): *ib.*, '*adwewed*' = '*'ad vewed*,' which Upton suggested ('*had vewed*.')

But this the ſword, which wrought thoſe cruell ſtounds,
And this the arme, the which that ſhield did beare,
And theſe the ſignes, (ſo ſhewed forth his wounds)
By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he ſheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But ſome fayre Franion, fit for ſuch a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For prooſe whereof, he bad them *Florimell* forth call.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her baſhfull ſhamefaſtneſſe ywrought
A great increaſe in her faire bluſhing face;
As roſes did with lillies interlace.
For of thoſe words, the which that boaſter threw,
She inly yet conceiued great diſgrace.
Whom when as all the people ſuch did vew,
They ſhouted loud, and ſignes of gladneſſe all did ſhew.

Then did he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
Like the true ſaint beſide the image ſet;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether ſhould the honor get.
Streight / way ſo ſoone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted Damzell vaniſht into nought:
Her ſnowy ſubſtance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle, which about her waſt was wrought.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry cloud diſplayed wide

l. 214, ; for ,—accepted.



Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All ſuddenly, ere one can looke aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all that preſent were, beheld,
They ſtricken were with great aſtoniſhment,
And their faint harts with ſenſeleſſe horror queld,
To ſee the thing, that ſeem'd ſo excellent,
So ſtolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderſtood.
And *Braggadochio* ſelfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his deſpeyring mood,
That like a lifeleſſe corſe immoueable he ſtood.

But *Artegall* that golden belt vptooke,
The which of all her ſpoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it miſtooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her reft,
While ſhe was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monſter, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbuckling eft,
Preſented to the fayreſt *Florimell*;
Who round about her tender waſt it fitted well. /

Full many Ladies often had aſſayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;

l. 224, '*boaw*,' as before; and , for ;—accepted.

And many a one ſuppoſ'd to be a mayd :
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her faſtned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waſt
By any ſkill or labour it would ſit,
Vnleſſe that ſhe were continent and chaſt,
But it would loſe or breake, that many had diſgraſt.

Whileſt thus they buſied were bout *Florimell*,
And boaſtfull *Braggadochio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickeſt preaſſe of people came,
His owne good ſteed, which he had ſtolne, to clame;
And th'one hand ſeizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his ſword : for with the ſame
He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue ſmit :
And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that ſame warlike horſe.
For *Braggadochio* would not let him pas ;
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforſe,
Or it approue vpon his carrion corſe.
Which troublous ſtirre when *Artegall* perceiued,
He nigh them drew, to ſtay th'auengers forſe,
And gan inquire, how was that ſteed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or elſe by ſlight deceaued.

Who all that piteous ſtorie, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were ſlaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell ;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,

[a] ~~o~~ (*as . . . befell*) : l. 273, , after '*drew*'—accepted.



His / horſe purloyned was by ſubtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him thereto conſtraine.
For as the death he hated ſuch deſpight,
And rather had to loſe, then trie in armes his right.

Which *Artegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe ſhould him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to deſcrie,
He aſkt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that (ſaid *Guyon*) may you ſatisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke ſpot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horſes ſhoe, who liſt to ſeeke it there.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horſe in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he ſpoke.
Another that would ſeeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedſtall tooke:
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that *Guyon* ſelfe vnto him ſpake.
And called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight)
Whoſe voice ſo ſoone as he did vndertake,
Eftſoones he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret marke to ſee:
And when as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake

His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friſkt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee./

Thereby Sir *Artegall* did plaine areed,
That vnto him the horſe belong'd, and ſayd;
Lo there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the ſteed,
As he with golden ſaddle is arayd;
And let that loſell, plainely now diſplayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horſe haue gayned.
But the proud boaſter gan his doome vpbrayd,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and diſdayned,
That iudgement ſo vniuſt againſt him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny;
And thriſe did lay his hand vpon his ſword,
To haue him ſlaine, or dearely doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would diſhonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on ſuch a carle as hee:
It's puniſhment enough, that all his ſhame doe ſee.

So did he mitigate Sir *Artegall*;
But *Talus* by the backe the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this puniſhment.
Firſt he his beard did ſhaue, and fowly ſhent:
Then from him reſt his ſhield, and it renuerſt,
And blotted out his armes with falſhood blent,
And himſelfe baffuld, and his armes vnherſt,
And broke his ſword in twaine, and all his armour ſperſt.

l. 328, : —accepted : l. 330, ; for ,—accepted: l. 335, '*r'enuerſt.*'

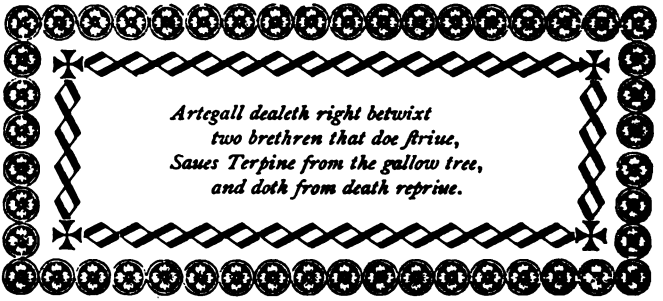
The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
Who ouertaking him did diſaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And / out of court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood ſhame,
And armes diſhonour with baſe villanie,
From all braue knights be baniſht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deſerts with blame.

Now when theſe counterfeits were thus vncaſed
Out of the foreſide of their forgerie,
And in the ſight of all men cleane diſgraced,
All gan to ieſt and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knauerie.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauerie
He them abuſed, through his ſubtill ſlights,
And what a glorious ſhew he made in all their ſights.

There leaue we them in pleaſure and repaſt,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vſurie of time forepaſt,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for ſuch Ladies and ſuch louely knights:
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather freſher ſprights,
That when as time to *Artegall* ſhall tend,
We on his firſt aduenture may him forward ſend. /

l. 357 in '96 not brought out as usual: l. 362, '*we here*'—accepted for '*were here*' of '96.

Cant. IIII.



WHo ſo vpon him ſelfe will take the ſkill
True Iuſtice vnto people to diuide,
Had neede haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride,
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iuſtice to deride,
Vnleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might.
For powre is the right hand of Iuſtice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe
The charge of Iuſtice giuen was in truſt,
That they might execute her iudgements wiſe,
And with their might beat downe licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence iuſt.
Whereof no brauer preſident this day
Remaines on earth, preſeru'd from yron ruſt

l. 8, '*haue*'—1611 needlessly 'improves' into '*of*.'



Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Artegall*, which here we haue to ſay.

Who hauing lately left that louely payre,
Enlincked faſt in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,
Departed / from the Caſtle of the ſtrond,
To follow his aduentures firſt intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and gouernment.

With whom as he did paſſe by the ſea ſhore,
He chaunſt to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But ſtirred vp with different deſires,
Together ſtroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beſide two ſeemely damzels ſtood,
By all meanes ſeeking to aſſwage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good,
Now with ſharpe threats; but threats the more increaſt their mood.

And there before them ſtood a Coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on euery ſide with iron bands,
But ſeeming to haue ſuffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vppon the ſands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it theſe Squires at ods did fall,
And bent againſt them ſelues their cruell hands.

l. 28, '*Strond.*'

But euermore, thoſe Damzels did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſſe pall.

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of ſword,
And battailes doubtfull prooſe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iuſtify.
So ſtood they both in readineſſe: thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Artegall* arriuing happily,
Did ſtay a while there greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent./

To whom the elder did this aunſwere frame;
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our ſire, *Mileſio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you ſee
Not farre in ſea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of ſmall degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that ſame other Iſle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deuouring Sea, that naught doth ſpare,
The moſt part of my land hath waſht away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers ſhare:
So his encreaſed, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lou'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight *Philtera* the faire,

l. 55, '*in readineſſe there-by.*'



With whom a goodly doure I ſhould haue got,
And ſhould haue ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*
Loue that ſame other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was ;
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight ?
But now when *Philtra* ſaw my lands decay,
And former liuelod fayle, ſhe left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope ſtreight way :
Who taking her from me, his owne loue left aſtray.

She ſeeing then her ſelfe forſaken ſo,
Through dolorous deſpaire, which ſhe conceyued,
Into the Sea her ſelfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But / ſee how much her purpoſe was deceaued.
Whileſt thus amidſt the billowes beating of her
Twixt life and death, long to and fro ſhe weaued,
She chaunſt vnwares to light vppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd that earſt deſir'd to die,
When as the paine of death ſhe taſted had,
And but halfe ſeene his vgly viſnomie,
Gan to repent that ſhe had beene ſo mad,
For any death to chaunge life though moſt bad :
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten cheſt,
The lucky Pylot of her paſſage ſad,

l. 76, '*dowre*.'

After long toſſing in the ſeas diſtreſt,
Her weary barke at laſt vppon mine Iſle did reſt.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the ſhore,
Did her eſpy, and through my good endeuour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned ſore
Her to haue ſwallow'd vp, did helpe to ſaue her.
She then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her beſtowed, beſtowed on me
The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her ſelfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better ſhe.

Yet in this coffer, which ſhe with her brought,
Great threaſure ſithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and ſo it thought.
But this ſame other Damzell ſince hath fained,
That to her ſelfe that threaſure appertained;
And that ſhe did tranſport the ſame by ſea,
To bring it to her huſband new ordained,
But ſuffred cruell ſhipwracke by the way.
But whether it be ſo or no, I can not ſay./

But whether it indeede be ſo or no,
This doe I ſay, that what ſo good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and ſo will hold it ſtill.
And though my land he firſt did winne away,
And then my loue (though now it little ſkill,)

l. 126 within ( ).



Yet my good lucke he ſhall not likewiſe pray ;
But I will it defend, whilſt euer that I may.

So hauing ſayd, the younger did enſew ;
Full true it is, what ſo about our land
My brother here declared hath to you :
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth ſtand,
But for this threaſure throwne vppon his ſtrand ;
Which well I proue, as ſhall appeare by triall,
To be this maides, with whom I faſtned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good eſpiall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

When thus they ended had, the Knight began ;
Certes your ſtriſe were eaſie to accord,
Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man.
Vnto your ſelfe, ſaid they, we giue our word,
To bide what iudgement ye ſhall vs afford.
Then for aſſuraunce to my doome to ſtand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his ſword,
And then you ſhall my ſentence vnderſtand.
So each of them layd downe his ſword out of his hand.

Then *Artegall* thus to the younger ſayd ;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the ſea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By / what good right doe you withhold this day ?
What other right (quoth he) ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea it to my ſhare did lay ?
Your right is good (ſayd he) and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea vnto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeeme.

Then turning to the elder thus he ſayd;
Now *Bracidas* let this likewiſe be ſhowne.
Your brothers threaſure, which from him is ſtrayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right (quoth he) ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good (ſayd he) and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea vnto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeeme.

For equall right in equall things doth ſtand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once poſſeſt,
And plucked quite from all poſſeſſors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer reſt,
Or elſe by wracke, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
He may diſpoſe by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he liſt.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours firſt hight,
And ſo the threaſure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were diſpleaſed:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threaſure by that iudgement ſeaſed.
So was their diſcord by this doome appeaſed,
And each one had his right. Then *Artegall*
When as their ſharpe contention he had ceaſed,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

So as he trauelled vppon the way,
He chaunſt to come, where happily he ſpide



A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his courſe he haſtily applide,
To weete the cauſe of their aſſemblaunce wide.
To whom when he approched neare in ſight,
(An vncouth ſight) he plainely then deſcride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

And in the midſt of them he ſaw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to deſcry;
And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,
Grieu'd to the ſoule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands ſo baſe a death ſhould dy.

But they like tyrants, mercileſſe the more,
Reioyced at his miſerable caſe,
And him reuiled, and reproched ſore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile diſgrace.
Now when as *Artegall* arriu'd in place,
Did aſke, what cauſe brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to ſwarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares ſome villanous aſſay.

But he was ſoone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceiued their intent;

l. 196, '*pinniond*' (1611).

Yet though him ſelfe did ſhame on womankinde
His mighty hand to ſhend, he *Talus* ſent
To / wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few ſowces of his yron flale,
Diſperſed all their troupe incontinent,
And ſent them home to tell a piteous tale,
Of their vaine proweſſe, turned to their proper bale.

But that ſame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of fowle death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then loſſe of life ydreaded it;
And him reſtoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did ſit,
Beholding all that womaniſh weake fight;
Whom ſoone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

Sir *Turpine*, hapleſſe man, what make you here?
Or haue you loſt your ſelfe, and your diſcretion,
That euer in this wretched caſe ye were?
Or haue ye yeelded you to proude oppreſſion
Of womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſubiection?
Or elſe what other deadly diſmall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne ſo fondly far aſtray,
As for to lead your ſelfe vnto your owne decay?

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame, and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht he him ſelfe did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,



But onely thus; Moſt hapleſſe well ye may
Me iuſtly terme, that to this ſhame am brought,
And made the ſcorne of Knighthod this ſame day.
But who can ſcape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will ſurpaſſeth humaine thought. /

Right true: but faulty men vſe oftentimes
To attribute their folly vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpin*, ne let you amate
Your miſery, how fell ye in this ſtate.
Then ſith ye needs (quoth he) will know my ſhame,
And all the ill, which chaunſt to me of late,
I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſame,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

Being deſirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard aduentures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the braue Knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany,
That ſhe could forge in her malicious head,
Which ſome hath put to ſhame, and many done be dead.

The cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the ſake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom ſhe bore moſt feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies ſhe could:
But when ſhe ſaw at laſt, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,

And for his ſake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which ſhe could doe to Knights, which now ſhe doth
fulfill.

For all thoſe Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth ſubdue, ſhe fowly doth entreate.
Firſt ſhe doth them of warlike armes deſpoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threa
Doth / them compell to worke, to earne their meat
To ſpin, to card, to ſew, to waſh, to wring;
Ne doth ſhe giue them other thing to eat,
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to diſable from reuenge aduenturing.

But if through ſtout diſdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obſeruaunce will withſtand,
Vppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She caſeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did ſtand.
For being ouercome by her in fight,
And put to that baſe ſeruice of her band,
I rather choſe to die in liues deſpight,
Then lead that ſhamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How hight that Amazon (ſayd *Artegall?*)
And where, and how far hence does ſhe abide?
Her name (quoth he) they *Radigund* doe call,
A Princeſſe of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And ſundry battels, which ſhe hath atchieued
With great ſucceſſe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is belieued;
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

Now ſure (ſaid he) and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not reſt, till I her might doe trie,
And venge the ſhame, that ſhe to Knights doth ſhow.
Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throw
This ſqualid weede, the patterne of diſpaire,
And wend with me, that ye may ſee and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
And knights of Maidenhead, whoſe praiſe ſhe would empaire. /

With that, like one that hopeleſſe was repry'ud
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe yron fetters, wherewith he was gyu'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone,
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name ſhe called *Radigone.*

Where they arriuing, by the watchmen were
Deſcried ſtreight; who all the citty warned,
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of Bees in cluſters ſwarmed:
Ere long their Queene her ſelfe halfe like a man
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

l. 321, '*watchman*': l. 322, ; for ,—accepted : l. 325, '*arm'd*': l. 328, , here removed after '*halfe.*'

And now the Knights being arriued neare,
Did beat vppon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter, ſkorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his fleſh in peeces for his ſin.
Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtreight the gates ſhould be vnbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepa

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entraunce to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet,
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them ſtai
And / better bad aduiſe, ere they aſſaid
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout vppon them rudely laid,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on euery ſide,
And arrowes haild ſo thicke, that they could not abi

But *Radigund* her ſelfe, when ſhe eſpide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doile amongſt her maides dauide,
T'auenge that ſhame, they did on him commit;
All ſodainely inflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lioneſſe at him ſhe flew,
And on his head-peece him ſo fiercely ſmit,

l. 332, Dr. Morris annotates "'*ſo few*'(so all copies). Church prop to alter '*neare in*,' in l. 1, to '*new*,' so as to rhyme with '*few*.' Mr. Collier proposes to read '*to feare*, instead of '*ſo few*,' thus making a able rhyme for '*neare*.'" All very ingenious tinkering; but it must b peated Spenser shews repeatedly such neglects, and was no Purist: l. 1611 of course corrects into '*their*': l. 350, '*doale* . . . *divide*': l. ; for ,—accepted.

That to the ground him quite ſhe ouerthrew,
Diſmayd ſo with the ſtroke, that he no colours knew.

Soone as ſhe ſaw him on the ground to grouell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote ſetting, at his head did leuell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake.
As when a Beare hath ſeiz'd her cruell clawes
Vppon the carkaſſe of ſome beaſt too weake,
Proudly ſtands ouer, and a while doth pauſe,
To heare the piteous beaſt pleading her plaintiffe cauſe.

Whom when as *Artegall* in that diſtreſſe
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy ſlaughter,
In which he ſwam, and ranne to his redreſſe.
There her aſſayling fiercely freſh, he raught her
Such an huge ſtroke, that it of ſence diſtraught her:
And had ſhe not it warded warily,
It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathleſſe for all the powre ſhe did apply,
It made her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly eye. /

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his brode ſailes, by chaunce hath ſpide
A Goſhauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Vppon ſome fowle, that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth driue,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riue.

But ſoone as ſhe her ſence recouer'd had,
She fiercely towards him her ſelfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath & ſdeignfull pride half mad:
For neuer had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight.
But ere ſhe could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far a ſunder caſt:
But mongſt the reſt the fight did vntill euening laſt.

And euery while that mighty yron man,
With his ſtrange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and ouerran,
And broke their bowes, and did their ſhooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to aſſault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a ſort of ſheepe diſperſed farre
For dread of their deuouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But when as daies faire ſhinie-beame, yclowded
With fearefull ſhadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beaſt in quiet reſt be ſhrowded,
Bold *Radigund* with ſound of trumpe on hight,
Cauſd / all her people to ſurceaſe from fight,
And gathering them vnto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in ſtate,
To be conuayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight

l. 405, (*with . . . hight*).

Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
Cauſd his pauilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open ſight;
Where he him ſelfe did reſt in ſafety,
Together with ſir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vſde in times of ieopardy
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receiue reliefe,
But toſſed in her troublous mind, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolu'd her ſelfe in ſingle fight
To try her Fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather then ſee her people ſpoiled quight,
As ſhe had ſeene that day a diſauenterous ſight.

She called forth to her a truſty mayd,
Whom ſhe thought fitteſt for that buſineſſe,
Her name was *Clarin*, and thus to her ſayd;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thy ſelfe addreſſe,
To doe the meſſage, which I ſhall expreſſe.
Goe thou vnto that ſtranger Faery Knight,
Who yeeſter day droue vs to ſuch diſtreſſe,
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might./

But theſe conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquiſhe him, he ſhall obay
My law, and euer to my lore be bound;
And ſo will I, if me he vanquiſh may,

l. 413 within ( ): l. 431, '*Clarind*': l. 440, ; for , and l. 441, , for ; — accepted.

What euer he ſhall like to doe or ſay.
Goe ſtreight, and take with thee, to witneſſe it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the beſt array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft ſhall hungry ſit.

The Damzell ſtreight obayd, and putting all
In readineſſe, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where ſounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto thoſe warlike Knights ſhe warning ſent.
Then *Talus* forth iſſuing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did feareleſſe take,
To weeten what that trumpets ſounding ment:
Where that ſame Damzell lowdly him beſpake,
And ſhew'd, that with his Lord ſhe would emparlaunce make.

So he them ſtreight conducted to his Lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'ſies meete,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete.
But *Artegall* him ſelfe to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next daies fight.

l. 446, ; for , ; and so l. 448: l. 455, '*emperlance.*'

Cant. V.

Artegall fights with Radigund
And is ſubdewd by guile:
He is by her empriſoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

SO ſoone as day forth dawning from the Eaſt,
Nights humid curtaine from the heauens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beaſt,
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
Theſe noble warriors, mindefull to purſew
The laſt daies purpoſe of their vowed fight,
Them ſelues thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as beſt was ſeeming for a Knight,
And th'Amazon, as beſt it likt her ſelfe to dight.

All in a Camis light of purple ſilke
Wouen vppon with ſiluer, ſubtly wrought,
And quilted vppon ſattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diuerſly diſtraught
Like as the workeman had their courſes taught;
Which was ſhort tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham, but when ſhe liſt, it raught

l. 5, '*Clarinds.*'

Downe to her loweſt heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs ſhe painted buſkins wore,
Baſted with bends of gold on euery ſide,
And mailes betweene, and laced cloſe afore:
Vppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield, bedeckt
Vppon the boſſe with ſtones, that ſhined wide,
As the faire Moone in her moſt full aſpect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each reſpect.

So forth ſhe came out of the citty gate,
With ſtately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vppon her perſon for her ſure defence,
Playing on ſhaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their ſound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field ſhe marched thence,
Where was a rich Pauilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they ſhould begin the fight.

Then forth came *Artegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and firſt the Liſts did enter:
Soone after eke came ſhe, with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as hauing fully bent her
That battels vtmoſt triall to aduenter.
The Liſts were cloſed faſt, to barre the rout
From rudely preſſing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting, how Fortune would reſolue that daunger
dout.

The Trumpets ſounded and the field began;
With bitter ſtrokes it both began, and ended.
She at the firſt encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if ſhe had intended
Out of his breaſt the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempeſts often tride,
From that firſt flaw him ſelfe right well defended.
The more ſhe rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, ſhe foynd, ſhe laſht, ſhe laid on euery ſide.

Yet / ſtill her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laſt to win aduantage new;
Yet ſtill her crueltie increaſed more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew:
Which fayling he gan fiercely her purſew.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The ſtubborne mettall ſeeketh to ſubdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron ſledge doth ſtrongly on it beat.

So did Sir *Artegall* vpon her lay,
As if ſhe had an yron anduile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the ſunny ray,
Out of her ſteely armes were flaſhing ſeene,
That all on fire ye would her ſurely weene.
But with her ſhield ſo well her ſelfe ſhe warded,
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life ſhe ſafely garded:
But he that helpe from her againſt her will diſcarded.

l. 63, : for ,—accepted.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her ſhield he ſhared quite away,
That halfe her ſide it ſelfe did naked ſhow,
And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way.
Much was ſhe moued with the mightie ſway
Of that ſad ſtroke, that halfe enrag'd ſhe grew,
And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
With her ſharpe Cemitare at him ſhe flew, (drew.
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth

Thereat ſhe gan to triumph with great boaſt,
And to vpbrayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
As if the prize ſhe gotten had almoſt,
With ſpightfull ſpeaches, fitting with her well; / 90
That his great hart gan inwardly to ſwell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her ſtrooke with puiſſance fearefull fell;
Yet with her ſhield ſhe warded it againe,
That ſhattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

Hauing her thus diſarmed of her ſhield,
Vpon her helmet he againe her ſtrooke,
That downe ſhe fell vpon the graſſie field,
In ſenceleſſe ſwoune, as if her life forſooke,
And pangs of death her ſpirit ouertooke. 100
Whom when he ſaw before his foote proſtrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her ſunſhynie helmet ſoone vnlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

But when as he diſcouered had her face,
He ſaw his ſenſes ſtraunge aſtoniſhment,



A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire viſage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and ſweat together ment;
Which in the rudeneſſe of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the ſignes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth ſeeme to be her ſelfe, though darkned be her light.

At ſight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his ſharpe ſword he threw from him apart,
Curſing his hand that had that viſage mard:
No hand ſo cruell, nor no hart ſo hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this vpſtarting from her ſwoune, ſhe ſtar'd
A while about her with confuſed eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked ſuddenlye.

Soone / as the knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponleſſe,
With freſh aſſault vpon him ſhe did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelneſſe:
And though he ſtill retyr'd, yet natheleſſe
With huge redoubled ſtrokes ſhe on him layd;
And more increaſt her outrage mercileſſe,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue ſtayd.

Like as a Puttocke hauing ſpyde in ſight
A gentle Faulcon ſitting on an hill,
Whoſe other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill;

The fooliſh Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill:
Euen ſo did *Radigund* with bootleſſe paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and ſorely him conſtraine.

Nought could he do, but ſhun the dred deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retyre,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And euermore he gently did deſyre,
To ſtay her ſtroks, and he himſelfe would yield:
Yet nould ſhe hearke, ne let him once reſpyre,
Till he to her deliuered had his ſhield,
And to her mercie him ſubmitted in plaine field.

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet he was iuſtly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſſe word,
To be her thrall, and ſeruice her afford.
For though that he firſt victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt, that he before attayned.
No fayrer conqueſt, then that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrooke,
In ſigne of true ſubiection to her powre,
And as her vaſſall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to'a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckleſſe ſtarres did lowre,
She cauſd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull ſtowre,



From which he lately had through reſkew fled:
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the hed.

But when they thought on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongſt them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his companie to be ſo ſondred;
Whoſe preſence all their troups ſo much encombred
That th'heapes of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay,
To reſkew his owne Lord, but thought it iuſt t'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight,
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In ſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In ſtead of Curiets and baſes fit for fight.

So / being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray:
Amongſt the which ſhe cauſd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray;
And broke his ſword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre vp battailous alarmes.

l. 188, '*field*' = *ceil'd—sic* in '96 and 1609, *not* = *fill'd*.

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many braue knights, whoſe names right well he kn
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd ſo vncomely vew.
But they were forſt through penurie and pyne,
To doe thoſe workes, to them appointed dew:
For nought was giuen them to ſup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twiſting lin
twyne.

Amongſt them all ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flax and tow;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo braue.
So hard it is to be a womans ſlaue.
Yet he it tooke in his owne ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight,
Her vaſſall to become, if ſhe him wonne in fight.

Who had him ſeene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of *Hercules* bene told,
How for *Iolas* ſake he did apply
His mightie hands, the diſtaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters, which the world annoyed;
His Lyons ſkin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of ſweet loue, and with his miſtreſſe toy

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they haue ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,

With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bynd,
T'obay the heaſts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious libertie.
But vertuous women wiſely vnderſtand,
That they were borne to baſe humilitie,
Vnleſſe the heauens them lift to lawfull ſoueraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artegall*,
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true ſubiection;
How euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing choſen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whoſe wandring fancie after luſt did raunge,
Gan caſt a ſecret liking to this captiue ſtraunge.

Which long concealing in her couert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord,
To ſerue the lowly vaſſall of her might,
And of her ſeruant make her ſouerayne Lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſſe much abhord.

So / much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her loue-ſicke hart;
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtroue it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her owne ſmart,

And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At laſt when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meeke obeyſance of loues mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her pa

Vnto her ſelfe in ſecret ſhe did call
Her neareſt handmayd, whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſaid; *Clarinda* whom of all
I truſt a liue, ſith I thee foſtred firſt;
Now is the time, that I vntimely muſt
Thereof make tryall, in my greateſt need:
It is ſo hapned, that the heauens vniuſt,
Spighting my happie freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed.

With that ſhe turn'd her head, as halfe abaſhed,
To hide the bluſh which in her viſage roſe,
And through her eyes like ſudden lightning flaſh
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion roſe:
But ſoone ſhe did her countenance compoſe,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee diſcloſ
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,
But dread of ſhame my doubtfull lips doth ſtill reſtra

Ah my deare dread (ſaid then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadleſſe hart withhol
That many hath with dread of death diſmayd,
And dare euen deathes moſt dreadfull face behol
Say on my ſouerayne Ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, ſhe gan vnfold

The cauſe of her conceiued maladie,
As one that would confeſſe, yet faine would it denie.

Clarin (ſayd ſhe) thou ſeeſt yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue mind
Subiected hath to my vnequall might ;
What right is it, that he ſhould thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind ;
That for ſuch good him recompence with ill ?
Therefore I caſt, how I may him vnbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill ;
Yet ſo, as bound to me he may continue ſtill.

Bound vnto me, but not with ſuch hard bands
Of ſtrong compulſion, and ſtreight violence,
As now in miſerable ſtate he ſtands ;
But with ſweet loue and ſure beneuolence,
Voide of malitious mind, or foule offence.
To which if thou canſt win him any way,
Without diſcouerie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchaſe may,
And eke with gratefull ſeruice me right well apay.

Which that thou mayſt the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring which ſhall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhalt ſee,
That in and out thou mayſt haue paſſage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduiſe,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee ;

l. 285, '*Clarind*'.'

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duetie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That ſhe a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be ſewd vnto,
Chiefely by him, whoſe life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And alſ' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

But / want of meanes hath bene mine onely let,
From ſeeking ſauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your ſelfe ſhould reſt for euer bound,
And readie to deſerue, what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the bayt,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but vnſound,
And not well faſtened, would not ſtrike him ſtrayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaſure to awayt.

But fooliſh Mayd, whyles heedleſſe of the hooke,
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through ſlipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confuſion.
For ſeeking thus to ſalue the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceiued cloſe in her beguiled hart,
To *Artegall*, through pittie of his cauſeleſſe ſmart.

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to himſelfe, for doubt of being ſdayned,

l. 367, '*ſhe*' (misprint).

Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtreſſe ſhold haue knowledge gayned,
But to her ſelfe it ſecretly retayned,
Within the cloſet of her couert breſt:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
Yet to awayt fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fairely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts vnreſt.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her loues ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart.
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it ouerpaſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wypt, to freſh her blood:
Tho gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe ſought, his loue for to haue wonne.

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a leſſon, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waſt,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plaſt.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceiued,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe borne thrall,

Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall ;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall.
Nathleſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

What now is left *Clarinda* ? what remaines,
That we may compaſſe this our enterprize ?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paines,
And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
With which he dares our offers thus deſpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his firſt folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.

Say, / and do all, that may thereto preuaile ;
Leaue nought vnpromiſt, that may him perſwade ;
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaile,
With which the Gods themſelues are mylder made :
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words, that men can charme ;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not inuade,
Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heauie arme:
Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe with harme.

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw ;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with ſtreighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied.

l. 440, ; for ,—accepted.

Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what euer he deſires, be him denide.

When thou haſt all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a louer,
But like a rebell ſtout I will him vſe.
For I reſolue this ſiege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conqueſt of my will recouer.
So ſhe departed, full of grieſe and ſdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Vnto the priſon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him wareleſſe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray. /
So cunningly ſhe wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her Ladie, and her ſelfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce ſhe did betray:
But moſt the knight, whom ſhe with guilefull call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurſe, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her ſelfe, and doeth deceiue
The infant, ſo for want of nourture ſpoyld:
Euen ſo *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the truſt, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld

Her inward breſt, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that ſhe it fought to couer and to hyde.

For comming to this knight, ſhe purpoſe fayned,
How earneſt ſuit ſhe earſt for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perſwade:
But that in ſtead thereof, ſhe ſternely bade
His miſerie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which nathleſſe ſhe for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her ſeruice euermore.

And more then that, ſhe promiſt that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for ſuch her curteſie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie;
Promiſt, if ſhe would free him from that caſe,
He wold by all good means he might, deſerue ſuch grace.

So / daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne abſent loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceiptfull *Clarin* find
In her falſe hart, his bondage to vnbind;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye.
Therefore vnto her miſtreſſe moſt vnkind

l. 498 (*fit . . . place*): l. 505, '*Clarind.*'

She daily told, her loue he did defye,
And him ſhe told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhow, 511
That his ſcarſe diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his loue mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloued well, but litle frended;
Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be beſt contayned. / 519

Cant. VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
of Artegals miſhap,
She goes to ſeeke him, Dolon meetes
who ſeekes her to entrap.

SOme men, I wote, will deeme in *Artegall*
Great weakneſſe, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding ſo himſelfe a wretched thrall,
To th'inſolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praiſe doth fowly ſpill. 10
But he the man, that ſay or doe ſo dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill:

For neuer yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womens ſnare.

Yet in the ſtreightneſſe of that captiue ſtate,
This gentle knight himſelfe ſo well behaued,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtill bait,
With which thoſe Amazons his loue ſtill craued,
To his owne loue his loialtie he ſaued :
Whoſe character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true hart ſo firmely was engraued,
That no new loues impreſſion euer could
Bereaue it thence: ſuch blot his honour blemiſh ſhou

Yet his owne loue, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarſe ſo conceiued in her iealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his balefull ſmart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought ;
Brought / in vntimely houre, ere it was fought.
For after that the vtmoſt date, aſſynde
For his returne, ſhe waited had for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtfull mynde
A thouſand feares, that loue-ſicke fancies faine to fy

Sometime ſhe feared, leaſt ſome hard miſhap,
Had him misfalne in his aduenturous queſt ;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had vnwares oppreſt :
But moſt ſhe did her troubled mynd moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with iealous feare,
Leaſt ſome new loue had him from her poſſeſt ;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no ill did heare,
To thinke of him ſo ill : yet could ſhe not forbeare



One while ſhe blam'd her ſelfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd, as truſtleſſe and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She ſayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew.
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that paſſed were,
She told but moneths, to make them ſeeme more few:
Yet when ſhe reckned them, ſtill drawing neare,
Each hour did ſeeme a moneth, & euery moneth a yeare.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him not returne,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeeke him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerue that turne,
As her owne ſelfe, to eaſe her ſelfe of dout.
Now ſhe deuiz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to ſeeke her errant Knight;
And then againe reſolu'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did ſpight. /

One day, when as ſhe long had fought for eaſe
In euery place, and euery place thought beſt,
Yet found no place, that could her liking pleaſe,
She to a window came, that opened Weſt,
Towards which coaſt her loue his way addreſt.
There looking forth, ſhee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnreſt;
And ſent her winged thoughts, more ſwift then wind,
To beare vnto her loue the meſſage of her mind.

ll. 47-8, Church suggests:—
For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed were,
She told but weekes, etc.
See Life in Vol. I., and Glossary, *s.v.*

There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpide
One comming towards her with haſty ſpeede:
Well weend ſhe then, ere him ſhe plaine deſcride,
That it was one ſent from her loue indeede.
Who when he nigh approcht, ſhee mote arede
That it was *Talus*, *Artegall* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would ſhe ſtay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings ſomn

Euen in the dore him meeting, ſhe begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he loſt or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted ſence
And ſorrowes ſeeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great ſuſpence
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him ſelfe it ſpake

Till ſhe againe thus ſayd; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold
To whom he thus at length. The tidings ſad,
That / I would hide, will needs, I ſee, be rad.
My Lord, your loue, by hard miſhap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad.
Ay me (quoth ſhe) what wicked deſtinie?
And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyranneſſe (he then replide,)

l. 92, (*your Loue*).

That him captiued hath in hapleſſe woe.
Ceaſe thou bad newes-man, badly doeſt thou hide
Thy maiſters ſhame, in harlots bondage tide.
The reſt my ſelfe too readily can ſpell.
With that in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide,
Forcing in vaine the reſt to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like ſolitary cell.

There ſhe began to make her monefull plaint
Againſt her Knight, for being ſo vntrew ;
And him to touch with falſhoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour ouerthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame her ſelfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a ſtraungers loue ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtraunge ſhe neuer knew ;
And euermore ſhe did him ſharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent ;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt :
And then againe ſhe did her ſelfe torment,
Inflicting on her ſelfe his puniſhment,
A while ſhe walkt, and chauft ; a while ſhe threw
Her ſelfe vppon her bed, and did lament :
Yet did ſhe not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe ſighes, and ſingulfs few. /

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe ſounder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearefull dreames affright,

l. 103, within ( ) : l. 122, '*ſingults*'.

With froward will doth ſet him ſelfe to weepe ;
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſes might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhriekes for fell deſpigh
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing
Now ſeeking darkeneſſe, and now ſeeking light ;
Then crauing ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing,
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accuſing.

But when ſhe had with ſuch vnquiet fits
Her ſelfe there cloſe afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine ;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cauſe of *Artegals* detaine ;
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah wellaway (ſayd then the yron man,)
That he is not the while in ſtate to woo ;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then (quoth ſhee) erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forſt, nor ouercome in fight ?

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captiuance ſad,

l. 147, Dr. Morris notes on this—"Mr. J. P. Collier, following Chu reads '*thing compacte*' = a concerted thing. But the clause may stan we look upon *things* as in the genitive case."



In ſort as ye haue heard the ſame of late.
All which when ſhe with hard enduraunce had
Heard / to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad,
With ſodaine ſtounds of wrath and griefe attone :
Ne would abide, till ſhe had aunſwere made,
But ſtreight her ſelfe did dight, and armor don ;
And mounting to her ſteede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

So forth ſhe rode vppon her ready way,
To ſeeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide :
Sadly ſhe rode, and neuer word did ſay,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aſide,
But ſtill right downe, and in her thought did hide
The ſelneſſe of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her baſe priſon pent,
And ſo great honour with ſo fowle reproch had blent.

So as ſhe thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunſt to meete toward th'euen-tide
A Knight, that ſoftly paced on the plaine,
As if him ſelfe to ſolace he were faine.
Well ſhot in yeares he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needleſſe trouble to conſtraine.
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
As by his modeſt ſemblant, that no euill ment.

He comming neare, gan gently her ſalute
With curteous words, in the moſt comely wize ;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,

l. 154, '*Heard*'—misprinted '*Here*' in '96: l. 177, . after '*ſalute*' of '96, removed.

Yet rather then ſhe kindneſſe would deſpize,
She would her ſelfe diſpleaſe, ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which ſhe anſwer'd light./

For little luſt had ſhe to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee ;
Her minde was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward ſignes, (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to vſe lothfull ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady dampe had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cauſe empeach.

The Championeſſe, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good requeſt :
And with him went without gaine-ſaying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by Weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt ;
Where ſoone arriuing they receiued were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt :
For he their hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleaſant things, the night away to weare.

Thus paſſing th'euening well, till time of reſt,
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought ;
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndreſt.
But ſhe ne would vndreſſed be for ought,

l. 213, '*her.*'



Ne doffe her armes, though he her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſayd, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike weedes, till ſhe reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vppon a mortall foe;
Which ſhe would ſure performe, betide her wele or wo.

Which when their Hoſt perceiu'd, right diſcontent
In minde he grew, for feare leaſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſſe, which cloſe he ment:
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.
There / all that night remained *Britomart*,
Reſtleſſe, recomfortleſſe, with heart deepe grieued,
Not ſuffering the leaſt twinckling ſleepe to ſtart
Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued,
But if the leaſt appear'd, her eyes ſhe ſtreight reprieued.

Ye guilty eyes (ſayd ſhe) the which with guyle
My heart at firſt betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? falſe watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your loſſe: and now needes will ye ſleepe?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye ſleepe? ah wake, and rather weepe,
To thinke of your [k]nights want, that ſhould yee waking keepe.

Thus did ſhe watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
Now walking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill vpright,
As ſundry chaunge her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.

l. 230, '[*K*] *nights*'—as Church suggested—obvious correction.

Ne leſſe did *Talus* ſuffer ſleepe to ſeaze
His eye-lids ſad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great diſeaſe;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Leaſt any ſhould betray his Lady treacherouſly.

What time the natiue Belman of the night,
The bird, that warned *Peter* of his fall,
Firſt rings his ſiluer Bell t'each ſleepy wight,
That ſhould their mindes vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noiſe below the hall.
All ſodainely the bed, where ſhe ſhould lie,
By a falſe trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rayſd againe, that no man could it ſpie./

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmayd right ſore,
Perceiuing well the treaſon, which was ment:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that euent.
It was not long, before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men, comming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, & ſhield about her bound.

With that there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all arm'd ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raſkall rout, with weapons rudely dight.

Whom ſoone as *Talus* ſpide by glims of night,
He ſtarted vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight.
They ſeeing that, let driue at him ſtreight way,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

But ſoone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where euer in the darke he could them ſpie;
That here and there like ſcattred ſheepe they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the ſtory of that fray,
And all that treaſon there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning,
To be auenged for ſo fowle a deede,
Yet being forſt to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Leaſt / any more ſuch practiſe ſhould proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cauſe ſo great miſchieuous ſmart
Was ment to her, that neuer euill ment in hart.

The goodman of this houſe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of ſubtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,

l. 262, '*glimſe*.'

And much leſſe honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhiftes and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.

He had three ſonnes, all three like fathers ſonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſſe wonnes:
The eldeſt of the which was ſlaine erewhile
By *Artegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*, whoſe vntimely fate
For to auenge, full many treaſons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cankred hate.

For ſure he weend, that this his preſent gueſt
Was *Artegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with *Artegall* remaine;
And therefore ment him ſurely to haue ſlaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedineſſe,
She was preſerued from their traytrous traine.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſſe,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleepe her eyelids to oppreſſe.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning houre
Diſcouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth yſſew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'auenge that villany,

l. 291, '*d'd*'—Dr. Morris queries '? *had*'—surely not? l. 300, '*reuenge*': l. 309, '*that*' (1611).

On that vilde man, and all his family.
And comming down to ſeeke them, where they wond,
Nor ſire, nor ſonnes, nor any could ſhe ſpie:
Each rowme ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond.

She ſaw it vaine to make there lenger ſtay, 321
But tooke her ſteede, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſſe vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſaw there preſent in her ſight,
Thoſe two falſe brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Artegall* did fight.
Streight was the paſſage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer the lidge.

There they did thinke them ſelues on her to wreake:
Who as ſhe nigh vnto them drew, the one 331
Theſe vile reproches gan vnto her ſpeake;
Thou recreant falſe traytor, that with lone
Of armes haſt knighthood ſtolne, yet Knight art none
No more ſhall now the darkneſſe of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlaine, and murdred by thy ſlight.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare;
Yet ſtayd ſhe not for them, but forward fared, 340
Till to the perillous Bridge ſhe came, and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might haue prepared
The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcared.

l. 316, '*vile*' and . (period) supplied for nothing in '96.

But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glauncing ſparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eies did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a ſiluer Cenſer ſparkle bright.

She ſtayd not to aduiſe which way to take;
But putting ſpurres vnto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Vppon her ſpeare ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Till to the Bridges further end ſhe paſt,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaſt:
The other ouer ſide the Bridge ſhe caſt
Into the riuer, where he drunke his deadly laſt.

As when the flaſhing Leuin haps to light
Vppon two ſtubborne oakes, which ſtand ſo neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in ſight;
The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrow,
Vppon one ſide, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the Championeſſe thoſe two there ſtrow,
And to their ſire their carcaſſes left to beſtow./

Cant. VII.

Britomart comes to Iſis Church,
Where ſhee ſtrange viſions ſees:
She fights with Radigund, her ſlaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

NOught is on earth more ſacred, or diuine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this ſame vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heuens thēſelues, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of higheſt *Ioue*, who doth true iuſtice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and euer more
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale,
The ſkill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

Well wherefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iuſtice was a God of ſoueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the higheſt place;
Calling him great *Oſyris*, of the race
Of th'old Ægyptian Kings, that whylome were;
With fayned colours, ſhading a true caſe:
For that *Oſyris*, whileſt he liued here,
The iuſteſt man aliue, and trueſt did appeare.

His wife was *Iſis*, whom they likewiſe made
A Goddeſſe of great powre and foueraintie
And in her perſon cunningly did ſhade
That part of Iuſtice, which is Equity,
Whereof / I haue to treat here preſently.
Vnto whoſe temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, ſhee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

There ſhe receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Prieſts, which duely did attend
Vppon the rites and daily ſacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with ſiluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kem
They wore rich Mitres ſhaped like the Moone,
To ſhew that *Iſis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Oſyris* ſignifies the Sunne.
For that they both like race in equall iuſtice runne.

The Championeſſe them greeting, as ſhe could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whoſe goodly building when ſhe did behould,
Borne vppon ſtately pillours, all diſpred
With ſhining gold, and arched ouer hed,
She wondred at the workemans paſſing ſkill,
Whoſe like before ſhe neuer ſaw nor red;
And thereuppon long while ſtood gazing ſtill,
But thought, that ſhe thereon could neuer gaze her

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of ſiluer fine,



So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of ſiluer twine.
Vppon her head ſhe wore a Crowne of gold,
To ſhew that ſhe had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold. /

One foote was ſet vppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other faſt did ſtand,
So meaning to ſuppreſſe both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She ſtretched forth a long white ſclender wand.
Such was the Goddeſſe; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her ſelfe vppon the land
She did proſtrate, and with right humble hart,
Vnto her ſelfe her ſilent prayers did impart.

To which the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue with amiable looke,
By outward ſhew her inward ſence deſining.
Who well perceiuing, how her wand ſhe ſhooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was ouercaſt,
And ioyous light the houſe of *Ioue* forſooke:
Which when ſhe ſaw, her helmet ſhe vnlaſte,
And by the altars ſide her ſelfe to ſlumber plaſte.

For other beds the Prieſts there vſed none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,

l. 59, '*her*'—Church suggests '*his*'; but all such finicalness is antithetic to Spenser's use and wont: l. 64, '*ſlender*,' as before: l. 71, query '*defining*'?

And bake their ſides vppon the cold hard ſtone,
T'enure them ſelues to ſufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious fleſh to mortify.
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to ſtedfaſt chaſtity,
And continence of life; that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

Therefore they mote not taſte of fleſhly food,
Ne feed on ought, the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine they ſay is blood,
Euen the bloud of Gyants, which were ſlaine,
By / thundring *Ioue* in the Phlegrean plaine.
For which the earth (as they the ſtory tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her ſonnes, which gainſt them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did againſt them ſwell.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant boſome, forth ſhe brought
The fruitfull vine, whoſe liquor blouddy red
Hauing the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre againſt the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that ſame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reſtraine,
Ne within reaſons rule, her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike Maide her ſelfe repoſe,
Vnder the wings of *Iſis* all that night,
And with ſweete reſt her heauy eyes [illegible]ſe,
After that long daies toile and weary [illegible]

l. 81, , added : in 1609 ; : l. 85, ; fo

Where whileſt her earthly parts with ſoft delight
Of ſenceleſſe ſleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly ſpright
A wondrous viſion, which did cloſe implie
The courſe of all her fortune and poſteritie.

Her ſeem'd, as ſhe was doing ſacrifize
To *Iſis*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
And linnen ſtole after thoſe Prieſtes guize,
All ſodainely ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her linnen ſtole to robe of ſcarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That euen ſhe her ſelfe much wondered
At ſuch a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Her ſelfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold./

And in the midſt of her felicity,
An hideous tempeſt ſeemed from below,
To riſe through all the Temple ſodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers ſtrow
Vppon the ground: which kindled priuily,
Into outragious flames vnwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her ſelfe in great perplexity.

With that the Crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feete in feareleſſe bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible diſmay,
As being troubled with that ſtormy ſtowre;

l. 118, '*to be*' (1611): *to*, for d l. 119, ; for ,—accepted: l. 128, ; for .—

And gaping greedy wide, did ſtreight deuoure
Both flames and tempeſt: with which growen great,
And ſwolne with pride of his owne peereleſſe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewiſe to eat;
But that the Goddeſſe with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleſſe meeke,
Him ſelfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to ſeeke:
Which ſhe accepting, he ſo neare her drew,
That of his game ſhe ſoone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might;
That ſhortly did all other beaſts ſubdew.
With that ſhe waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully diſmayd through that ſo vncouth ſight.

So thereuppon long while ſhe muſing lay,
With thouſand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
Vntill ſhe ſpide the lampe of lightſome day,
Vp-lifted in the porch of heauen hie.
Then / vp ſhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas;
Whereas the Prieſtes ſhe found full buſily
About their holy things for morrow Mas:
Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire reſaluted was.

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue, ſhe was not well in plight;
Or that ſome penſiueneſſe to heart ſhe tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who ſeem'd in ſight

ll. 162-3, (*who . . . wight*).



To be the greateſt, and the graueſt wight,
To her beſpake; Sir Knight it ſeemes to me,
That thorough euill reſt of this laſt night,
Or ill apayd, or much diſmayd ye be,
That by your change of cheare is eaſie for to ſee.

Certes (ſayd ſhe) ſith ye ſo well haue ſpide
The troublous paſſion of my penſiue mind,
I will not ſeeke the ſame from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on (quoth he) the ſecret of your hart:
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, beſt counſell to impart
To all, that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart.

Then gan ſhe to declare the whole diſcourſe
Of all that viſion, which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourſe.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange ſight;
And with long locks vp-ſtanding, ſtifly ſtared
Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright.
So fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight. /

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint diſguiſe
Of Britiſh armes doeſt maſke thy royall blood,
So to purſue a perillous emprize,
How coul[d]ſt thou weene, through that diſguized hood,
To hide thy ſtate from being vnderſtood?

Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy ſire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They doe thy loue, forlorne in womens thraldome

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this ſame dreame diſcouer.
For that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull louer.
Like to *Oſyris* in all iuſt endeuer.
For that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That vnder *Iſis* feete doth ſleepe for euer:
To ſhew that clemence oft in things amis,
Reſtraines thoſe ſterne beheſts, and cruell doomes o

That Knight ſhall all the troublous ſtormes aſſwag
And raging flames, that many foes ſhall reare,
To hinder thee from the iuſt heritage
Of thy ſires Crowne, and from thy countrey dea
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equal portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a ſonne to him ſhalt beare,
That Lion-like ſhall ſhew his powre extreame.
So bleſſe thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dr

All which when ſhe vnto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and ſiluer wrought,
She / for a preſent to their Goddeſſe brought.
Then taking leaue of them, ſhe forward went,
To ſeeke her loue, where he was to be ſought;



Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as ſhe was bent.

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confuſed in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now ſhe
Had long ſurceaſt, ſhe bad to open bold,
That ſhe the face of her new foe might ſee.
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had ſlaine, ſhe bad thē forth to hold.

So there without the gate (as ſeemed beſt)
She cauſed her Pauilion be pight;
In which ſtout *Britomart* her ſelfe did reſt,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewiſe, they of the towne in fright,
Vppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie ſleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

And cauſed ſtreight a Trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warne her foe to battell ſoone be preſt:
Who long before awoke (for ſhe ful ill
Could ſleepe all night, that in vnquiet breſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a iealous gueſt)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftſoones that warrioureſſe with haughty creſt

l. 230, . —accepted, and l. 239, ; for period (.), and , for (.) l. 256.

Did forth iſſue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other ſide her foe appeared ſoone in ſight. /

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ſtreight conditions to propound,
With which ſhe vſed ſtill to tye her ſone;
To ſerue her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frownd
For high diſdaine of ſuch indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them ſound.
For her no other termes ſhould euer tie,
Then what preſcribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

The Trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins ſmot;
Ne either ſought the others ſtrokes to ſhun,
But through great fury both their ſkill forgot,
And practicke vſe in armes: ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without ſtaine or ſpot,
For other vſes, then they them tranſlated;
Which they now hackt & hewd, as if ſuch vſe t
hated,

As when a Tygre and a Lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe:
But firſt the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gainſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer ſhe it fond.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully ſore:
Which *Britomart* withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So / long they fought, that all the graſſie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their ſides did flow,
And guſhed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did ſtrow,
Like fruitles ſeede, of which vntimely death ſhould grow.

At laſt proud *Radigund* with fell deſpight,
Hauing by chaunce eſpide aduantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding ſayd; This token beare
Vnto the man, whom thou doeſt loue ſo deare;
And tell him for his ſake thy life thou gaueſt.
Which ſpitefull words ſhe ſore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus anſwer'd; Lewdly thou my loue depraueſt,
Who ſhortly muſt repent that now ſo vainely braueſt.

Nath'leſſe that ſtroke ſo cruell paſſage found,
That glauncing on her ſhoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieſly wound,
That ſhe her ſhield through raging ſmart of it
Could ſcarſe vphold; yet ſoone ſhe it requit.
For hauing force increaſt through furious paine,
She her ſo rudely on the helmet ſmit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud perſon low proſtrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britoneſſe
Stayd not, till ſhe came to her ſelfe againe,

But in reuenge both of her loues diſtreſſe,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And alſo of her wound, which ſore did paine,
She with one ſtroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull fight, when all her warlike traine
There preſent ſaw, each one of ſence bereft,
Fled faſt into the towne, and her ſole victor left.

But yet ſo faſt they could not home retrate,
But that the ſwift *Talus* did the formoſt win;
And preſſing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous ſlaughter did begin:
For all that euer came within his reach,
He with his yron flale did threſh ſo thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous ſtorme, which nothing may empeach.

And now by this the noble Conquereſſe
Her ſelfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though reuengefull vow ſhe did profeſſe,
Yet when ſhe ſaw the heapes, which he did make,
Of ſlaughtred carkaſſes, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almoſt riue,
That ſhe his fury willed him to ſlake:
For elſe he ſure had left not one aliue,
But all in his reuenge of ſpirite would depriue.

Tho when ſhe had his execution ſtayd,
She for that yron priſon did enquire,
In which her wretched loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,

l. 310, (*of . . . bereft*).

She entred into all the partes entire.
Where when ſhe ſaw that lothly vncouth ſight,
Of men diſguiz'd in womaniſhe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe deſpight
Of ſo vnmanly maſke, in miſery miſdight.

At laſt when as to her owne Loue ſhe came,
Whom like diſguize no leſſe deformed had,
At ſight thereof abaſht with ſecrete ſhame,
She turnd her head aſide, as nothing glad,
To / haue beheld a ſpectacle ſo bad :
And then too well beleeu'd, that which tofore
Iealous ſuſpect as true vntruely drad.
Which vaine conceipt now nouriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſalue his ſad misfortunes ſore.

Not ſo great wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Did the moſt chaſt *Penelope* poſſeſſe,
To ſee her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous diſtreſſe,
Come home to her in piteous wretchedneſſe,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That ſhe knew not his fauours likelyneſſe,
For many ſcarres and many hoary heares,
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, mongſt vncertaine feares.

Ah my deare Lord, what ſight is this (quoth ſhe)
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Thoſe mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew

l. 343, '*ſad*' : l. 345, . for ,—accepted.

In bloud of Kings, and great hoaſtes to ſubdew?
Could ought on earth ſo wondrous change haue
As to haue robde you of that manly hew? (wrou
Could ſo great courage ſtouped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleſhly force; I ſee thy pride is nougl

Thenceforth ſhe ſtreight into a bowre him brought,
And cauſd him thoſe vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their ſteede for other rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and armors bright
Which had bene reſt from many a noble Knight
Whom that proud Amazon ſubdewed had,
Whileſt Fortune fauourd her ſucceſſe in fight,
In which when as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reuiu'd, and ioyd much in his ſemblance gl

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refreſh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which ſpace ſhe there as Princes rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vſurpt; and them reſtoring
To mens ſubiection, did true Iuſtice deale:
That all they as a Goddeſſe her adoring,
Her wiſedome did admire, and hearkned to her lori

For all thoſe Knights, which long in captiue ſhade
Had ſhrowded bene, ſhe did from thraldome free
And magiſtrates of all that city made,
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:

l. 376, '*Princeſs.*'

And that they ſhould for euer faithfull bee,
Made them ſweare fealty to *Artegall.*
Who when him ſelfe now well recur'd did ſee,
He purpoſd to proceed, what ſo be fall,
Vppon his firſt aduenture, which him forth did call.

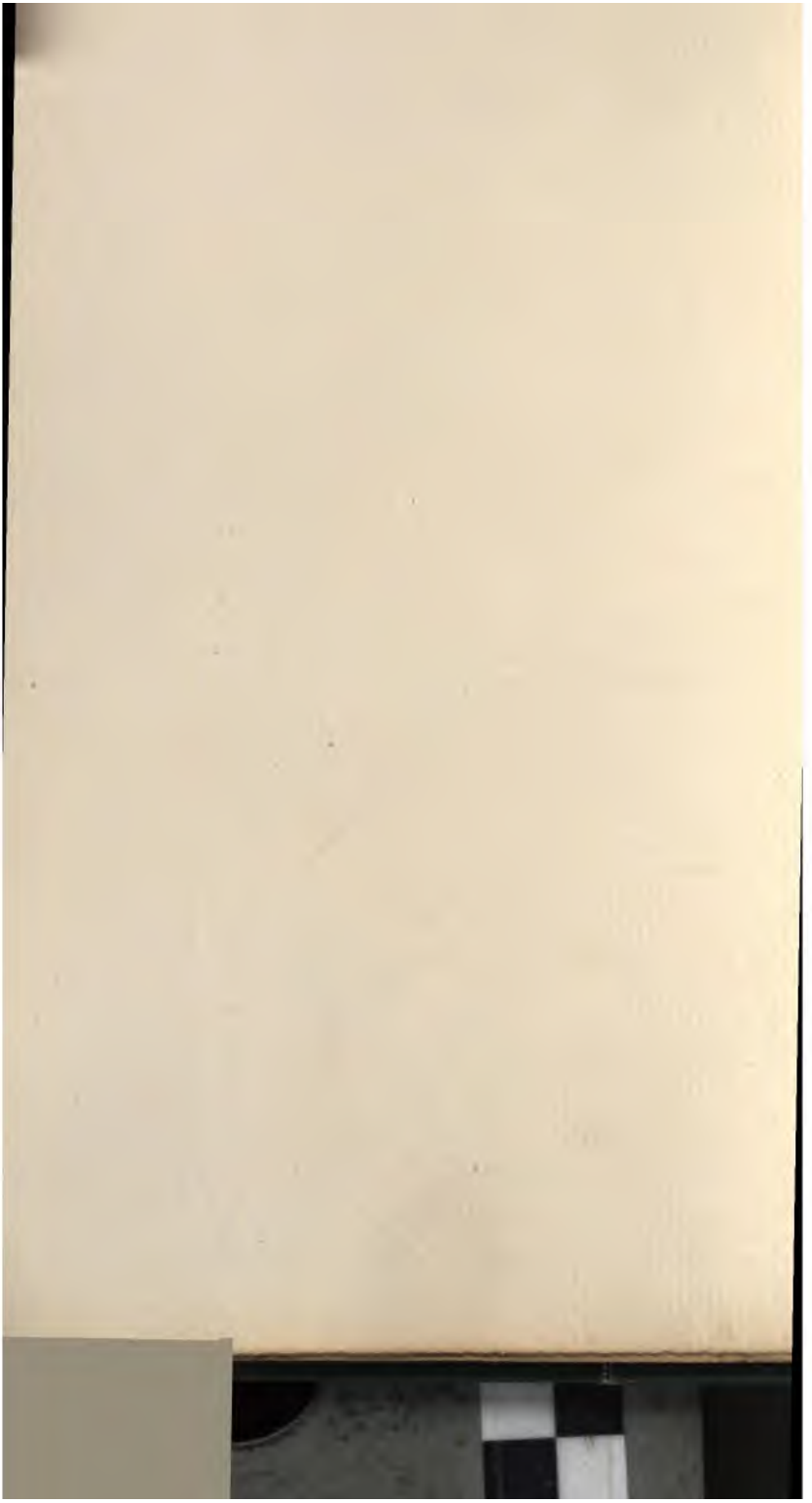
Full ſad and ſorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cauſe of grieſe;
Yet wiſely moderated her owne ſmart,
Seeing his honor, which ſhe tendred chiefe,
Conſiſted much in that aduentures prieſe.
The care whereof, and hope of his ſucceſſe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womaniſh complaints ſhe did repreſſe,
And tempred for the time her preſent heauineſſe.

There ſhe continu'd for a certaine ſpace,
Till through his want her woe did more increaſe:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and ſorrow ſomewhat eaſe,
She / parted thence, her anguiſh to appeaſe.
Meane while her noble Lord ſir *Artegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howre did ceaſe,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

END OF VOL. VII.

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